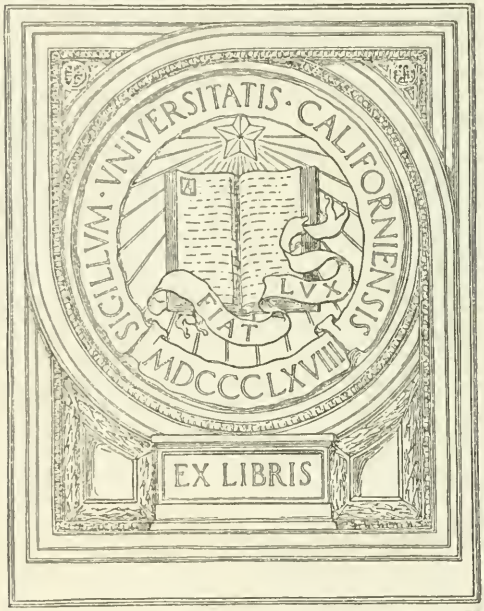
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



UCLA R.L.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worksoftobiassmo01smol

THE WORKS OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

RODERICK RANDOM

I

4 3 5 6 9

THE WORKS OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

W. E. HENLEY

VOL I

WESTMINSTER
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO

NEW YORK
CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS
1899

60714

Butler & Tanner,
The Selwood Printing Works,
Frome, and London.

PR
3690
1899
v. 1

INTRODUCTION

The life of Smollett has been written by several hands in several styles: in the classic vein by his friend and imitator Dr Moore, whose *Zeluco*, now almost unreadable, was long renowned as moving and most dangerous work; by Walter Scott, who, taking his author, as he took most things,

> Like a gentleman at ease,
> With moral breadth of temperament,

produced a note on him that, despite a patriotism which makes the writer often take bladders for lanterns, none who wishes to esteem his Smollett can afford to leave unread; by Mr David Hannay, whose little book is of peculiar value and interest to those who would know what was the Navy in which Smollett observed the originals of his most famous creations. There are others,* notably Robert Chambers and an anonymous *Quarterly* Reviewer. But I think that any one who reads these three, and supplements his reading with Smollett *passim*, need read no more to be able to figure the man as he was. I purpose, then, to give but the briefest outline of the career, and to keep as

* I can imagine no more useful summary of Smollett's adventures and capacities than that contributed by Mr T. Seccombe in the *Dictionary of National Biography*: this, though I think that Mr Seccombe is, like Scott, to his hero's faults a little blind, and to his hero's virtues rather kinder than he ought to be.

close to the man—the humorous, arrogant, red-headed, stiff-necked, thin-skinned, scurrilous, brilliant, Scots hack of genius—as his novels will let me.

I

It is said that *Roderick Random* is largely an autobiography. If this be so—and it is scarce credible—then must Smollett have had a most bitter boyhood: a boyhood, truly, which would go far to account for the high-handed, hard-hitting, indiscriminating insolence and aggressiveness of his later years. By his own showing, he was hated by his grandfather, and by his cousins bullied into ferocity: all because his father had married out of his station, and by so doing had secured the lasting displeasure of his own progenitor, and the immitigable hate and scorn of his time-serving kinsfolk. There is very little of all this in what is actually known of Smollett's life. He came of a house which, "though in no wise ancient," was in every sense respectable; * and his grandfather, Sir James of Bonhill—sometime a judge in the Commissary Court, often returned to the old Scots Parliament, a commissioner for the effecting of the Union between the Kingdoms—was by way of being a distinguished man. Sir James had four sons; and Smollett (Tobias George) was the youngest born of Archibald, the youngest of these. Now, it is certainly true that Archibald did not marry to please his father; but it is also written that Sir James, however sore his displeasure, and however hard-fisted and illiberal he may have been in general, behaved, in the sequel, quite handsomely, and established Archibald in a farm with an income of £300 a year. Archibald dying soon after the

* "He was a gentleman of coat-armour, and in France would have been counted noble."—HANNAY, *Smollett* (1887), p. 1.

birth of Tobias George (1721), Sir James provided more or less generously for his widow and children: so that in the long run James, the eldest son, got a commission, and rose to the command of a company, while Jean, the girl, was well and prosperously married, and Tobias George was apprenticed to a certain Gordon, who is said to figure as the Potion of his first novel, and who was, historically, a Glasgow surgeon and apothecary. Now, it is written that Tobias George, for all his stomach for filth—(a stomach, by the way, which may well have been developed in him by the circumstances of common life in the unabashed and unclean Scotland which he knew)—had a soul above clysters, and longed for nothing less than a pair of colours; and it is certain that Sir James, not only made an apothecary of him but also, ignored the widow and orphans of Archibald Smollett in his will; so it is conceivable that Tobias George, who was ever addicted to self-righteousness and never averse from misrepresentation, should, in a fit of fury, have grossly libelled his intimates and very scandalously misstated his environment. But in the preface to his novel he is careful to note that he made his hero a Scot because, for one thing, a Scot might be poor and yet well educated, which an Englishman could not be; for another, because he could "represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom with more propriety than in any place near the capital"; and, for another, because the Scot was of a wandering habit, and might therefore figure naturally as the hero of a novel of adventure. Moreover, writing years afterwards (1763), he is moved to declare that the resemblance between himself and Roderick Random is merely general.* In-

* "The only similitude between the circumstances of my own fortune, and those I have attributed to Roderick Random, consists in my being born of a respectable family in Scotland, in my being bred a

asmuch, then, as he takes pains to figure his associates in the vilest terms, and to present his circumstances as immitigably squalid; inasmuch, too, as in *Humphry Clinker* he wipes up some of the dirt which he has scattered in *Roderick Random*:* it is fair to infer that the interest of his first novel is autobiographical only because the writer speaks in the first person, and speaks with bitterness and point enough to make his readers believe that his particularity is not less authentic than the broader lines on which he works are unassailable. And this, for Smollett's sake, I am very willing to believe.†

Whether Gordon, Smollett's master, sat or not for

surgeon, and having served as a surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the expedition of Carthagena. The low situations in which I have exhibited Roderick I never experienced in my own person."—SMOLLETT, "To ——, New Jersey, North America." London, May, 1763.

* "I was introduced," Mr Matthew Bramble says, "to Mr Gordon, patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is father of the linen manufacture in that place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, public infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense" (*Humphry Clinker*. "To Dr Lewis. Cameron, August 28"). No doubt; but he lived in Eighteenth Century Glasgow, and is remembered, if at all, as Smollett's Mr Potion.

† All the same, the great and deserved success of *Roderick Random* was partially a *succès de scandale*. Potion, Crab, and Squire Gawkey were, Scott says, at once identified; so was Roderick's grandfather; divers persons contended for the honour of originating Strap—much as there were several claimants to the honour of sitting out with Burns "Amang the rigs o' barley"; Oakum and Whiffle, Marmozet and Sheerwit and Narcissa—to the public of 1748 all these were plain as the nose on your face. As Roderick's uncle, honest Bowling should, one thinks, have come in for his share of recognition. But the presence on Leven side of this arrant and indubitable Englishman would have been ruinous to the theory. So he was ignored. For the rest, the lack of what is called "atmosphere," the absence of local colour, whether deliberate or not, are such that the incidents and characters of Smollett's earlier chapters would fit the Spain of *Gil Blas* almost as well as the West of Scotland.

Potion, it is certain that he thought kindly and well of his "ain bubbly-nosed callant wi' the stane in his pouch"; * and whether Smollett was or was not bullied into savagery by his cousins, it is certain that, according to Mr Colquhoun of Camstradden, his conversation in these his 'prentice days consisted in a "continued string of epigrammatic sarcasm," for which "no talents could compensate." It is possible that, in the intervals of dispensing medicines for Potion, he attended lectures at Glasgow University; but of this there is no trace in that "angry travesty" † of his earlier years, which he introduced into *Roderick Random*, and on which the autobiographical theory is based. If, however, the theory suffer at this point—(it is plain that Smollett was well grounded and well read)—its claim to consideration is in some sort re-integrated by the fact that, like Random, Smollett wrote a tragedy in his teens, and that, like Random, he presently took the road to London. That he went by waggon is probable; ‡ and that on the way he encountered with the tremendous Rifle, the engaging Miss Ramper, the sharping, fiddling curate, the distinguished Billy Weazle and his lady, and the Horatian ale-draper—this also is probable; for he has described all these experiences with a gust, an airy and brilliant exactness, an abounding sense of the ridiculous, which make for conviction in his readers even now, as

* *Anglicé*, his "own snotty-nosed youngster with the stone in his pocket": a description not less discrediting to Tobias George's practice of cleanliness—(Roderick, by the way, is eagerly dandified and poetical)—than it is honourable to his capacity for readiness and resource in the matter of practical ruffianism.

† HANNAY, *Smollett*, p. 67.

‡ 'Twas a means of transport favoured by his countrymen. Thus, CHURCHILL, *The Prophesy of Famine* (1762), concerning Scotland:—

> To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
> What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
> What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth, and sense,
> Doth each revolving day import from hence?

they have made for conviction in them ever since he wrote. As convincing, as vivid, as *vécues*, every whit are Roderick-Smollett's experiences of London citizens and London streets, his account of which is solemnly adduced, I believe, as one of the reasons why his countrymen have never taken him to their hearts for the rare *amuseur* that he was. It is (I am told) an article of faith in Scotland that the Scot can never be other than wilfully absurd. This is just as true, of course, as the counter-proposition: that, whether wilfully or not, he can never be anything else. But 'tis an article of faith; and it would seem that Smollett was predestined to figure as a sort of sacrifice to Burns. The sense of *A Man's a Man* and *Tam O'Shanter* and the glorious Twenty-Fifth of January, all latent and impending, was contained in his birthright; and, in ignoring it, and, in parading himself as a Scot bewildered and befooled, he was unequal to his opportunity, and, besides, was false to his tradition. True, that tradition as yet was unsuspected; but it was none the less real and imperious: especially to the sectaries born a hundred years after Strap and Roderick had been hailed for the gawks they were, and their creator had shown himself worthy his inspiration and his chance. A brilliant and diverting piece of farce he made of it; and yet, 'tis said, his countrymen have ever held it as the unpardonable thing. The explanation is, they are a people which breeds great humorists; but they are not a humorous people.

II

It does not appear that Smollett purposed to practise his art in London; or, if he did so purpose, that he meant his practice to be anything but a means to a

higher end, which end was literature. The fact is, he had a tragedy in his pocket: a Scots-historical tragedy; a tragedy done after the best models, and assured—partly for that reason, but chiefly because it was the work of Tobias George Smollett—of immediate and conspicuous success. It is a tedious performance: faint in outline, tame in workmanship, utterly insipid in effect, and written in that inexpressive, colourless, correct iambic which the Eighteenth Century was pleased to consider an improvement upon the medium of Shakespeare. But, such as it is, Smollett loved it dearly, and his failure to convince the world of its intrinsic excellence was a bitter and exasperating memory during many years.* That he expected it to bring him gold and glory is most certain: his disappointment else had been far less keen, his ill-humour nothing like so rancorous and so lasting. An introduction to Lord Lyttelton,† the friend

* It is called *The Regicide*, and deals in a lofty, high-sniffing, perfunctory way with the murder of James I. They may read it who can in the Twelfth Volume of the present Edition. So far as I can see, the most that can be said for it is, that it is carefully written. For particulars in its dispraise see HANNAY (*Smollett*, pp. 23-27) and CHURCHILL, *The Apology* (1761):—

> Who ever read *The Regicide* but swore
> The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
> Others for plots and underplots may call,
> Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
> Who can so often in his cause engage
> The tiny pathos of the Greecian stage,
> Whilst horrours rise, and tears spontaneous flow
> At tragic *Hah!* and no less tragic *Oh!*
> To praise his nervous weakness all agree;
> And as for sweetness who so sweet as he!
> Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
> The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell,
> But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow
> Why—then, then the voice must speak again, you know.

For the rest, the author's partiality was notorious; and, so far as I know, 'twas quizzed by everybody who took up arms against him.

† Probably, Mr Hannay thinks, through Malloch, or Mallet, his lordship's secretary, the "beggarly Scotchman" of Johnson's famous description.

of Thomson and Fielding, the dedicatee of *Tom Jones* brought the young tragic into communication with Garrick, and resulted, in the sequel, in the gibbeting of both Garrick and Lyttelton, the one as Mr Marmozet, the other as Sheerwit, in *Roderick Random*: together with the introduction of Lyttelton as Gosling Scrag into the First Edition of *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), and the *Faithful Narrative, etc.* (1752), and the ill-bred and contemptible *Burlesque Ode*, in which was parodied Lyttelton's *Monody* on the death of his wife. To Smollett, indeed, *The Regicide* was certainly the dearest of his works. He never forgot nor forgave the circumstances of its reception; and when he published the poor thing (1749), after the success of *Roderick Random*, it was with a preface that remains a monument of exasperated vanity and petulant, undignified resentment.*

This was later. For the present, the tragedy a proved failure, the glories of Drury Lane—"the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses"—remote as the light on Beulah's hills, Smollett had perforce to do the work he could or starve. He might, of course, have hired himself out to another Potion, and for him spread cataplasms and compounded clysters until he felt himself

* Garrick was forgiven in the long run; but not until money had passed, and the Smollett of *The Regicide* had blossomed into the Smollett of *The Reprisal*, which Garrick, not only produced but, helped with a gift of twenty guineas towards the author's expenses, besides "playing it on," in one of his best parts. Hence the fair—not to say fulsome—speeches in the *History* (1757-65), in which there are kindnesses for Lyttelton also, and, with Lyttelton, Henry Fielding. Him Smollett hated and depreciated on several grounds: as his superior in art, as a successful writer for the stage, as Lyttelton's friend and Garrick's, as a person who dared to jibe in print at *Peregrine Pickle*. For the rest, the actor Smollett loved was—not Garrick but —Quin: between himself and whom there is place for a not uninteresting parallel. Garrick, it should be noted, is the hero of *The Rosciad*, the reception of which by somebody in Smollett's name and Smollett's pay, made Churchill, as we shall see, his sturdiest enemy.

strong enough to spread and compound on his own account. Happily for letters, happily for posterity, happily (so Mr Hannay tells us) for his country, he found such practice impossible, and got a berth as surgeon's mate on one of the ships which in 1740 sailed, under Vernon, on the expedition to Cartagena.* The Navy was at this time at its worst. Its spirit was rebellious and self-seeking, its manners were ruffianly, its tradition had fallen into contempt. It was lacking neither in good officers nor in good seamen; it was capable of notable work—as, for instance, Anson's voyage—of exemplary patience, bold initiative, enduring and desperate hardihood: most of the qualities which, some sixty years hence, were to make it the saviour of the realm. But in the main, it was brutalized almost beyond report, thought, or belief; it was horribly ill-found; it was largely the creation of the press-gang, and so was riddled through and through with "smugglers, pirates, poachers, burglars, highwaymen, and insolvent debtors"; † it was officered by a set of men who were part seamen, part politicians, and part ruffians; it detested the Soldier, and would a thousand times rather wrangle

* Chambers conjectures that he was helped into the place by Sir Andrew Mitchell, secretary to the Marquess of Tweeddale, sometime Minister for Scotland (1742-5), and Minister at the Court of Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War.

† HANNAY, *Smollett* (1887), p. 33. At this point, being a mere layman, I do but summarize or transcribe from Mr Hannay's book, which—to those who would know anything of Smollett's originals—of his warrant, that is, for Crampley and Trunnion, for Morgan and Bowling and Mackshane—is merely indispensable. See, further, his article in *Blackwood* for August, 1888, called "Smollett And The Old Sea-Dogs," wherein are discussed the possibilities of Trunnion and Oakum. Writing in 1887, Mr Hannay thought that no post-captain could ever have been altogether so bad a brute as Oakum; but a report of the proceedings in the case of the Hon. Edward Hervey, of the *Superb*, court-martialed at Spithead, in the August of 1742, has since (he tells me) constrained him to change his opinion.

with him than render him assistance, or accept assistance at his hands. This was the Navy as Smollett knew it—this the Navy as he saw it at work at Cartagena; and 'tis small wonder if his story of it, whether in *Roderick Random*, which is a piece of fiction, or in his *Account of the Expedition against Cartagena*, which is a piece of history, must, even at this day, be read with tears of wrath and shame. Thanks to Smollett, Mr Hannay thinks, the Expedition "became a warning, and so helped to prevent the recurrence of anything quite so disgraceful in after times." And the reason is plain:—"Admirals and generals" went on quarrelling and bungling; but "at least they took pains to avoid being as [Admiral] Vernon and [General] Wentworth." In the end, we had to shoot Byng—*pour décourager les autres*: to prevent our Admirals and Generals, that is, from entertaining the theory that war is a private adventure at the public expense, and that he comes best out of it who brings with him the head of an adventurer in the rival service. If Smollett helped to do that, he did an admirable work, and has his share, not only in the formation of the firing-party which made an end of Byng but also, in the creation of that Navy whose "crowning mercies" are Copenhagen, the Nile, Trafalgar. Go we as far as this or not, one thing is certain: that he knew the Navy of his time as the Navy has been known to no man writing since his time, excepting only Dibdin and Marryat. Practically, in fact, he revealed the British Seaman as material for letters—divined his character, sketched his outlines, formulated his lingo, discovered his possibilities, to such a purpose, that there is never an artist who has treated that gallant and engaging creature since but owes him something: * so

* I do not forget that, after Chaucer's Shipman, the earliest seaman in English letters is Congreve's Ben, in *Love for Love* (1695): still less

that, in this if in no other matter, he may fairly be said to have left a brilliant and enduring mark on the literature of England.

In the meanwhile Smollett went with Vernon and the fleet from Cartagena to Jamaica, and in Jamaica, quitting the service, he found a wife, and stayed. The lady's name was Anne Lascelles, and she is said to have been the original of Narcissa, as she is no doubt the heroine of her husband's *Ode to Blue-Eyed Ann*:—

> When the rough North forgets to howl,
> And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
> When Lybia's sands are bound in frost,
> And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!
> When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
> My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.*

The lady was ('tis plain) a beauty, and in her way was something of a fortune;† and, though nothing is

that Oakum and Whiffle—the germ, too, of Trunnion, the tarpaulin Commodore—are contained in the Commodore Flip and the Captain Mizen of Charles Shadwell's play, *The Fair Quaker of Deal* (1710). But I am told that Ben, howbeit he is acutely observed, is a landsman's sailor after all; and I can testify to the fact that, while Flip and Mizen and the rest of Shadwell's lot are credible so far as they go, they are wholly lacking in that gay, convincing, sympathetic *maëstria* which is the mark of Smollett's decent seamen, from Lieutenant Bowling down to Captain Crowe.

* 'Twas thus they wooed the melting Muse *c.* 1742. The sentiment of Smollett's *Ode* is precisely that of *O, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose*, the spawn of which admirable ditty was floating even then about in time, till it could find a poet on whom to cling and coalesce. Burns was a lad of eleven when Smollett died, and Smollett's friend, *Zeluco* Moore, was one of his admiring correspondents. Yet there seems a hundred years between the two.

† "Through whom," writes Smollett to his American correspondent, "I enjoy (1767) a comfortable, though moderate, estate." Scott says that the fortune turned out to be a lawsuit, and it is certain that Smollett often wanted money, and none from Jamaica was forthcoming. But it is also certain that he habitually lived beyond his income, and that, with nothing but what Miss Lascelles brought him, he contrived to live in London with respect and dignity between 1744, when he left Jamaica, and 1748, when he published *Roderick Random*; so that, in the beginning

known, it may be conjectured with Mr Hannay—(Mr Seccombe is of another way of thinking)—that Smollett married in Jamaica, and came to London on "the comfortable though moderate estate" which, thanks to Miss Lascelles, he "enjoyed." He seems to have tried to establish himself as a physician; and he is heard of as a householder in Westminster and in Mayfair. But it avails him nothing. He is a man of letters at heart; that wonderful *Regicide* is still unpublished and unplayed; he still goes up and down in its behalf. He writes an opera, and Handel is to furnish the music; but there is a row, and Handel takes his music elsewhere, and Smollett is left alone with his manager and his book (*Alceste*); and in *Reproof: A Satire*,* he tells that manager what he thinks of him (1747):—

> Let RICH, with dulness and devotion drunk,
> Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
> While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd.

It was all to no purpose. Drunk or sober, Rich remained unmoved; and, what was worse, so did the "dear, d——nd, distracting Town." Smollett, though, had but begun. His failures, however bitterly he resented them, were, after all, of scant account; as yet he had said nothing which could not have been at least as aptly said by somebody else; it was still for him to show whether he was man of genius or bookseller's hack. In the sequel he turned out a kind of linsey-woolsey, part

at least, one may infer that his case was no worse than that of most colonial owners, who spent more than they ought, and found their rents less easy to come by than they wished.

* *Reproof* is his second essay in the *genre*. The first, *Advice* (1746), is chiefly remarkable for the freedom and gaiety with which, in the verse of the text as in the prose of the notes, the writer, who was not long married, dilates upon the prevalence of unnatural crime. For the rest, both pieces are written in the good old Popeian couplet, are couched in the good old Popeian vein, and might (their insolence apart) have been written by any discontented poetaster of the time.

one thing and part t'other. But he began by approving himself a man of genius; for in the January of 1748, being in his twenty-seventh year, he published *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, and came into all men's view as the author of a new departure in the English Novel.

III

Fielding derived himself from Cervantes; Smollett's acknowledged exemplar was Le Sage. Writing angrily and truculently where Le Sage had written with an urbane and intelligent smile; writing, too, with an utter contempt for the good taste, the good breeding, the reticence, the ironical and far-reaching amenity, which, as being essentials in the great tradition of French Literature, were so to say inherent in Le Sage; he set forth, so he avers, "to represent modest merit"—in the person of Roderick Random!—"struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind." Here, in other words, was the *novela picaresca* adapted to English uses and turned to English ends; and Le Sage himself, through whom its achievement was made possible, must certainly, could he have read, have been constrained to smile approval on the event.

The book was hard, coarse, cruel—a rough-and-tumble hurly-burly of impudent, squalid, and unedifying adventure; but it was novel, it was brilliant, it had touches of tenderness, it teemed with vividly seen and instantly presented character, it abounded in life and spirit and fun. It achieved a very great success;* and Smollett,

* "Lyttelton was so intimidated by the ferocity with which Smollett bore his triumph that 'fear of Smollett' is said to have been the primary cause of the protracted delay in the appearance of his *Henry II.*"—SECCOMBE (*D. N. B.*).

taking the ball at the hop, promptly published . . . *The Regicide* (1749). It is inconceivable, I know; but it is so, and that so it is is the most surprising thing in literary history. Most men, I take it, who have written a tragedy at eighteen, are very glad to ignore the beast's existence. If they think of it at all, it is with terror: lest an enemy get hold of it, and make life a burden and a shame to them by enlarging on its beauties to the world. Or screeds of it come back to them in the vigils of the night, and they hate and despise themselves for that they could ever have been thus imbecile, thus forsaken and forlorn of God. Not so this Scotchman! A violent and pitiless *farceur*, and—if you object not to his familiarity with the *chaise percée* and its concomitants—an excellent artist in farce, he cherishes his beggarly bantling all the more dearly for its innate and irremediable beggarliness. The explanation is, of course, that, in so far as the works of Tobias George Smollett, Esquire, M.D., are concerned, his state of mind is that which has been, and still is, ingeniously described as "a fool's paradise." I do not doubt that he was ever ready to declaim his iambics to any honest parasite who would take a sneaker of punch with him; and I am convinced, though I have no proof of my conviction, that in the long hours between sleep and sleep he must often have got the most he could out of his enforced leisure by—not blushing for his offence, nor calling on the bedclothes to hide him from the wrath of Apollo, but—rolling certain choice morsels on his tongue:—

> Rage on, fierce youth, more savage than the storm
> That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid,
> Too credulously fond! who gave away
> The heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
> The woes that from her indiscretion flow!
> Yet were my folly shared with thee, etc.:—

and thinking to himself, while poor Narcissa—(of whom

I cannot conceive as intellectual)—slept peacefully at his back, that *here* is tragedy. Pity and terror, the Aristotelian prescription in full blast, in fact—here they are; and if they be not here, then where?—("Yes, by heaven! I ask you where?")—*where* are you to look for them? So Hogarth, when somebody, whom he has just dismissed as a jackass for comparing Handel and a long-forgotten composer of music, is cited as declaring that he (Hogarth) could paint as good a portrait as Van Dyck:—"And so I can, by God! Give me my time, and let me choose my subject." There is no comparison, of course; for *The Regicide* is rubbish, however you take it, and a good Hogarth is good art, whether it be comparable to a good Van Dyck or not. But Smollett could have been no fiercer, had *The Regicide* been as good tragedy as the *Captain Coram* (say) is good portraiture. He was the vainest of mankind, in truth; and—for many years at least—whatever he did was made eminent and admirable to him by the mere circumstance that he had done it.

This is but another way of saying that he lacked all sense of proportion: so that he seriously esteemed himself—not merely a great, neglected tragic, but also—the only English Novelist. Henry Fielding, for instance, may be said to have done him wrong intolerable by publishing *Joseph Andrews* (1742), and *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743), some years before the appearance of *Roderick Random* (1748); to have worsened the effect of these nefarious proceedings by producing *Tom Jones* in 1749—the year of *The Regicide*; and to have added insult to injury (so to speak) by putting out *Amelia* in 1751—the very year in which, according to Smollett, there should be no public for any book but *Peregrine Pickle*. About the same time, too, he, or a friend of his—Gosling Scrag, or some scandalous ruffian in that ridiculous impostor's

pay!—writing over the signature of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, distinctly cheapened *Pickle* and *Random* both, in just such an obscene sheet as you might expect from a trading justice who had married his cook, and tried to make ends meet by the composition of what he—(poor beast!)—called novels. To the Unique Novelist, the sole and only Author of *The Regicide*—that immortal play!—of *Reproof* and *Advice*—those extraordinary essays in satire!—of *Roderick Random*—that singular exemplar of all that is essential in fiction!—of *Gil Blas*,* that achievement in translation!—*Amelia*—("Another so-called masterpiece, by God!")—was more than this particular sample of flesh-and-blood could bear. True, he had gone out of his way to speak his mind about what he thought of Lyttelton—(still harping on *The Regicide*, you see!)—and of Lyttelton's friend,—the friend, too, of that triple scoundrel and ignoramus, Garrick!—the author of *Joseph Andrews*, and *Jonathan Wild*, and *Tom Jones*, in the First Edition of *Pickle*.† But he had thought

* Published in 1749—the year after *Roderick Random*: the year, in fact, of *The Regicide*. Smollett confessed to the translation of *Gil Blas*; so that, whether he made or merely revised and corrected, it is certain—(for *Gil Blas* is a bulky as well as a notable book)—that his apprenticeship to hack-work was fairly well accomplished before he took the town with *Random*.

† "I advise Mr Spondy to give him" (Gosling Scrag=Lyttelton) "the refusal of this same pastoral, and who knows but he may have the good fortune of being listed in the number of his" (Gosling Scrag's) "benefactors, in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the Customs or Church; and when he is inclined to marry his own cook-maid, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away, and may finally settle him in his old age as a trading Westminster Justice." This pleasing passage was "expunged" from the Second Edition of *Pickle* (1751); and perhaps the broken-down, over-worked, dropsical poor devil, who created the English Novel, ought to have truckled to the insult, owned the brilliant North British imitator of Le Sage for his master, and let things go as Smollett thought they ought. Walter Scott, writing as a good patriot, is disposed to halve the blame with Fielding. But the author of this, the initial insult, was Smollett.

better of it, and had magnanimously purged his Second Edition of offence. And then, this rag, this *Covent Garden Journal*, presuming on his loftiness of soul, was actually ill-advised enough to laugh at the new masterpiece! Ingratitude so base, so insolent, so inhuman, was not to go unchastised. Nor did it. Smollett, whether or not he had repented him of his deviation into decency, rose to the occasion with as it were a howl of joy, and in his *Faithful Narrative of the Base and Inhuman Arts that Were Lately Practised on the Brain of Habbakkuk Hilding, Justice and Chapman** (1752), retorted on his illustrious rival in a strain of shameless and savage ridicule which is hard to forgive and wholly impossible to forget. Already broken in constitution, Fielding had by this time completed that achievement in art which no Englishman considers without a sense of gratitude and pride, and was very soon (1754) to sink under his fatigues, and to expire in exile at Lisbon. Smollett had as little respect for his elder in years, and

* The piece is little known, and for the benefit of the curious I have reprinted it, with an explanatory note, among my author's miscellanies in the Twelfth Volume of this Edition. It is, as will be seen, of scandalous indecency, and marks off Smollett the literary controversialist to much the same purpose as Smollett the disappointed politician is marked off in the *Adventures of an Atom*. It was, no doubt, a galling reflection to the writer that Fielding, as well as being a dangerous rival in art, was better born and better bred and better educated than himself: that he had of right the entry to a *monde* which Smollett could approach but as an inspector of urinals and an authority upon evacuations. So he is careful to note, among other amenities, that Fielding had certainly been a bulker, and, among other shifts, had blown a trumpet at Bartholomew Fair, and had for some time served as bully in a brothel. Of course this is only pretty Fanny's way. But if pretty Fanny have this way, it has to be admitted that the only word for her is that one which of all others fell so ill upon the ear of Mrs Jonathan Wild (*née* Snap). More significant than most of the riot of dirty-minded rancour is the passage in which Smollett is pleased to insinuate that Miss Matthews and Partridge are plagiarized from Miss Williams and Strap.

labours, and trials, as he had reverence or admiration for his master in letters. It pleased him to be insolent, scurrilous, indecent; and he had his way.

Meanwhile, *Peregrine Pickle* had achieved a very brilliant success: partly on its merits and partly because the author had inserted in it the notorious *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*. That the interpolation had nothing whatever to do with the rest of the book, seems to have mattered nothing to the assailant of Henry Fielding. It was "good copy," anyhow; for, in the first place, the lady most concerned in it paid him handsomely for its production; and, in the second, it was so scandalous in detail, and, to a certain class of mind, so taking in effect, that it could not but serve as an admirable "send-off" to Pickle and Pipes and Trunnion, in the inimaginable event of these being found unpleasing to the general. He threw in, as I have shown, some personalities on his own account—together with divers experiments in farce at which the Town was pleased to stop its nose; and these, the Town being that way moved, he was easily persuaded to "expunge": together, as he flattered himself, with "every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* * he retained, and to this day they

* The Lady of Quality, Horace Walpole's "living academy of love lore," was Frances Viscountess Vane, *née* Hawes. At nineteen, having no dowry but her beauty, which seems to have been complete, she married (1732) Lord William, "second son by his second wife of James Douglas, Fourth Duke of Hamilton and First Duke of Brandon (*D.N.B.*)"; and, as Lord William had no more money than herself, Queen Caroline was pleased to describe the pair as "the handsome beggars." In 1734 Lord William died, and in 1735 she married the second Viscount Vane, and proceeded to lead the unhappy gentleman, who adored her, and for whom "she always expressed an exaggerated abhorrence," (*D.N.B.*) what is vaguely but expressively called "a life." As she danced the minuet with peculiar grace and finish, had no care for

are printed as an integral part of his novel. That novel is neither his best nor his worst; but it is good enough even now, and in its hey-day it cannot but have seemed a piece of rare excellence. Like *Random*, it is hard and cruel and cold; like *Random*, it is a welter of folly and ruffianism; like *Random*, it touches you not as a work of art, but is remembered only as a thing of broken lights and disparted and intermittent achievement. But, like *Random*, it is invented and written with a brilliancy, an assurance, a masterful and easy adaptation of means to ends, that make the first reading, even in these days, an experience. Does any one recall his in-

any one but herself, was capricious, insolent, extravagant *au possible*, and was a man's woman in every fibre of her being, her husband was soon the most flagrant cuckold in Europe. He never would divorce, however; and, after being twenty years bedfast, at seventy-five she died Viscountess Vane. In the birth-year of *Peregrine Pickle*, being a woman of thirty-eight, she was, if Pickle's historian—(her "subaltern admirer" Lady Mary terms him)—be a credible witness, a past-mistress of the art of pleasing—gay, beautiful, gracious, benevolent. Whether or not the said historian was ever in love with her, and whether or not there ever passed between them more "civil things" (in Sir John Brute's phrase) than the communication of manuscript and coin, none knows, nor at this date will any know. What is certain is that Peregrine and his historian are extremely respectful to her; and that her notion of explaining herself to the world through the means and by the aid of the Coming Novelist, was a touch of genius which her biographers have not honoured as they ought. I note, in her connexion, that Fielding (*Covent Garden Journal*, Jan. 14, 1752) remarks of "one Peeragrin Puckle," that "his hopes of victory were found to be in *vain*." Also, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought that, "rightly understood," the story of Lady Vane "would be more instructive to young women than any sermon"; for that there they might see "what mortifications and varieties of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry"; so that "there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through." One would like to hear Lady Vane on Lady Mary. See further Lady Anne Hamilton (that illiberal shrew), *Epics of the Ton*, i. 21-22 (Third Edition, 1807):—

> Or with poor SMOLLET, fain for gold to tickle,
> Wrought up with liquorish gust the feats of *Pickle*:—

and Note.

troduction in the fact to those riotous offences against the moral code whose presentment makes up the tragedy of the life and death of Punch? 'Tis much the same with *Pickle*. Look at it in one humour, and from a certain point of view, and Peregrine—"the savage and ferocious Pickle" (SCOTT): the most truculent and unamiable scoundrel ever invested with heroic dignity—is, as the boy Dickens remembered Random, "no ruffian, but a modest and engaging hero"; and Pipes, Trunnion, Gauntlett, Peregrine's bunter mistress, Hatchway, that notable naval wag, Emilia, that most disconcerting exemplar of Smollett's ideal of Virginity, Crabtree—even Crabtree!—are found, these and their fellows—Pallet, the fair Fleming, Old Pickle, Mrs Trunnion, the Friar, the Poet, and the rest—are found to be in any case amusing. Viewed in another humour, and from another coign of speculation, they approve themselves the fantastic, sordid, indecent figments of humanity they are. It is farce, and farce again, and farce almost to the end: the saving touch being found in Trunnion, who, beginning as a rather ignoble caricature, grows more and more human as he goes on, till at the last he desires to be "buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*," and to have his epitaph written "not in the Greek or Latin lingoes, and much less in the French, which I abominate, but in plain English," to the end that "when the angel comes to pipe *all hands* at the great day,* he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother-tongue." All the death-bed is as good as this; and, having read it, one returns

* Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He, Who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
DIBDIN, *The Oddities*, 1789.

upon the consideration of Peregrine's achievements with a sour stomach and an unwilling eye: until one ends on the reflection that the half of Smollett was not told unto him, so that he never guessed, so contemptuous of everything but farce was he, how good a humorist, in the sense that Shakespeare and Fielding and Dickens are humorists, he might have been.

That he never so much as guessed at it is clear. There is no Bowling, no Morgan, no Pipes, no Hatchway even, in his next novel, *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), in which, if we subtract from it the "Dedication"—(in which Smollett the novelist, being at this time a man of two-and-thirty, tells Smollett the doctor and man about town what he thinks of him)—and the admirable First Chapter, which is as good a piece of invention and writing as anything under the Trunnion-Lismahago level, which Smollett ever did, there is not much to praise. Time was when Fathom seemed such a devil of a fellow that the story of his villainies was held to be dangerous and unedifying. But that time is long since with that which was "when King Pepin of France was a little boy," and your London 'prentice was admonished against the practice of killing uncles and consorting with Millwoods by the solemn performance of *George Barnwell.** It is hard to read

* Says Mr Walter Raleigh in his scholarly and excellent treatise, *The English Novel* (p. 188):—"It is a coarse morality at best that is taught by repulsion from vice, and the plea is often hypocritical." That is true. But our grandsires thought not so; and it is also true that for a long time *Fathom* was accounted pernicious reading. If you had "a good disposition and well-regulated mind," you could not choose but hold him for "a disgusting pollution of the imagination"; while, if you had not (I abridge the argument), you must certainly "catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate, and to realize, the pictures of villainy, which are embodied in such narratives as those of Zeluco or Count Fathom." To say that this was written by—not Hannah More but—Walter Scott, is to

Count Fathom now, for the simple reason that the Wicked Hero, and the Virtuous Hero, and the Virtuous Heroine, and all the figures in the book—(which, by the way, sets forth in its impassioned parts an intolerable deal of blank verse disguised as prose)—are sawdust all. 'Tis impossible to believe in the crimes of the one as in the sufferings of the others; and the sole care of him that reads is to get his reading done as soon as ever he can, and then forget what he has read as soon as ever he may. Yet the book is not without interests of its own. That Smollett valued it is plain—for he revived his penitent scoundrel in a book written nearly twenty years after the publication of *Fathom*; and to me, at least, it is not incredible that, his vanity being what it was, he wrote this story of a villain to show how Fielding should have written that of Jonathan Wild. Be this as it may, there are attempts at terror in *Fathom* which are unique, so far as I know, in the early English Novel.* Again, there is never a champion of Smollett,

say everything. 'Tis to be noted, however, that, always a good North Briton, Scott, if he cared little for *Fathom*, cared very much less for *Jonathan Wild*. He is at some pains to contrast the two, and the result of his effort is very much to the advantage of the later work. As, however, he has read the earlier to so little purpose that never for a moment is he conscious that it is a piece of pure irony; as he is even moved to entertain "a suspicion" that Fielding "used the title of *Jonathan Wild* in order to connect his book with the popular renown of that infamous depredator"—that, in plain English, he is dealing with a chap-book—we may treat his opinion as Captain Shandy would have treated that work which the great Lipsius composed the day he was born.

* The "Night in a Forest" was long quoted as an example of the Truly-Awful. It is nothing of the kind—now. But there is no doubt that the writer, anticipating the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* by near a century, attempted of set purpose to make his readers' flesh creep; and there is none that he succeeded in his endeavour. Novel also is the figure of the Benevolent Jew, which, however unreal in outline and ungainly in effect, at once passed into literature. As for the Hero-Villain, his descendants are innumerable.

however passionate and whole-hearted, but must admit that, as literature, *Fathom* is a failure. All the same, it is a lasting testimony to the vivacity, the adventurous apprehensiveness, of Smollett's mind; and wooden as it seems to us, and fatuous as we may esteem the writer's treatment of the theory of romance set forth in it, it has a place in the Romantic Revival which is not shared by any book of its time.

IV

Smollett's next novel, *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, was published in 1762: it shows him at his nadir. His next, *Humphry Clinker*, was published nine years after that—in 1771: it shows him at his zenith. Between whiles he published his translation of *Don Quixote* (1755) and his *History and Adventures of an Atom* (1769). The latter is political and filthy. The former is strenuous but disfeaturing. Where was the novelist Smollett in the meanwhile?

The answer is to be found in the circumstances of his career as (1) a would-be practising physician, and (2) a kind of high-class bookseller's hack. In 1750 he was made M.D. by Dalgetty's old *alma mater*, Marischal College, Aberdeen. He is said to have repaired to Bath, and sought, but failed, to work up a practice there. He certainly wrote a treatise on the hygienic, therapeutic, and prophylactic properties of water externally applied; and in this work (1752) he essayed to show that any water would do as well as the waters discovered by King Bladud—which, as Mr Hannay has remarked, was an odd and very personal way of recommending himself to the inhabitants of Bladud's town. It was all to no purpose: he had not, it would seem, that "good bedside manner," in whose absence

even Æsculapius were damned; he was impatient of pretence, contemptuous of authority; in a word, like the tragedy submitted to Mr Rich by Hogarth's Rake, he would "not do." So he gave up the struggle, settled with his wife and daughter at Monmouth House, in Laurence Street, Chelsea, and betook himself to—not literature, as at the start, but—journalism, or the equivalent of journalism, for a living. In 1753 and thereabouts he was pressed for money; * for the translation of *Don Quixote*, to which he had perforce to devote his energy and time, had been paid for years before, and the West Indian property suspended payments. But, the Cervantes finished, and these difficulties tided over, he so prospered in his avocation, that for long his income is said to have run as high as £600 to £700 a year. The reason was that, whereas he had created, he was now content to criticise and compile. So far as I know, there is nothing like it in our literary history.† The translation of *Don Quixote* was in a sense imaginative; for Smollett, however well or ill he understood his illustrious original ‡ essayed in it (or I am mistaken) so to coarsen, so to vulgarize Cervantes, as to exalt him, at any rate in the matter of style, to a level with those notable masters of "humorous" English, Tom Brown the facetious and

* In the December of 1754 the stage between London and Chelsea was "held up," and Smollett lost his watch and a purse of guineas.

† It is inconceivable, of course; but try to conceive of Dickens, after *Nicholas Nickleby*, abandoning fiction, and declining upon the production of small but very personal reviews for the genteel, and the compilation of historical and economical abstracts for the general.

‡ "Be a Romance or Farce-writer, raise contributions by another *Regicide*, translate from the French, or, *si Dîs placet*, murder the Spanish." Thus Grainger in a certain *Letter* of which we shall hear more. An anonymous *Letter from a Gentleman in the Country to a Friend in Town* (1755), made light of Smollett's Spanish; and Lord Woodhouselee described the translation as a vamp from Jervas.

the inimitable Ned Ward. However this be, the *Quixote* took its place and had its day, and was duly succeeded (1756) by the seven volumes of a *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages digested in a Chronological Sequence*, and by the establishment in the February of the same year of the once famous *Critical Review*.

"Written by a Society of Gentlemen," *The Critical Review* was financed and founded by one Archibald Hamilton,* a Scots printer, who had quitted Edinburgh for reasons not unconnected with the Porteous Riots. It was designed to rival that *Monthly Review*, which Ralph Griffiths, Tom Davies's friend, had begun to publish seven years before (1749) at the sign of the Dunciad in St. Paul's Churchyard, and by which he is said to have profited at one time by as much as £2,000 a year (*D.N.B.*). From the first it was edited, and largely written, by Smollett; and in 1758 his conduct of it, always high-handed and adventurous, got him into serious trouble. The manner was this. In 1757, acting under Hawke, Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, an experienced but unamiable seaman, and Sir John

* Hamilton comes in for hard knocks in Smollett's company. Thus, Churchill in *The Apology*:—

> To HAMILTON'S the ready lies repair—
> Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
> Hence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
> The polished falsehood's into public brought.
> Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford
> And reputation bleeds in every word.

Thus, too, Cuthbert Shaw, in *The Race* (1766):—

> To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
> Behind came Hamilton, his trusty squire. . . .
> "Hear my resolve, and first by God I swear,
> By Smollett and his gods, whoe'er shall dare
> With him this day for glorious fame to vie
> Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie;
> And know, the world no other shall confess,
> While I have crab-tree life, or letterpress."

Mordaunt, an amiable but accomplished soldier, failed in the surprising of Rochefort, and the adventure, which, as Wolfe (he served under Mordaunt) held, should have profited us hugely, was held mighty dear at a million sterling. Mordaunt was court-martialled and found not guilty. Knowles was only assailed in print and by the public voice; but he was of an acrimonious habit, and he put out a pamphlet* setting forth divers reasons why it should be thought that he, Admiral Knowles, was not to blame. This pamphlet was sent to *The Critical Review*; and Smollett, who had known of Knowles since that bad business at Cartagena, where he commanded the *Weymouth*, said plainly that there was nothing in it, and that Knowles's case was never a pin the better for it. The Admiral, being of a different mind, brought an action against the printer, Hamilton, but declared, by the mouth of his counsel, that his sole object in going to law was to discover the writer, to the end that he might demand the satisfaction due to a gentleman and a man of honour. Smollett's behaviour was, as the saying is, "a little mixed." To begin with, he wrote to his friend John Wilkes, stating that he "wished to see the prosecution quashed"; that he would like Wilkes, with certain "gentlemen . . . my friends," to "talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the Admiral"; and that, "if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust, and die hard": that, in short, the "foolish Admiral" had better hold his peace, and "not further provoke the resentment of" Mr Wilkes's "Very obliged humble servant, T. Smollett." This could only mean, of course, that Knowles, like Trunnion, must either "get up and be

* *The Conduct of Admiral Knowles on a late Expedition Set in a True Light.* London: 1758.

spliced" with Smollett, by compounding his action, or "lie still and be d——d" in the eternal enmity of *The Critical Review*. Thus the blackmailer, the tyrant-in-type, in Smollett. The man of honour being every whit as vivacious and as instant, he acknowledged his authorship of the offending article the moment it was question of the arbitrament of arms; when Knowles, as promptly, lodged an action against him, and carried a verdict for a fine of £100 and three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison.* Smollett, for once entirely in the right, and in funds besides, appears to have taken his mischance with excellent temper. He paid his fine, and he served his term; and I doubt not that he presently made the best of his bad bargain in *Sir Lancelot Greaves*.

This, the most serious of Smollett's quarrels, was neither the first one nor the last. He was addicted, as his *Travels* shows, to the *argumentum baculinum*; and in 1753, soon after his establishment in Chelsea, he had applied it in the case of a certain Peter Gordon, with the result that he got the worst in a court of law, besides being grossly insulted (or so he conceived) by the plaintiff's counsel, one Hume Campbell.† Five years later (1758), he fell foul of

* Says Walter Scott, and there is none who will disagree with him:— "How the Admiral reconciled his conduct to the rules usually observed by gentlemen, we are not informed; but the proceeding seems to justify even Smollett's strength of expression when he terms him an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." And Mr Hannay:— "Admiral Knowles seems decidedly to have belonged to the class of naval officers who had to be 'encouraged' by the shooting of Admiral Byng." And so, with an "unmelodious twang" the Admiral's ghost departs the precincts of this Edition.

† According to Smollett, Gordon borrowed money of him, and instead of repaying it, took sanctuary in the rules of Bench, and thence addressed him in insulting messages. As for Hume Campbell, the defendant not only abused him roundly, but challenged him to mortal combat. The letter of challenge, however, never reached its address,

Grainger's translation of Tibullus in the December number of *The Critical Review*. This performance he berated and belittled with much of his wonted pertness; * and when Grainger retorted upon him—(which he did, with a great deal of asperity † in a long-forgotten *Letter to Tobias Smollett, M.D.*)—Smollett wound up a kind of half-hearted apology ‡ for his first article with a denunciation in form. "Whereas," he says, "one of the owls belonging to the proprietor of *The M—thly R——w*, which answers to the name of Grainger, hath suddenly broken from his mew, where he used to hoot in darkness and peace, and now screeches openly in the face of day, we shall take the first opportunity to chastise this troublesome owl, and drive him back to his original obscurity." The "first opportunity" occurred no later than Mr Hamilton's next issue; when the unhappy Grainger—(by the way, as a *Monthly* Reviewer he was naturally incapable of aught but infamy in Smollett's eye)—was fustigated without ruth, yet not wholly to the credit of him that held the rods. § Came the turn (1760) of the ridiculous

and found its way into print as late as 1784, when a rough draft, "which seems to have been sent to Daniel Mackercher, the Mr M—— of *Peregrine Pickle*" (HANNAY) appeared in *The European Magazine*. For the rest, Smollett's exasperation was but natural. For one thing, he hated to seem in the wrong; and for another, he was at this time (1753-1756) hard pressed for cash.

* "Feud," he says, is a Scotch word, "redoubtable" a French one; while "noiseless" is such English as no decent writer would stoop to use. Also, he likens one of Grainger's images to a scene in the Bloody Bowl in Hanging Sword Alley.

† Smollett, like his own Matthew Bramble, disliked his first Christian name; and Grainger, who seems to have been at one time known to him, was careful to touch this raw, and to refer to "Dr Toby" when and where he could.

‡ *The Critical Review*, January, 1759.

§ Here—premising that "old women" refers to Mrs Griffiths, who was supposed to "edit" her husband's authors—here are some

John Hall-Stevenson, whose pretensions to wit and taste and artistry were as savagely exposed as they deserved to be; and in *A Nosegay and a Simile for the Reviewers*:—

> Ye Overseers and Reviewers
> Of all the Muses and the Sewers,
> Who dwell on high,
> Enthroned among your peers,
> The Gazetteers:—

---

warblings of his muse (*Critical Review*, February, 1759):—". . . Dr James Grainger, who, for many years, has been endeavouring, in the shade of obscurity, to earn a subsistence . . . who has condescended to piece the compilations of superannuated dulness at the bookseller's lowest price, and even been obliged to pay a printer's journeyman for translating his copy into English . . . Dr Grainger ought to remember how he was rejected as a writer in a certain Biographical Dictionary; and in what manner he has laboured, as an obscure hireling, in the *Monthly Review*, under the inspection and correction of an illiterate bookseller; who has often declared that he (Grainger) had some learning and taste, but could not write a sentence of English. . . . *The Critical Review* is not written by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally. The principal writers in *The Critical Review* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other. . . . When we hear Dr Grainger accuse Dr Smollett of being biased in his integrity by a good dinner, we are inclined to believe that the imputation comes from a hungry belly, when the accuser feels the full force of the temptation. If that was the case, he might have fed himself into better humour without going fifty miles from London. All those who are acquainted with Dr Smollett know, that for every dinner he ever received, he has given fifty at least; and that his house is always open to those who have recourse to his hospitality. . . . We dive not into private characters and circumstances with a view to personal abuse: that task we leave to the polite and worthy Dr James Grainger, and his associates: for, we are informed that all this filth did not flow from the same dunghill. It is a muddy stream supplied from three different reservoirs of dulness and malice. . . . We might expatiate upon the translator's great sagacity in chastening and reforming the tenth elegy, which Tibullus addresses to his catamite. . . ." I will end this note by reporting that, according to Johnson, "The *Critical* Reviewers often reviewed without reading the books through," whereas the *Monthly* men, being "duller fellows," were glad to read what was asked of them.

and the *Two Epistles of Margery the Cookmaid* (1762), that heavy-handed, ineffectual exemplar of pruriency, made bold to tell the *Critical* Reviewers what he, the would-be La Fontaine,* was pleased to think of them. Smollett's best opposite was of a very different stamp. The truculence, the hardihood, the ferocity inherent in Charles Churchill were equal with his own; and when *The Critical Review* declared that *The Rosciad* (1760) was the work of—not Churchill but—Lloyd and Colman, the satirist fell to his tools, and, in *The Apology* (1761), struck back at his assailant with all the strength of his arm. It is not for me to analyse the performance. I need but note that Churchill is careful to report the fact, or confirm the rumour, of Smollett's jealousy:—

> Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen;
> The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
> What had I done that angry Heaven should send
> The bitt'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
> Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
> And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
> For me let hoary FIELDING bite the ground,
> So nobler *Pickle* stands superbly bound.
> From LIVY'S temples tear th' historic crown,
> Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
> Compar'd with thee be all life-writers dumb
> But he who wrote the *Life of Tommy Thumb*.

Follows that description of *The Regicide* which is cited some pages back; and though, in the rest of *The Apology*, the satirist leaves Smollett alone and deals with the gang in general, he renews his attack in *The Ghost* (1762):—

> Some, the more subtle of their race,
> (Who felt some touch of *coward*† grace

---

* He was Yorick's Eugenius—the life-long friend of Sterne. But a more despicable poetaster than this eighteenth-century Yorkshire imitator of the inimitable has rarely put pen to paper.

† It was held a special iniquity in the staff of *The Critical Review* that its members were anonymous. Cf. *The Apology*:—

Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother SMOLLETT'S aid,
And carried on the critic trade.

And in *The Author* (1763) he has at his enemy for (so far as I know) the last time:—

How do I laugh when PUBLIUS, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own . . .
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new forms, and ne'er mending old:—

and all the rest of it. Smollett declares that it was not he who reviewed *The Rosciad*. Be this the case or not, they were few indeed, if any, who held that Churchill's ink was spilled in vain. For some years Smollett was *The Critical Review*, and *The Critical Review* was Smollett; and there can be no manner of doubt that though he could, and did, apologise upon occasion—as he did to Home and Richardson—it amused him to

Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the vale of night;
Safe from detection, seize the unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

And the nameless writer of a certain *Apology Addressed to the Reviewers* (1762), while less explicit, is not less resentful. His Muse, he tells you, is "Shock'd by the thought of SM-LL-TT'S butch'ring skill," but he is none the less resolved to unpack his heart about the wicked in the train of one who, "like PROTEUS-H-LL" is qualified "To mangle nature both with pen and pill":—

Of CALEDONIAN boors a slavish race,
At once their country's and their own disgrace;
Who, driven by itch and poverty from home,
Like hungry wolves in search of plunder roam:—

And he pines for the advent of a better and more amiable time, and a more potent hand:—

Oh! might he then the glorious cause pursue,
And bring ye trembling to the public view;
Tear ev'ry paltry, mean disguise away,
And bare your rancour to the blaze of day.

play the literary huff-snuff, and that he did his hectoring with so much spirit as to make himself cordially detested by a great many of his fellow lieges.*

After 1748, the year of *Roderick Random*, Smollett, Mr Seccombe tells us, "became a centre of attraction to the group of able Scotsmen who were now in London, and especially to those of the medical profession, such as Clephane, Macaulay, Hunter, Armstrong, Pitcairne, and Smellie." There is proof that he remained such a centre of attraction always; but during these later years he was rather notorious than conspicuous. He went not, as the saying is, into society, but lived a life of his own, partly (I take it) because he must, but chiefly (it is evident) because he would, in a little world contrived and ordered by himself, in which there was no king but him. His credentials were of the best; yet he seems never to have had the entry into the John-

* Another reviler was the notorious Shebbeare:—

> The same abusive, base, abandoned thing
> When pilloried or pensioned by a king:—

who hated and despised him as a Scot, and would have none of him as an historian, and whom he flogged at the cart's tail (so to speak) as the Ferret of *Sir Lancelot Greaves*. Yet another was Joseph Reed, the dramatist, whose mock-tragedy, *Madrigal and Trulletta*, he scouted and scorned in *The Critical Review* for August, 1758. To excel in parody and burlesque, he opined, even in "the highest degree of perfection they are capable of attaining to," was within the means "of a very moderate capacity." Reed, retorting on his "dear Toby" in *A Sop in the Pan for a Physical Critick* (1759) would not agree to this; declared that none but a fool or a knave would "publickly assert" that Henry Fielding, author of *Tom Thumb the Great*, was "of a very moderate capacity"; and in the sequel argued that his critic's contempt for *Madrigal and Trulletta* was inspired by the fact that it included parodies of *The Regicide*. He challenges Smollett to answer him. And, says he victoriously:—"I am afraid your Reply will cut a very indifferent Figure, as you have manifestly exhausted your Vein of Humour in the composition of *Roderick Random*, the best (I was going to add the only tolerable) Piece you have published."

son set.* He came of a good stock, and could always make a figure; yet the world knew him not, but was content with knowing of him. One reason is, no doubt, that he worked so hard that he left himself little or no leisure. Another, and a stronger, is that he followed his own likings, and was better pleased in a company which he could oblige and domineer than in one wherein he moved on an equal footing with those he met. As it would seem, he set out to make himself a kind of monarch in Grub Street. In 1758, "Jupiter" Carlyle, who had known him years before,† found him in London, and wrote of the Smollett he found. Robertson, the historian, wanted to meet Smollett; Carlyle arranged the meeting; it came off at a coffee-house (Forrest's). So far, so good; but "he was now become a great man, and, being much of a humourist, was not to be put out of his way"; and when we—Home and I, and Smith and Robertson ('tis Carlyle that speaks)—arrived at Forrest's, "he had several of his minions about him, to whom he prescribed tasks of translation, compilation, or abridgement." Then, "we dined together, and Smollett was very brilliant." Then, "that we might spend the evening together," he "begged leave to withdraw for an hour that he might give audience to his myrmidons"; but "we insisted that it should be in the room in which we sat." Of course, "the Doctor agreed," and some five of the "myrmidons" were introduced. The Doctor kept two of them to supper, to make sport for his hosts, "whispering to us" ('tis always Carlyle that speaks) "that he believed they would amuse us, which

* This, though he is found asking Wilkes's interest in the case of Francis Barker, Johnson's black servant, who had been taken by a press-gang.

† During the '45, when Smollett wrote *The Tears of Scotland*, a copy of verses in which he got nearer to poetry than in all the rhymes he ever made.

they certainly did, for they were very curious characters." It is pleasing to know that Robertson, who, being a simple-minded man, with no skill in the world's ways, had looked to meet another Pickle, or at least another Random, in Smollett, "expressed great surprise at the polished and agreeable manners and the great urbanity of his conversation." Yet another picture of him is found in *Humphry Clinker*, in which, speaking by the mouth of Jerry Melford, he paints himself in the act of playing the host to his "unfortunate brothers of the quill," for whom he was at pains to provide a Sunday regale of "beef, pudding and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer." 'Tis an amusing and a graphic piece of work, and it shows the Doctor as he wished to be seen—feeding, hectoring, tipping; a kind of *bourru bienfaisant*, ever forward with such jests as only a person in authority can break, and ever ready with a skinfull and a crown-piece for the wretches on whom those jests were broken. This, as I have said, is how he wished to appear and be remembered; yet I know not if it make us like him any the better. Indeed, I have come upon nothing so much to the discredit of Grub Street as that it ate Dr Toby's dinners and pocketed Dr Toby's advances at the same time that it endured his benevolence, and pocketed his contempt.*

* Here, no doubt, in these Chelsea Sundays, is the ground for Smollett's boast to Grainger:—"All those who are acquainted with Dr Smollett know that for every dinner he has ever received, he has given fifty at least," etc. Mr Hannay institutes an apt and telling reference to the dinners which Archibald Constable, *teste* John Ballantyne, "regaled, among others, his own circle of literary serfs," at Polton, with the very judicious reflection that Smollett describes himself, whom (as we know) he loved and esteemed above all mankind, while the description of the Polton revels is the work of one who did not love the master of them. If it seem a pity—and to many it will—that Smollett saw nothing in his parasites but what he has reported, and left the F. B., and the Shandon, and the Pendennis (even!) of the period unhonoured and unsung, the answer is that Smollett was not Thackeray, and that

V

Withal, these years of quarrelling were the busiest of his busy life. In 1755, the *Don Quixote* off his hands, he revisited Scotland, after an absence of sixteen years,* and, returning to London, was soon neck-deep into that quag of journey-work—editing, reviewing, writing to order—his preference for which, at the very top of his career, appears, as I have said, to stamp him "solely singular" among creative artists. In 1756 came his *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*; and in 1757, thanks to the Garrick whom he not so very long before had rotted (there is really no other word) as Mr Marmozet, he won his way to the stage with *The Reprisal*, a two-act farce, in which, with great dexterity, and a regard for the mint and anise and cummin of the drama which goes far to induce the belief that there was a good cheap playwright lost in him,† he took his revenge, once for all, for the shameful betrayal of *The Regicide*. In 1757–58, he published, in four quartos, his *History of England*: a work on which he spent some

to him the Grub Street person was merely an occasion for rather savage farce: much as Henry Fielding had been some years before the spunging oddities described by Jerry Melford were come upon the scene.

* He found his sister prosperously married to a Mr Telfer, and his mother staying under her roof at Scotston, Peeblesshire: a small estate which Telfer had been able to buy. It is told of the novelist that he chose to be introduced to Mrs Smollett as a gentleman who had known her son in the East Indies, and that he remained unrecognised, until he chanced to lose his serious look, when the mother said:—"Your old, roguish smile betrayed you at once." It is not the prettiest of stories; but it goes far to show that, outside literature, Smollett had his emotions mighty well in hand.

† He brings on the stage-Frenchman, the stage-Irishman, the stage-Scotchman, the stage-sailor—above all, the stage-sailor; and he brings them on with undeniable stage-spirit. *The Reprisal*, in short, is said to have held the boards for fifty years, and in the end to have done essential service to the Marryat of *The Three Cutters*.

twenty months, for which he read upwards of three hundred volumes, and for which he pocketed as much as £2,000.* In 1758–60 he edited the *Modern Part of an Universal History*. In 1761 he started a translation of Voltaire,† and contributed to *The British Review*, which he is said to have edited in conjunction with Goldsmith, his fourth and feeblest novel, *The Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves*.‡ Then, in 1762–63 (May–February) he edited *The Briton*, a journal established in Bute's interest, which had scarce any circulation, cost him his friendship with Wilkes, and at last died in his hands, in circumstances that left him "stung, aggravated, and humiliated beyond endurance" (HANNAY). He was in wretched health at the time of this gross and exasperating failure. A sedentary life had told heavily upon him; what he himself described as a *systema nervosum maximé irritabile* had altogether broken up, and he was incurably rheumatic and scorbutic; worst of all, he had been made desperate, it may be almost distraught, by the loss, early in 1763, of his only child.§ Nothing was left him but change of air and circumstance and scene; so in the June of the same black year he started for the Riviera and for Italy, and remained abroad until the early spring of 1765. It was a dreary time. When he left England he was a man "traduced by malice"

* It was "followed the next year by a revised edition, published in monthly numbers at the price of one shilling each," and "continued to the year 1762, ten years later."—HANNAY, *Smollett*, p. 125.

† "With Notes Historical and Critical. By Dr Smollett and Others." London: 1761–1774. In thirty-eight volumes.

‡ It was published as a serial, and may very well have been the first piece of fiction written in English to that end. Two of Defoe's—*Robinson Crusoe* (First Part) and *Captain Singleton*—had been so published, but both had existed for some time in book form.

§ She had come to fifteen, but died, after all, of what is now called tubercle. "Whom the gods love die young." Whom the gods love not——!

—(Wilkes's no doubt: the friend whom, in Bute's interest, he had cursed in print by all his gods)—"persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons"—(Bute, to wit)—and, above all, "overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity which it was not in the power of fortune to repair": so he lived angrily, or gloomily, or both, and saw things with a peevish eye, and, for his pains, was dubbed the "learned Smelfungus" by that brisk young Sentimental Traveller, the Reverend Laurence Sterne.* What was still worse, his recovery was but partial. For a time he stood to his guns with the old energy, the old fortitude: he wrote and published the sequel to his *History of England*; he wrote (or finished) and published his *Travels through France and Italy*; he lived much at Bath, and paid a lingering last visit to Scotland, where he was acclaimed and welcomed as he deserved, and collected much material for his ripest and soundest book; he, finally, "cleansed his stuffed bosom of such perilous stuff" as Wilkes, and Bute, and Pitt, and Time, and the Gods, and the *Monthly* Reviewers had choked it withal, by publishing (1769) *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which he hit out all round, bemerded everything and everybody, and satisfied himself, apparently, that there was but one just man alive, and his name—it

* "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome—and so on;—but he set out with spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted.—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings. . . . I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon;—he was just coming out of it. ''*Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit*,' said he . . . 'I'll tell it,' cried Smelfungus, 'to the world.' 'You had better tell it,' said I, 'to your physician.'"—*A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*.—By Laurence Sterne. Smollett is hard, but not too hard, on the Medicean Venus; but the worst that I can say about him is that, on the whole, his prince of painters seems to be—not Raphael, nor even Titian, but—Guido Reni.

need scarce be said—was Tobias George Smollett. That done, he bethought him seriously of himself, for his health was worse than ever, and turned his mind south once more.

He would fain have had an Italian consulship. But he was elderly and broken; it was held that he could neither bless nor ban to any purpose now; and, though Hume did all with Shelburne that he could, there was never a consulship for Smollett. So he had even to do without one; and, leaving England in the winter of 1768, and travelling by way of Pisa (where he was visited by Sir Horace Mann) and Lucca, he got as far as Leghorn, and there set up his rest in a villa, with a noble outlook, in the shadow of Monte Nero. Here he drudged out what was due from him to the *Modern Universal History*; and here, despite worsening health and failing strength,* he wrote his masterpiece—which is also one of the masterpieces of the English Novel—the excellent *Adventures of Humphry Clinker*.† It was published early in 1771, and in the September of that year the end came. "All is well, my dear," he said to his wife, who had nursed and tended him with unfailing affection; and these were his last words. So passed the old stark pagan—the man to

* His spirit was ever indomitable. "If," he writes to John Hunter (Leghorn, January 9, 1771), "I can prevail upon my wife to execute my last will, you shall receive my poor carcase in a box . . . to be placed among your rarities. I am already so dry and emaciated that I may pass for an Egyptian mummy without any other preparation than some pitch and painted linen; unless you think I may deserve the denomination of a curiosity in my own character, I mean that of your old friend, and affectionate humble servant." It is a brave letter (of its kind), and takes its place, not unhandsomely, with the last utterances of Cervantes and Fielding.

† Thus described by Horace Walpole: "A party novel, written by that profligate hireling, Smollett, to vindicate the Scots, and cry down juries."

whom the world was as it were a great extension of the Bench or the Fleet: "in which we are all playthings of fortune." He was buried, within sight of the sea, in the old English cemetery in the Via degl' Eglisi at Leghorn; and three years later, his cousin James set up a "tall Tuscan column" in his honour on the banks of Leven, with an inscription which had the honour to be rewritten and revised by Dr Johnson in the course of that tour to the Hebrides which he made, in Mr Boswell's company, in 1774.*

I have said nothing of *Sir Lancelot Greaves* for the simple reason that I find so little merit in it that I have no more than that to say. Here and there are glimpses of the true Smollett, and Captain Crowe, in other circumstances, and as anything else than a foolish, futile essay in burlesque knight-errantry, could scarce fail to be amusing: even as Sir Lancelot, were he anything but an impossible travesty of Don Quixote might, it is reasonable to suppose, have proved himself a more or less interesting hero. But the initial blunder was Smollett's; and he must pay for it to the end of time. It is other-guess work with *Humphry Clinker*, wherein there is little or nothing, once you admit the scheme, and are prepared to take on all its consequences, that is not excellent. To say that the stinks and nastinesses are done with peculiar gusto is to say that Smollett remained himself until the end; and that, when you leave Bath behind you and have got to Edinburgh, and Mrs Jenkins

* Had Smollett lived four years more, he would have succeeded to the family estate of Bonhill, which, he being dead, passed to his sister, Jean. His widow appears to have been in receipt of a kind of pension from Bonhill and the Telfers. She lived on at Leghorn, and in 1782 a fire deprived her of the last of her Jamaican property. She appealed to the public; and on March 3rd, 1784, she took a benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre. The play was *Varice Preserved*; the profits amounted to £366. That is the last heard of her.

is telling you all she knows—that, I say, is to your everlasting entertainment. More: Smollett is no longer the flaunting, swaggering cynic of *Random* and *Pickle*; he is old and kind; above all, he has read *Tristram Shandy*. His characters—Bramble, Tabitha, Winifred Jenkins, Humphry, Lismahago—are instantly yet humanely apprehended and incomparably well presented; the humour is ever kindly and sane; there is never a word, much less an adventure, to make you half-sorry in the reading; the Quicklyisms of Winifred and Mrs Tabitha fall luscious and inevitable, like honey from the comb; in fine, save in the good parts of Dickens, there is no more cheerful, no more diverting reading in English fiction than the good parts of this notable book. It is the only one in which Smollett comes within measurable distance of Fielding; and I do not know that Fielding himself has done anything very much better than Lismahago: * Lismahago, the first real Scotsman to plant a foot in English letters; the Adam of a great and ever-multiplying brood! On the whole it is scarce possible, and it might well be held mischievous, to hope for a recrudescence of popularity for *Random* and *Pickle*. But they will long be read, I take it, and read because their author was also the author of *Humphry Clinker*.

VI

Smollett's chief fault is a certain hard and shameless indelicacy of imagination and perception, which makes it impossible for him to enter deeply or sympathetically into some essentials of human character, and to say any-

* The lieutenant, it appears, is doubly beneficent. He is himself, for one thing; and for another (*teste* Walter Scott) he is the spiritual ancestor of Rittmeister Dugald Dalgatty.

thing worth heeding of the niceties of human intercourse. There is no greater ruffian in literature than Roderick Random, unless it be Peregrine Pickle; yet he started with the notice that in Roderick he would incarnate "modest merit"; and in the end he is perfectly satisfied with his results. And Roderick, between the first and last chapters of his history, scarce ever appears excepting as a sharking rascal, who has few other virtues than the very doubtful one of being as free with his own money as he is with other people's, and whose selfishness is of so lusty a type that he is content to reward his faithful Strap with, as Scott said, a cast mistress and a Highland farm. Of this hero's original relations with Miss Williams I forbear to speak: the curious may look into them for themselves. Here I shall but note that there is in them a peculiarity of squalor, an intimate and ineradicable unpleasantness, which make the lady's subsequent connexion with Narcissa one of the unpardonable things in fiction.* Nobody minds, however, in the book; and as Narcissa herself is moved to distinguish "modest merit" in a footman's habit, one may infer that Narcissa, did she know, would mind as little as Miss Williams does, or Roderick, or the common author of their being. And this same indelicacy is of the very stuff of Smollett's mind. You would say that, thanks to his Scots breeding, or his professional training, or both, he had neither sense of privacy nor olfactory nerves. More: he is indecent naturally, yet deliberately: indecent because he must be, but also because he will. People talk and write about the "cynicism" of Thackeray. If they want the real thing—(but they don't)—let them look for it in the Smollett of *Random*

* I open a parenthesis to note, in passing, that in these days Miss Williams would pretty certainly behave in the manner of the Second Mrs Tanqueray.

and *Pickle*. They will find more in a single character of the earlier artist's—his Crabtree, say—than there is in all the sentimental carpings of the Middle-Victorian moralist; and they will think better of their Thackeray than they ever thought before.

I have said what I believe to be the worst that can be said of Smollett. Now for the other side. He has—and I take it to be his master-quality—a peculiar power of realizing a character, not by description and analysis but, out of the character's own mouth. He sees his people mostly as personages in a farce; but he knows all he wants you to know about them from the beginning, and with three strokes of his pen he makes you also know it. His Morgan, for instance: is it possible to forget that first appearance in the surgeon's berth of H.M.S. *Thunder*? It is all over in no time (so to say); yet, once and forever, there is Morgan. It is the same, in a greater or less degree, with Weazle and Miss Ramper, with Narcissa's aunt and Pipes and Hatchway, with Jack Rattlin and Oakum and Mrs Trunnion-Hatchway, with Potion and Crab and Lavement, with Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble and Jackson: in fact, with almost any one of the many whom their author deigns to individualize. And when he goes deeper—when he is interested enough to be intimate—then you get creations like Bowling and Trunnion, like Lismahago and Matthew Bramble, like Pipes and Strap; and with these you are well into literature. And his narrative is of the same instant, peremptory type. He writes good, nervous forth-right English; knows exactly what he wants to say; and says it exactly as he means it to be said: as, to take three very different examples, the story of Random and Strap in London, the "Night in the Forest" episode in *Fathom*, and that unparalleled digression concerning Pipes and the beggar

maid, which does so much to reconcile one with the ostentatious blackguardism of *Pickle*—as these, I say, exist to show. Comes in the last instance, Smollett the humourist—hard and immodest but copious and authentic, if in the main inalterably farcical; and, as I think, the secret of the perennial popularity of some (at least) of him lies open, even to him that runs and reads.

Says Mr Raleigh,* finally:—"His zest in life is real and infectious, and his purely external treatment gives a certain refreshing quality to his pages; over his books at least it is possible to 'unbend the mind.'" That, if our standard be that of great literature, is good enough for Smollett; and I know not if there be more to say about him. But literature is not all great; and outside the pleasaunce, where Fielding ironizes with Cervantes, and Shakespeare discusses an intonation with Dickens, while Scott and Thackeray pause in their talk to hear what's said, and Sterne reads Trim and Toby and "My Father" into them all—outside, I say, the scene of these august familiarities there is honourable room for Smollett. For, take it how you will, he anglicized Le Sage, and so was one ancestor of *Pickwick*; he created Pipes and Trunnion and Bowling, and in this wise cleared the way for Chucks, and Mesty, and O'Brien—to name but these; in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* he struck a note and suggested a set of possibilities with which romance yet thrills; he was the first (so far as I can find) to write a novel for publication in serial form, and herein he has had some forty thousand imitators; finally, he was beloved of the boy Dickens, who remembered and imitated him, and so he takes hands with one of the greatest in English Letters. One may like him or not; but one has to admit that he builded better than, with

* *The English Novel*, p. 189.

all his full-sailed vanity, he knew, and, at the worst, was full of most excellent differences: that, in so many words, English literature would have been appreciably the poorer, if "Dr Toby" had not lived and worked.

W. E. H.

THE ADVENTURES OF
RODERICK RANDOM

VOLUME ONE

CONTENTS

Page

THE PREFACE lix

APOLOGUE lxiv

CHAPTER I

Of my Birth and Parentage 1

CHAPTER II

I grow up—Am hated by my Relations—Sent to School—Neglected by my Grandfather—Maltreated by my Master—Seasoned to Adversity—I form Cabals against the Pedant—Am debarred access to my Grandfather—Hunted by his Heir—I demolish the Teeth of his Tutor. 6

CHAPTER III

My Mother's Brother arrives—Relieves me—A Description of him—He goes along with me to the House of my Grandfather—Is encountered by his Dogs—Defeats them after a Bloody Engagement—Is admitted to the Old Gentleman—A Dialogue between them 11

CHAPTER IV

My Grandfather makes his Will—Our second Visit—He dies—His Will is read in presence of all his living Descendants—The Disappointment of my Female Cousins—My Uncle's Behaviour 17

d

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V

Page

The Schoolmaster uses me barbarously—I form a Project of Revenge, in which I am assisted by my Uncle—I leave the Village—Am settled at an University by his Generosity . . 21

CHAPTER VI

I make great Progress in my Studies—Am caressed by everybody—My Female Cousins take Notice of me—I reject their Invitation—They are incensed, and conspire against me—I am left destitute by a Misfortune that befalls my Uncle—Gawky's Treachery—My Revenge 27

CHAPTER VII

I am entertained by Mr Crab—A Description of him—I acquire the Art of Surgery—Consult Crab's Disposition—Become necessary to him—An Accident happens—He advises me to launch out into the World—Assists me with Money—I set out for London 36

CHAPTER VIII

I arrive at Newcastle—Meet with my old School-fellow Strap—We determine to walk together to London—Set out on our Journey—Put up at a solitary Ale-house—Are disturbed by a strange Adventure in the Night 44

CHAPTER IX

We proceed on our Journey—Are overtaken by an Highwayman, who fires at Strap—Is prevented from shooting me by a company of Horsemen, who ride in pursuit of him—Strap is put to bed at an Inn—Adventures at that Inn 53

CHAPTER X

The Highwayman is taken—We are detained as Evidence against him—Proceed to the next Village—He escapes—We arrive at another Inn, where we go to bed—In the Night we are awaked by a dreadful Adventure—Next Night we lodge at the House of a Schoolmaster—Our Treatment there 60

CHAPTER XI

We descry the Waggon—Get into it—Arrive at an Inn—Our Fellow-travellers described—A Mistake is committed by Strap, which produces strange things 67

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XII

Page

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the Combat—An Affair between the Captain and me—The Usurer is fain to give Miss Jenny Five Guineas for a Release—We are in danger of losing a Meal—The Behaviour of Weazel, Jenny, and Joey on that Occasion—An Account of Captain Weazel and his Lady—The Captain's Courage tried—Isaac's Mirth at the Captain's Expence 76

CHAPTER XIII

Strap and I are terrified by an Apparition—Strap's Conjecture—The Mystery explained by Joey—We arrive at London—Our Dress and Appearance described—We are insulted in the Street—An Adventure in an Ale-house—We are imposed upon by a waggish Footman—Set to rights by a Tobacconist—Take Lodgings—Dive for a Dinner—An Accident at our Ordinary 86

CHAPTER XIV

We visit Strap's Friend—A Description of him—His Advice—We go to Mr. Cringer's House—Are denied Admittance—An Accident befalls Strap—His Behaviour thereupon—An extraordinary Adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my Money 95

CHAPTER XV

Strap moralizes—Presents his Purse to me—We inform our Landlord of my Misfortune—He unravels the Mystery—I present myself to Cringer—He recommends and turns me over to Mr Staytape—I become acquainted with a Fellow-dependent, who explains the Characters of Cringer and Staytape—And informs me of the Method to be pursued at the Navy-office and Surgeons Hall—Strap is employed 103

CHAPTER XVI

My new Acquaintance breaks an Appointment—I proceed by myself to the Navy-office—Address myself to a Person there, who assists me with his Advice—Write to the Board—They grant me a Letter to the Surgeons at the Hall—Am informed of the Beau's Name and Character—Find him—He makes me his Confident in an Amour—Desires me to pawn my Linen for his Occasions—I recover what I lent him—Some curious Observations of Strap on that Occasion—His Vanity . . . 111

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XVII

Page

I go to Surgeons Hall, where I meet with Mr. Jackson—Am examined—A fierce Dispute arises between two of the Examiners—Jackson disguises himself to attract Respect—Is detected—In hazard of being sent to Bridewell—He treats us at a Tavern—Carries us to a Night-house—A troublesome Adventure there—We are committed to the Round-house—Carried before a Justice—His Behaviour 122

CHAPTER XVIII

I carry my Qualification to the Navy-office—The Nature of it—The Behaviour of the Secretary—Strap's Concern for my Absence—A Battle between him and a Blacksmith—The troublesome Consequence of it—His Harangue to me—His Friend the Schoolmaster recommends me to a French Apothecary, who entertains me as a Journeyman 133

CHAPTER XIX

The Characters of Mr Lavement, his Wife, and Daughter—Some Anecdotes of the Family—The Mother and Daughter Rivals—I am guilty of a Mistake that gives me present Satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome Consequences . . . 141

CHAPTER XX

I am assaulted and dangerously wounded—Suspect O'Donnell, and am confirmed in my Opinion—Concert a Scheme of Revenge, and put it in execution—O'Donnell robs his own Servant and disappears—I make my Addresses to a Lady, and am miraculously delivered from her Snare 150

CHAPTER XXI

Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my Master—Is involved in a troublesome Affair, out of which he is extricated by me—He marries my Master's Daughter—They conspire against me—I am found guilty of Theft — Discharged — Deserted by my Friends—I hire a Room in St Giles's—Where, by accident, I find the Lady to whom I made my Addresses in a miserable condition—I relieve her 157

CHAPTER XXII

The History of Miss Williams 169

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXIII

Page

She is interrupted by a Bailiff, who arrests and carries her to the Marshalsea—I accompany her—Bring Witnesses to prove she is not the Person named in the Writ—The Bailiff is fain to give her a Present, and discharge her—We shift our Lodging—She resumes her Story, and ends it—My Reflections thereupon—She makes me acquainted with the Progress of a Common Woman of the Town—Resolves to quit that way of life . . 183

CHAPTER XXIV

I am reduced to great Misery—Assaulted on Tower-Hill by a Press-gang, who put me on board a Tender—My usage there—My arrival on board of the Thunder Man-of-War, where I am put in Irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr Thomson, who recommends me as Assistant to the Surgeon—He relates his own Story, and makes me acquainted with the Characters of the Captain, Surgeon, and First Mate 198

CHAPTER XXV

The Behaviour of Mr Morgan—His Pride, Displeasure, and Generosity—The Economy of our Mess described—Thomson's further Friendship—The Nature of my Duty explained—The Situation of the Sick 208

CHAPTER XXVI

A disagreeable Accident happens to me in the Discharge of my Office—Morgan's Nose is offended—A Dialogue between him and the Ship's Steward—Upon Examination, I find more Causes of Complaint than one—My Hair is cut off—Morgan's Cookery—The Manner of Sleeping on Board—I am awaked in the Night by a dreadful Noise 214

CHAPTER XXVII

I acquire the Friendship of the Surgeon, who procures a Warrant for me, and makes me a Present of Clothes—A Battle between a Midshipman and me—The Surgeon leaves the Ship—The Captain comes on Board with another Surgeon—A Dialogue between the Captain and Morgan—The Sick are ordered to be brought upon the Quarter-deck and examined—The Consequences of that Order—A Madman accuses Morgan, and is set at Liberty by Command of the Captain, whom he instantly attacks and pummels without mercy 220

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXVIII

Page

The Captain enraged, threatens to put the Madman to death with his own Hand—Is diverted from that Resolution by the Arguments and Persuasions of the first Lieutenant and Surgeon—We set sail for St Helen's—Join the Fleet under the Command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, and proceed for the West Indies—Are overtaken by a terrible Tempest—My Friend, Jack Rattlin, has his Leg broke by a Fall from the Main-yard—The Behaviour of Doctor Mackshane—Jack opposes the Amputation of his Limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the Cure, and perform it successfully . . . 230

CHAPTER XXIX

Mackshane's Malice—I am taken up and imprisoned for a Spy—Morgan meets with the same Fate—Thomson is tampered with to turn Evidence against us—Disdains the Proposal, and is maltreated for his Integrity—Morgan is released to assist the Surgeon during an Engagement with some French Ships of War—I remain fettered on the Poop, exposed to the Enemy's Shot, and grow delirious with Fear—Am comforted after the Battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the Captain; is overheard by the Centinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned—Thomson grows desperate, and, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes overboard in the Night 237

CHAPTER XXX

We lament the Fate of our Companion—The Captain offers Morgan his Liberty, which he refuses to accept—We are brought before him and examined—Morgan is sent back into Custody, whither also I am remanded, after a curious Trial . . . 244

CHAPTER XXXI

I discover a Subornation against me, by means of a Quarrel between two of the Evidences; in consequence of which I am set at Liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his Freedom on the same Terms—Mackshane's Malice—We arrive at Jamaica, from whence, in a short Time, we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West India Squadron—We take in Water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena—Reflections on our Conduct there 254

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXXII

Page

Our Land Forces being disembarked, erect a Fascine Battery—Our Ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the Fort of Boca Chica—Mackshane's Cowardice—The Chaplain's Frenzy—Honest Rattlin loses one Hand—His Heroism, and Reflections on the Battle—Crampley's Behaviour to me during the Heat of the Fight. 259

CHAPTER XXXIII

A Breach being made in the Walls, our Soldiers give the Assault, and take the Place without Opposition—Our Sailors at the same time become Masters of all the other Strengths near Boca Chica, and take Possession of the Harbour—The good Consequence of this Success—We move nearer the Town—Find two Forts deserted, and the Channel blocked up with sunk Vessels; which, however, we find Means to clear—Land our Soldiers at La Quinta—Repulse a Body of Militia—Attack the Castle of St Lazar, and are forced to retreat with great Loss—The Remains of our Army are re-embarked—An Effort of the Admiral to take the Town—The Economy of our Expedition described 265

CHAPTER XXXIV

An Epidemic Fever rages among us—We abandon our Conquests—I am seized with the Distemper—Write a Petition to the Captain, which is rejected—I am in danger of Suffocation through the Malice of Crampley; and relieved by a Serjeant—My Fever increases—The Chaplain wants to Confess me—I obtain a favourable Crisis—Morgan's Affection for me proved—The Behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—Captain Oakum is removed into another Ship, with his beloved Doctor—Our new Captain described—An Adventure of Morgan 272

CHAPTER XXXV

Captain Whiffle sends for me—His Situation described—His Surgeon arrives, prescribes for him, and puts him to Bed—A Bed is put up for Mr Simper contiguous to the State-room, which, with other parts of the Captain's behaviour, gives the Ship's Company a very unfavourable idea of their Commander—I am detained in the West Indies by the Admiral, and go on Board of the Lizard Sloop of War in quality of Surgeon's Mate, where I make myself known to the Surgeon, who treats me

very kindly—I go on Shore, sell my Ticket, purchase Neces- Page
saries, and, at my return on Board, am surprised at the Sight of Cramply, who is appointed Lieutenant of the Sloop—We sail on a Cruize—Take a Prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the Command of my Mess-mate, with whom I live in great Harmony 283

CHAPTER XXXVI

A strange Adventure, in consequence of which I am extremely happy—Crampley does me ill Offices with the Captain: but his Malice is defeated by the Good Nature and Friendship of the Surgeon—We return to Port Royal—Our Captain gets the Command of a larger Ship, and is succeeded by an old Man—Brayl is provided for—We receive Orders to sail for England 290

CHAPTER XXXVII

We depart for Europe—A Misunderstanding arises between the Captain and Surgeon, through the scandalous Aspersions of Crampley—The Captain dies—Crampley tyrannizes over the Surgeon, who falls a Victim to his Cruelty—I am also ill-used—The Ship strikes—The Behaviour of Crampley and the Seamen on the Occasion—I get on Shore, challenge the Captain to Single Combat, am treacherously knocked down, wounded, and robbed 298

CHAPTER XXXVIII

I get up, and crawl into a Barn, where I am in Danger of perishing through the Fear of the Country People—Their Inhumanity—I am succoured by a reputed Witch—Her Story—Her Advice—She recommends me as a Valet to a Single Lady, whose Character she explains 304

THE PREFACE

Of all kinds of satire, there is none so entertaining and universally improving, as that which is introduced, as it were, occasionally, in the course of an interesting story, which brings every incident home to life; and, by representing familiar scenes in an uncommon and amusing point of view, invests them with all the graces of novelty, while nature is appealed to in every particular.

The reader gratifies his curiosity in pursuing the adventures of a person in whose favour he is prepossessed; he espouses his cause, he sympathises with him in distress; his indignation is heated against the authors of his calamity; the humane passions are inflamed; the contrast between dejected virtue and insulting vice appears with greater aggravation; and every impression having a double force on the imagination, the memory retains the circumstance, and the heart improves by the example. The attention is not tired with a bare catalogue of characters, but agreeably diverted with all the variety of invention; and the vicissitudes of life appear in their peculiar circumstances, opening an ample field for wit and humour.

Romance, no doubt, owes its origin to ignorance, vanity, and superstition. In the dark ages of the world, when a man had rendered himself famous for wisdom or valour, his family and adherents availed themselves of his superior qualities, magnified his virtues, and represented his character and person as sacred and supernatural. The vulgar easily swallowed the bait, implored his protection, and yielded the tribute of homage and praise even to adoration; his exploits were handed down to posterity with a thousand exaggerations; they were repeated as incitements to virtue; divine honours were paid, and altars erected to his memory, for the encouragement of those who attempted to imitate his example; and hence arose the heathen mythology, which is no other than a collection of extravagant romances. As learning advanced, and genius received cultivation, these stories were embellished with the graces of poetry; that they might the better recommend themselves to the attention, they were sung in public, at festivals, for the instruction and delight of the audience; and rehearsed before battle, as incentives to deeds of glory. Thus tragedy and the epic muse were born, and, in the progress of taste, arrived at perfection. It is no wonder that the ancients could not relish a fable in prose, after they had seen so many remarkable events celebrated in verse, by their best poets; we, therefore, find no romance among them, during the era of their excellence, unless the Cyropædia of Zenophon may be so called; and it was not till arts and sciences began to

revive, after the irruption of the Barbarians into Europe, that anything of this kind appeared. But when the minds of men were debauched, by the imposition of priestcraft, to the most absurd pitch of credulity, the authors of romance arose, and, losing sight of probability, filled their performances with the most monstrous hyperboles. If they could not equal the ancient poets in point of genius, they were resolved to excel them in fiction, and apply to the wonder rather than the judgment of their readers. Accordingly they brought necromancy to their aid, and instead of supporting the character of their heroes by dignity of sentiment and practice, distinguished them by their bodily strength, activity, and extravagance of behaviour. Although nothing could be more ludicrous and unnatural than the figures they drew, they did not want patrons and admirers, and the world actually began to be infected with the spirit of knight-errantry, when Cervantes, by an inimitable piece of ridicule, reformed the taste of mankind, representing chivalry in the right point of view, and converting romance to purposes far more useful and entertaining, by making it assume the sock, and point out the follies of ordinary life.

The same method has been practised by other Spanish and French authors, and by none more successfully than by Monsieur Le Sage, who, in his Adventures of Gil Blas, has described the knavery and foibles of life, with infinite humour and sagacity. The following sheets I have modelled on his plan, taking the liberty, however,

to differ from him in the execution, where I thought his particular situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid. The disgraces of Gil Blas are, for the most part, such as rather excite mirth than compassion: he himself laughs at them; and his transitions from distress to happiness, or at least ease, are so sudden, that neither the reader has time to pity him, nor himself to be acquainted with affliction. This conduct, in my opinion, not only deviates from probability, but prevents that generous indignation which ought to animate the reader against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.

I have attempted to represent modest merit struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind. To secure a favourable prepossession, I have allowed him the advantages of birth and education, which, in the series of his misfortunes, will, I hope, engage the ingenuous more warmly in his behalf; and though I foresee that some people will be offended at the mean scenes in which he is involved, I persuade myself the judicious will not only perceive the necessity of describing those situations to which he must of course be confined, in his low state, but also find entertainment in viewing those parts of life, where the humours and passions are undisguised by affectation, ceremony, or education; and the whimsical peculiarities of disposition appear as nature has implanted them. But

I believe I need not trouble myself in vindicating a practice authorised by the best writers in this way, some of whom I have already named.

Every intelligent reader will, at first sight, perceive I have not deviated from nature in the facts, which are all true in the main, although the circumstances are altered and disguised, to avoid personal satire.

It now remains to give my reasons for making the chief personage of this work a North Briton; which are chiefly these: I could at a small expense bestow on him such education as I thought the dignity of his birth and character required, which could not possibly be obtained in England, by such slender means as the nature of my plan would afford. In the next place, I could represent simplicity of manners in a remote part of the kingdom, with more propriety than in any other place near the capital; and, lastly, the disposition of the Scots, addicted to travelling, justifies my conduct in deriving an adventurer from that country.

That the delicate reader may not be offended at the unmeaning oaths which proceed from the mouths of some persons in these memoirs, I beg leave to premise, that I imagined nothing could more effectually expose the absurdity of such miserable expletives, than a natural and verbal representation of the discourse in which they occur.

APOLOGUE

A young painter, indulging a vein of pleasantry, sketched a kind of conversation-piece, representing a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass; and to render it more striking, humorous, and moral, distinguished every figure by some emblem of human life.

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old, toothless, drunken soldier; the owl, perched upon the handle of a coffee-pot, with spectacles on his nose, seemed to contemplate a newspaper; and the ass, ornamented with a huge tie-wig (which, however, could not conceal his long ears), sat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the implements of painting. This whimsical group afforded some mirth, and met with general approbation, until some mischievous wag hinted that the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer; an insinuation which was no sooner circulated, than those very people who applauded it before began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themselves signified by the several figures of the piece.

Among others, a worthy personage in years, who had served in the army with reputation, being incensed at

the supposed outrage, repaired to the lodgings of the painter, and, finding him at home, "Hark ye, Mr Monkey," said he, "I have a good mind to convince you, that though the bear has lost his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not so drunk but he can perceive your impertinence.—'Sblood! sir, that toothless jaw is a d—ned scandalous libel—but don't you imagine me so chopfallen as not to be able to chew the cud of resentment." Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned physician, who, advancing to the culprit with fury in his aspect, exclaimed, "Suppose the augmentation of the ass's ears should prove the diminution of the baboon's—nay, seek not to prevaricate, for by the beard of Esculapius! there is not one hair in this periwig that will not stand up in judgment to convict thee of personal abuse.—Do but observe, Captain, how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls — the colour, indeed, is different, but then the form and foretop are quite similar." While he thus remonstrated in a strain of vociferation, a venerable senator entered, and waddling up to the delinquent, "Jackanapes!" cried he, "I will now let thee see I can read something else than a newspaper, and that, without the help of spectacles—here is your own note of hand, sirrah, for money which, if I had not advanced, you yourself would have resembled an owl, in not daring to show your face by day, you ungrateful slanderous knave!"

In vain the astonished painter declared that he had no intention to give offence, or to characterise particular

persons: they affirmed the resemblance was too palpable to be overlooked ; they taxed him with insolence, malice, and ingratitude ; and their clamours being overheard by the public, the captain was a bear, the doctor an ass, and the senator an owl, to his dying day.

Christian reader, I beseech thee, in the bowels of the Lord, remember this example while thou art employed in the perusal of the following sheets ; and seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thy own counsel ; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that, though thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle-nose, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the same predicament.

CHAPTER I

Of my Birth and Parentage

I was born in the northern part of this united kingdom, in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had, on many occasions, signalized himself in behalf of his country; and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.

My father, his youngest son, falling in love with a poor relation, who lived with the old gentleman in quality of house-keeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage. During her pregnancy, a dream discomposed my mother so much, that her husband, tired with her importunity, at last consulted a Highland seer, whose favourable interpretation he would have secured before-hand by a bribe, but found him incorruptible. She dreamed she was delivered of a tennis-ball, which the devil (who, to her great surprise, acted the part of midwife) struck so forcibly with a racket, that it disappeared in an instant; and she was for some time inconsolable for the loss of her offspring, when all of a sudden, she beheld it return with equal violence, and enter the earth beneath her feet, whence immediately sprung up a goodly tree covered with blossoms, the scent of which operated so

strongly on her nerves, that she awoke. The attentive sage, after some deliberation, assured my parents, that their first-born would be a great traveller; that he would undergo many dangers and difficulties, and at last return to his native land, where he would flourish in happiness and reputation. How truly this was foretold, will appear in the sequel.

It was not long before some officious person informed my grandfather of certain familiarities that passed between his son and house-keeper, which alarmed him so much, that, a few days after, he told my father it was high time for him to think of settling; and that he had provided a match for him, to which he could in justice have no objections. My father, finding it would be impossible to conceal his situation much longer, frankly owned what he had done, and excused himself for not having asked the consent of his father, by saying, he knew it would have been to no purpose; and that, had his inclination been known, my grandfather might have taken such measures as would have effectually put the gratification of it out of his power: He added, that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty, and good sense, and as for fortune, it was beneath his care. The old gentleman, who kept all his passions (except one) in excellent order, heard him to an end with great temper; and then calmly asked, How he proposed to maintain himself and spouse? He replied, He could be in no danger of wanting, while his father's tenderness remained, which he and his wife should always cultivate with the utmost veneration; that he was persuaded his allowance would be suitable to the dignity and circumstances of his family, and to the provision already made for his brothers and sisters, who were happily settled under his protection. — "Your brothers and sisters," said my grandfather, "did not

think it beneath them to consult me in an affair of such importance as matrimony; neither, I suppose, would you have omitted that piece of duty, had not you some secret fund in reserve, to the comforts of which I leave you, with a desire that you will this night seek out another habitation for yourself and wife, whither, in a short time, I will send you an account of the expence I have been at in your education, with a view of being reimbursed. Sir, you have made the grand tour—you are a polite gentleman—a very pretty gentleman—I wish you a great deal of joy, and am your very humble servant." So saying, he left my father in a situation easily imagined. However, he did not long hesitate; for, being perfectly well acquainted with his father's disposition, he did not doubt that he was glad of this pretence to get rid of him; and his resolves being invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, he knew it would be to no purpose to attempt him by prayers and entreaties; so, without any farther application, he betook himself, with his disconsolate bedfellow, to a farm-house, where an old servant of his mother dwelt; there they remained for some time in a situation but ill adapted to the elegance of their desires and tenderness of their love, which nevertheless my father chose to endure, rather than supplicate an unnatural and inflexible parent: But my mother, foreseeing the inconveniences to which she must have been exposed, had she been delivered in this place (and her pregnancy was very far advanced) without communicating her design to her husband, went in disguise to the house of my grandfather, hoping that her tears and condition would move him to compassion, and reconcile him to an event which was now irrevocably past. She found means to deceive the servants, and was introduced as an unfortunate lady, who wanted to complain of some matrimonial grievances,

it being my grandfather's particular province to decide in all cases of scandal.

She was accordingly admitted into his presence, where discovering herself, she fell at his feet, and, in the most affecting manner, implored his forgiveness; at the same time, representing the danger that threatened not only her life, but that of his own grandchild, which was about to see the light. He told her, he was sorry that the indiscretion of her and his son had compelled him to make a vow, which put it out of his power to give them any assistance; that he had already imparted his thoughts on that subject to her husband, and was surprised that they should disturb his peace with any further importunity. This said, he retired. The violence of my mother's affliction had such an effect on her constitution, that she was immediately seized with the pains of child-bed; and had not an old maid-servant, to whom she was very dear, afforded her pity and assistance, at the hazard of incurring my grandfather's displeasure, she and the innocent fruit of her womb must have fallen miserable victims to his rigour and inhumanity. By the friendship of this poor woman, she was carried up to a garret, and immediately delivered of a man-child, the story of whose unfortunate birth he himself now relates. My father being informed of what had happened, flew to the embraces of his darling spouse, and, while he loaded his offspring with paternal caresses, could not forbear shedding a flood of tears, on beholding the dear partner of his heart (for whose ease he would have sacrificed the treasures of the east) stretched upon a flock-bed in a miserable apartment, unable to protect her from the inclemencies of the weather. It is not to be supposed that the old gentleman was ignorant of what passed, though he affected to know nothing of the matter, and pretended to be very much surprised, when one of his

grandchildren, by his eldest son deceased, who lived with him as his heir apparent, acquainted him with the affair; he determined, therefore, to observe no medium, but immediately (on the third day after her delivery) sent her a peremptory order to be gone, and turned off the servant who had preserved her life. This behaviour so exasperated my father, that he had recourse to the most dreadful imprecations, and on his bare knees implored that heaven would renounce him if ever he should forget or forgive the barbarity of his sire. The injuries which this unhappy mother received from her removal in such circumstances, and the want of necessaries where she lodged, together with her grief and anxiety of mind, soon threw her into a languishing disorder, which put an end to her life. My father, who loved her tenderly, was so affected with her death, that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses; during which time, the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far, on hearing the melancholy story of his daughter-in-law's death, and the deplorable condition of his son, as to send the child to nurse, and he ordered my father to be carried home to his house, where he soon recovered the use of his reason. Whether this hard-hearted judge felt any remorse for his cruel treatment of his son and daughter, or (which is more probable) was afraid his character would suffer in the neighbourhood, he professed great sorrow for his conduct to my father, whose delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy and reserve. At length he disappeared, and, notwithstanding all imaginable inquiry, could not be heard of, a circumstance which confirmed most people in the opinion of his having made away with himself in a fit of despair. How I understood the particulars of my birth, will appear in the course of these memoirs.

CHAPTER II

I grow up—Am hated by my Relations—Sent to School—Neglected by my Grandfather—Maltreated by my Master—Seasoned to Adversity—I form Cabals against the Pedant—Am debarred access to my Grandfather—Hunted by his Heir—I demolish the Teeth of his Tutor

There were not wanting some who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him; and this conjecture was strengthened by reflecting, that, in all his calamities, they never discovered the least inclination to serve him; but, on the contrary, by all the artifices in their power, fed his father's resentment, and supported his resolution of leaving him to misery and want. But people of judgment treated this insinuation as an idle chimera; because, had my relations been so wicked as to consult their interest by committing such an atrocious crime, the fate of my father would have extended to me too, whose life was another obstacle to their expectation. Meanwhile, I grew apace, and as I strongly resembled my father, who was the darling of the tenants, I wanted nothing which their indigent circumstances could afford: But their favour was a weak resource against the jealous enmity of my cousins; who, the more my infancy promised, conceived the more implacable hatred against me; and, before I was six years of age, had so effectually blockaded my grandfather, that I never saw him

but by stealth, when I sometimes made up to his chair as he sat to view his labourers in the field: On which occasions, he would stroke my head, bid me be a good boy, and promise to take care of me. I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which he had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board, nor supplied me with clothes, books, and other necessaries I required, my condition was very ragged and contemptible; and the schoolmaster, who, through fear of my grandfather, taught me *gratis*, gave himself no concern about the progress I made under his instruction. In spite of all these difficulties and disgraces, I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; and as soon as I could write tolerably, pestered my grandfather with letters to such a degree, that he sent for my master, and chid him severely for bestowing such pains on my education, telling him, that if ever I should be brought to the gallows for forgery, which he had taught me to commit, my blood would lie on his head. The pedant, who dreaded nothing more than the displeasure of his patron, assured his honour that the boy's ability was more owing to his own genius and application, than to any instruction or encouragement he received; that, although he could not divest him of the knowledge he had already imbibed, unless he would empower him to disable his fingers, he should endeavour, with God's help, to prevent his future improvement. And, indeed, he punctually performed what he had undertaken; for, on pretence that I had writ impertinent letters to my grandfather, he caused a board to be made with five holes in it, through which he thrust the fingers and thumb of my right hand, and fastened it by whipcord to my wrist, in such a manner as effectually debarred me the use of my pen. But this restraint I was freed from in a few days by an accident which

happened in a quarrel between me and another boy, who, taking upon him to insult my poverty, I was so incensed at his ungenerous reproach, that, with one stroke of my machine, I cut him to the skull, to the great terror of myself and school-fellows, who left him bleeding on the ground, and ran to inform the master of what had happened. I was so severely punished for this trespass, that, were I to live to the age of Methusalem, the impression it made on me would not be effaced; no more than the antipathy and horror I conceived for the merciless tyrant who inflicted it. The contempt which my appearance naturally produced in all who saw me, the continual wants to which I was exposed, and my own haughty disposition, impatient of affronts, involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures, by which I was at length inured to adversity, and emboldened to undertakings far above my years. I was often inhumanly scourged for crimes I did not commit, because, having the character of a vagabond in the village, every piece of mischief, whose author lay unknown, was charged upon me. I have been found guilty of robbing orchards I never entered, of killing cats I never hurted, of stealing gingerbread I never touched, and of abusing old women I never saw. Nay, a stammering carpenter had eloquence enough to persuade my master that I fired a pistol loaded with small-shot into his window; though my landlady and the whole family bore witness, that I was a-bed fast asleep at the time when this outrage was committed. I was once flogged for having narrowly escaped drowning, by the sinking of a ferry-boat in which I was passenger; another time for having recovered of a bruise occasioned by a horse and cart running over me; a third time for being bit by a baker's dog. In short, whether I was guilty or unfortunate, the correction and sympathy of this arbitrary

pedagogue were the same. Far from being subdued by this infernal usage, my indignation triumphed over that slavish awe which had hitherto enforced my obedience; and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of his behaviour. By the help of an uncommon genius, and the advice and direction of our usher, who had served my father in his travels, I made a surprising progress in the classics, writing, and arithmetic; so that, before I was twelve years old, I was allowed by every body to be the best scholar in the school. This qualification, together with a boldness of temper, and strength of make, which had subjected almost all my contemporaries, gave me such influence over them, that I began to form cabals against my persecutor; and was in hopes of being able to bid him defiance in a very short time.

Being at the head of a faction consisting of thirty boys, most of them of my own age, I was determined to put their metal to trial, that I might know how far they were to be depended upon, before I put my grand scheme in execution: With this view we attacked a body of stout apprentices, who had taken possession of a part of the ground allotted to us for the scene of our diversions, and who were then playing at nine-pins on the spot; but I had the mortification to see my adherents routed in an instant, and a leg of one of them broke in his flight by the bowl, which one of our adversaries had detached in pursuit of us. This discomfiture did not hinder us from engaging them afterwards in frequent skirmishes, which we maintained by throwing stones at a distance, wherein I received many wounds, the scars of which still remain. Our enemies were so harassed and interrupted by these alarms, that they at last abandoned their conquest, and left us to the peaceable enjoyment of our own territories. It would be

endless to enumerate the exploits we performed in the course of this confederacy, which became the terror of the whole village; insomuch, that when different interests divided it, one of the parties commonly courted the assistance of Roderick Random (by which name I was known) to cast the balance, and keep the opposite faction in awe. Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access, by reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his female grandchildren, who, though they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me, as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and indeed was qualified for nothing else, notwithstanding his grandfather's indulgence, in entertaining a tutor for him at home, who at the same time performed the office of parish clerk. This young Acteon, who inherited his grandfather's antipathy to every thing in distress, never set eyes on me without uncoupling his beagles, and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter. In this Christian amusement, he was encouraged by his preceptor, who, no doubt, took such opportunities to ingratiate himself with the rising sun, observing that the old gentleman, according to the course of nature, had not long to live, for he was already on the verge of fourscore. The behaviour of this rascally sycophant incensed me so much, that one day, when I was beleagured by him and his hounds in a farmer's house, where I had found protection, I took aim at him, being an excellent marksman, with a large pebble, which struck out four of his fore-teeth, and effectually incapacitated him for doing the office of a clerk.

CHAPTER III

My Mother's Brother arrives—Relieves me—A Description of him—He goes along with me to the House of my Grandfather—Is encountered by his Dogs—Defeats them after a Bloody Engagement—Is admitted to the Old Gentleman—A Dialogue between them

About this time, my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, Lieutenant of a man of war, arrived in his own country; where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me, and, out of his slender finances, not only supplied me with what necessaries I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my grandfather to settle something handsome on me for the future. This was a task to which he was by no means equal, being entirely ignorant not only of the judge's disposition, but also unacquainted with the ways of men in general, to which his education on board had kept him an utter stranger. He was a strong-built man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a neck like that of a bull, and a face which, you might easily perceive, had withstood the most obstinate assaults of the weather. His dress consisted of a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's tailor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches, japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three-fourths of his shoes, a silver-laced hat whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob wig in buckle, a

check shirt, a silk handkerchief, an hanger with a brass handle girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant under his arm. Thus equipped, he set out with me (who, by his bounty, made a very decent appearance), for my grandfather's house, where we were saluted by Jowler and Cæsar, whom my cousin, young master, had let loose at our approach. Being well acquainted with the inveteracy of these curs, I was about to betake myself to my heels, when my uncle seized me with one hand, brandished his cudgel with the other, and at one blow laid Cæsar sprawling on the ground; but finding himself attacked at the same time in the rear by Jowler, and fearing Cæsar might recover, he drew his hanger, wheeled about, and, by a lucky stroke, severed Jowler's head from his body. By this time, the young fox-hunter and three servants, armed with pitchforks and flails, were come to the assistance of the dogs, whom they found breathless upon the field; and my cousin was so provoked at the death of his favourites, that he ordered his attendants to advance, and take vengeance on their executioner, whom he loaded with all the curses and reproaches his anger could suggest. Upon which my uncle stepped forward with an undaunted air, at the sight of whose bloody weapon his antagonists fell back with precipitation, when he accosted their leader thus: "Lookee, brother, your dogs have boarded me without provocation—what I did was in my own defence. So you had best be civil, and let us shoot a-head, clear of you." Whether the young squire misinterpreted my uncle's desire of peace, or was enraged at the fate of his hounds beyond his usual pitch of resolution, I know not; but he snatched a flail from one of his followers, and came up with a show of assaulting the Lieutenant, who, putting himself in a posture of defence, proceeded thus: "Lookee, you

lubberly son of a whore, if you come athwart me, 'ware your gingerbread work, I'll be foul of your quarter, damn me." This declaration, followed by a flourish of his hanger, seemed to check the progress of the young gentleman's choler, who, looking behind him, perceived his attendants had slunk into the house, shut the gate, and left him to decide the contention by himself.

Here a parley ensued, which was introduced by my cousin's asking, "Who the devil are you?—What do you want?—Some scoundrel of a seaman, I suppose, who has deserted, and turned thief. But don't think you shall escape, sirrah—I'll have you hanged, you dog, I will—your blood shall pay for that of my two hounds, you ragamuffin. I would not have parted with them to save your whole generation from the gallows, you ruffian, you."—"None of your jaw, you swab,—none of your jaw," replied my uncle, "else I shall trim your laced jacket for you—I shall rub you down with an oaken towel, my boy—I shall." So saying, he sheathed his hanger, and grasped his cudgel. Meanwhile, the people of the house being alarmed, one of my female cousins opened a window, and asked what was the matter? "The matter!" answered the Lieutenant, "no great matter, young woman. I have business with the old gentleman, and this spark, belike, won't allow me to come along-side of him, that's all." After a few minutes' pause, we were admitted, and conducted to my grandfather's chamber, through a lane of my relations, who honoured me with very significant looks, as I passed along. When we came into the judge's presence, my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner: "Your servant—your servant. What cheer, father? what cheer?—I suppose you don't know me—may-hap you don't—My name is Tom Bowling—and this here boy, you look as if you did not know him

neither—'tis like you mayn't. He's new rigged, i'faith ; his cloth don't shake in the wind so much as it wont to do. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderick Random,—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman.—Don't lag a-stern, you dog," pulling me forward. My grandfather, who was laid up with the gout, received this relation, after his long absence, with that coldness of civility which was peculiar to him ; told him he was glad to see him, and desired him to sit down.—"Thank ye, thank ye, sir, I had as lief stand," said my uncle ; "for my own part, I desire nothing of you ; but if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unchristian rate. Unchristian do I call it ?—I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity than to leave their little ones to want. I would fain know, why my sister's son is more neglected than that there fair-weather Jack," pointing to the young squire, who, with the rest of my cousins, had followed us into the room. "Is not he as near a-kin to you as the other ? Is not he much handsomer and better built than that great chucklehead ?—Come, come, consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions. Remember the wrongs you did his father ; and make all the satisfaction in your power before it be too late. The least thing you can do is to settle his father's portion on him." The young ladies, who thought themselves too much concerned, to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats all together against my protector. "Scurvy companion,—saucy tarpaulin,—rude, impertinent fellow, did he think to prescribe to grand-papa ? His sister's brat had been too well taken care of ; grand-papa was too just not to make a difference between an unnatural rebellious son, and his dutiful loving children, who took his advice in all things,"—and such expressions, were vented against

him with great violence; until the judge at length commanded silence. He calmly rebuked my uncle for his unmannerly behaviour, which he said he would excuse on account of his education. He told him he had been very kind to the boy, whom he had kept at school seven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progress in his learning; but was addicted to all manner of vice, which he rather believed, because he himself was witness to a barbarous piece of mischief he had committed on the jaws of his chaplain. But, however, he would see what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to some honest tradesman or other, provided he would mend his manners, and behave for the future as became him. The honest tar (whose pride and indignation boiled within him) answered my grandfather, that it was true he had sent him to school, but it had cost him nothing, for he had never been at one shilling expense, to furnish him with food, raiment, books, or other necessaries; so that it was not to be much wondered at, if the boy made small progress; and yet, whoever told him so, was a lying lubberly rascal, and deserved to be keel-hauled: for, though he (the Lieutenant) did not understand those matters himself, he was well informed as how Rory was the best scholar of his age in all the country; the truth of which he would maintain, by laying a wager of his whole half year's pay on the boy's head; (with these words he pulled out his purse, and challenged the company.)—"Neither is he predicted to vice, as you affirm, but rather left like a wreck, d'ye see, at the mercy of the wind and weather, by your neglect, old gentleman. As for what happened to your chaplain, I am only sorry that he did not knock out the scoundrel's brains, instead of his teeth. By the Lord, if ever I come up with him, he had better be in Greenland,—that's all. Thank you for your courteous offer, of binding the lad

apprentice to a tradesman. I suppose you would make a tailor of him,—would you? I had rather see him hang'd, d'ye see?—Come along, Rory, I perceive how the land lies, my boy,—let's tack about,—i'faith,—while I have a shilling, thou shan't want a tester.—B'wye, old gentleman; you're bound for the other world, but I believe, damnably ill provided for the voyage."—Thus ended our visit, and we returned to the village, my uncle muttering curses all the way against the old shark and the young fry that surrounded him.

CHAPTER IV

My Grandfather makes his Will—Our second Visit —He dies—His Will is read in presence of all his living Descendants—The Disappointment of my female Cousins—My Uncle's Behaviour

A few weeks after our visit, we were informed that the old judge, at the end of a fit of thoughtfulness, which lasted three days, had sent for a notary, and made his will; that the distemper had mounted from his legs to his stomach, and, being conscious of his approaching end, he had desired to see all his descendants without exception. In obedience to this summons, my uncle set out with me a second time, to receive the last benediction of my grandfather; often repeating by the road, "Ey, ey, we have brought up the old hulk at last. You shall see,—you shall see the effect of my admonition." When we entered his chamber, which was crowded with his relations, we advanced to the bed-side, where we found him in his last agonies, supported by two of his grand-daughters, who sat one on each side of him, sobbing most piteously, and wiping away the froth and slaver as it gathered on his lips, which they frequently kissed with a shew of great anguish and affection. My uncle approached him with these words: "What! he's not a-weigh. How fare ye,—how fare ye, old gentleman?—Lord have mercy upon your poor sinful soul." Upon which the dying man turned his languid eyes towards us, and Mr. Bowling went on, "Here's poor Rory come to see you before you die, and receive your blessing. What, man! don't despair,—you have been a great sinner, 'tis true, what then? There's a righteous Judge

above,—a'n't there?—He minds me no more than a porpuss. Yes, yes, he's a-going,—the land crabs will have him, I see that,—his anchor's a-peak, i'faith." This homely consolation scandalized the company so much, and especially the parson, who probably thought his province invaded, that we were obliged to retire into the other room, where, in a few minutes, we were convinced of my grand-father's decease, by a dismal yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment; whither we immediately hastened, and found his heir, who had retired a little before into a closet, under pretence of giving vent to his sorrow, asking, with a countenance beslubbered with tears, if his grandpapa was certainly dead?—"Dead!" says my uncle, looking at the body, "ay, ay, I'll warrant him as dead as a herring. Odd's fish! now my dream is out for all the world. I thought I stood upon the fore-castle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of a dead shark that floated alongside, and the devil perching on our spritsail yard, in the likeness of a blue bear,—who, d'ye see, jumped overboard upon the carcase, and carried it to the bottom in his claws."—"Out upon thee, reprobate," cries the parson, "out upon thee, blasphemous wretch! Dost thou think his Honour's soul is in the possession of Satan?" The clamour immediately arose, and my poor uncle, being shouldered from one corner of the room to the other, was obliged to lug out in his own defence, and swear he would turn out for no man, till such time as he knew who had a title to send him adrift. "None of your tricks upon travellers," said he; "mayhap old buff has left my kinsman here his heir. If he has, it will be the better for his miserable soul. Odd's bob! I'd desire no better news. I'd soon make him a clear ship, I warrant you." To avoid any further disturbance, one of my grandfather's executors, who was present, assured Mr. Bowling that

his nephew should have all manner of justice; that a day should be appointed, after the funeral, for examining the papers of the deceased, in presence of all his relations; till which time every desk and cabinet in the house should remain close sealed; and that he was very welcome to be witness to this ceremony, which was immediately performed to his satisfaction. In the mean time, orders were given to provide mourning for all the relations, in which number I was included. But my uncle would not suffer me to accept of it, until I should be assured whether or not I had reason to honour his memory so far. During this interval, the conjectures of people, with regard to the old gentleman's will, were various. As it was well known he had, besides his landed estate, which was worth 700l. per annum, six or seven thousand pounds at interest, some imagined, that the whole real estate (which he had greatly improved) would go to the young man whom he always entertained as his heir; and that the money would be equally divided between my female cousins (five in number) and me. Others were of opinion, that, as the rest of his children had been already provided for, he would only bequeath two or three hundred pounds to each of his granddaughters, and leave the bulk of the sum to me, to atone for his unnatural usage of my father. At length the important hour arrived, and the will was produced in the midst of the expectants, whose looks and gestures formed a groupe that would have been very entertaining to an unconcerned spectator. But the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification that appeared, when the attorney pronounced aloud, the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate personal and real. My uncle, who had listened with great attention, sucking the head of his cudgel all the while, accompanied these words of the attorney with a stare, and *whew*, that

alarmed the whole assembly. The eldest and pertest of my female competitors, who had been always very officious about my grandfather's person, inquired with a faltering accent, and visage as yellow as an orange, "If there were no legacies?" and was answered, "None at all." Upon which she fainted away. The rest, whose expectations, perhaps, were not so sanguine, supported their disappointment with more resolution; though not without giving evident marks of indignation, and grief at least as genuine as that which appeared in them at the old gentleman's death. My conductor, after having kicked with his heel for some time against the wainscot, began: "So there's no legacy, friend, ha!—here's an old succubus;—but somebody's soul howls for it, damn me!" The parson of the parish, who was one of the executors, and had acted as ghostly director to the old man, no sooner heard this exclamation than he cried out, "Avaunt, unchristian reviler! avaunt!—wilt thou not allow the soul of his Honour to rest in peace?" But this zealous pastor did not find himself so warmly seconded, as formerly, by the young ladies, who now joined my uncle against him, and accused him of having acted the part of a busy-body with their grandpapa, whose ears he had certainly abused by false stories to their prejudice, or else he would not have neglected them in such an unnatural manner. The young squire was much diverted with this scene, and whispered to my uncle, that, if he had not murdered his dogs, he would have shown him glorious fun, by hunting a black badger (so he termed the clergyman.) The surly Lieutenant, who was not in a humour to relish this amusement, replied, "You and your dogs may be damned—I suppose you'll find them with your old dad, in the latitude of hell.—Come, Rory—about ship, my lad,—we must steer another course, I think." And away we went.

CHAPTER V

The Schoolmaster uses me barbarously—I form a Project of Revenge, in which I am assisted by my Uncle—I leave the Village—Am settled at an University by his Generosity

On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled, with great vehemence, the tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches, &c," his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was left behind a considerable way. Then he waited for me; and, when I was almost up with him, called out in a surly tone, "Bear a hand, damme! must I bring-to every minute for you, you lazy dog?" Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along, until his good nature (of which he had a great share) and reflection getting the better of his passion, he said, "Come, my boy, don't be cast down; the old rascal is in hell—that's some satisfaction; you shall go to sea with me, my lad. 'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes through the world, brave boys,' as the song goes—eh!" Though this proposal did not at all suit my inclination, I was afraid of discovering my aversion to it, lest I should disoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was so much a seaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his design, consequently gave himself no trouble in consulting my approbation. But this resolution was soon dropt, by the advice of our usher, who assured Mr. Bowling, it would

be a thousand pities to baulk my genius, which would certainly, one day, make my fortune on shore, provided it received due cultivation. Upon which this generous tar determined, though he could ill afford it, to give me university education; and accordingly settled my board and other expenses, at a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges, whither we repaired in a short time. But, before the day of our departure, the schoolmaster, who no longer had the fear of my grandfather before his eyes, laid aside all decency and restraint, and not only abused me in the grossest language his rancour could suggest, as a wicked, profligate, dull, beggarly miscreant, whom he had taught out of charity; but also inveighed in the most bitter manner against the memory of the judge (who, by the bye, had procured that settlement for him), hinting, in pretty plain terms, that the old gentleman's soul was damned to all eternity, for his injustice in neglecting to pay for my learning. This brutal behaviour, added to the sufferings I had formerly undergone, made me think it high time to be revenged of this insolent pedagogue. Having consulted my adherents, I found them all staunch in their promises to stand by me; and our scheme was this: In the afternoon preceding the day of my departure for the university, I resolved to take the advantage of the usher's going out to make water, which he regularly did at four o'clock, and shut the great door, that he might not come to the assistance of his superior. This being done, the assault was to be begun, by my advancing to my master, and spitting in his face. I was to be seconded by two of the strongest boys in the school, who were devoted to me; their business was to join me in dragging the tyrant to a bench, over which he was to be laid, and his bare posteriors heartily flogged with his own birch, which we proposed to wrest from him in the struggle; but if we

should find him too many for us all three, we were to demand the assistance of our competitors, who should be ready to reinforce us, or oppose any thing that might be undertaken for the master's relief. One of my principal assistants was called Jeremy Gawky, son and heir of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood; and the name of the other Hugh Strap, the cadet of a family which had given shoemakers to the village time out of mind. I had once saved Gawky's life, by plunging into a river, and dragging him on shore, when he was on the point of being drowned. I had often rescued him from the clutches of those whom his insufferable arrogance had provoked to a resentment he was not able to sustain; and many times saved his reputation and posteriors by performing his exercises at school; so that it is not to be wondered at if he had a particular regard for me and my interests. The attachment of Strap flowed from a voluntary disinterested inclination, which had manifested itself on many occasions in my behalf, he having once rendered me the same service that I had done Gawky, by saving my life at the risk of his own; and often fathered offences that I had committed, for which he suffered severely, rather than I should feel the weight of the punishment I deserved. These two champions were the more willing to engage in this enterprise, because they intended to leave the school the next day as well as I, the first being ordered by his father to return into the country, and the other being bound apprentice to a barber, at a market town not far off.

In the mean time, my uncle being informed of my master's behaviour to me, was enraged at his insolence, and vowed revenge so heartily, that I could not refrain from telling him the scheme I had concerted, which he heard with great satisfaction, at every sentence squirting out a mouthful of spittle, tinctured with tobacco,

of which he constantly chewed a large quid. At last, pulling up his breeches, he cried, "No, no, Zounds! that won't do neither; howsomever, 'tis a bold undertaking, my lad—that I must say, i'faith!—but lookee, lookee, how dost propose to get clear off?—won't the enemy give chace, my boy?—ay, ay, that he will, I warrant, and alarm the whole coast. Ah! God help thee, more sail than ballast, Rory. Let me alone for that—leave the whole to me—I'll shew him the fore-topsail, I will. If so be your ship-mates are jolly boys, and won't flinch, you shall see, you shall see; egad, I'll play him a salt-water trick—I'll bring him to the gang-way, and anoint him with a cat o'nine tails; he shall have a round dozen doubled, my lad, he shall—and be left lashed to his meditations."

We were very proud of our associate, who immediately went to work, and prepared the instrument of his revenge with great skill and expedition; after which, he ordered our baggage to be packed up and sent off, a day before our attempt, and got horses ready to be mounted, as soon as the affair should be over. At length the hour arrived, when our auxiliary, seizing the opportunity of the usher's absence, bolted in, secured the door, and immediately laid hold of the pedant by his collar, who bawled out "Murder! thieves!" with the voice of a Stentor. Though I trembled all over like an aspen-leaf, I knew there was no time to be lost, and accordingly got up, and summoned our associates to my assistance. Strap without any hesitation obeyed the signal, and seeing me leap upon the master's back, ran immediately to one of his legs, which pulling with all his force, his dreadful adversary was humbled to the ground; upon which Gawky, who had hitherto remained in his place, under the influence of an universal trepidation, hastened to the scene of action, and insulted the fallen tyrant with a loud huzza, in which the whole school joined. This

noise alarmed the usher, who finding himself shut out, endeavoured, partly by threats, and partly by entreaties, to procure admission. My uncle bade him have a little patience, and he would let him in presently; but, if he pretended to move from that place, it should fare worse with the son of a b——h his superior, on whom he intended only to bestow a little wholesome chastisement, for his barbarous usage of Rory, "to which," said he, "you are no stranger." By this time we had dragged the criminal to a post, to which Bowling tied him with a rope he had provided on purpose, after having secured his hands, and stript his back. In this ludicrous posture he stood (to the no small entertainment of the boys, who crowded about him, and shouted with great exultation at the novelty of the sight), venting bitter imprecations against the Lieutenant, and reproaching his scholars with treachery and rebellion; when the usher was admitted, whom my uncle accosted in this manner: "Harkee, Mr. Syntax, I believe you are an honest man, d'ye see—and I have a respect for you; but for all that, we must for our own security, d'ye see, belay you for a short time." With these words, he pulled out some fathoms of cord, which the honest man no sooner saw, than he protested with great earnestness, he would allow no violence to be offered to him, at the same time accusing me of perfidy and ingratitude. But Bowling, representing that it was in vain to resist, and that he did not mean to use him with violence and indecency, but only to hinder him from raising the hue and cry against us, before we should be out of their power, he allowed himself to be bound to his own desk, where he sat a spectator of the punishment inflicted on his principal. My uncle having upbraided this arbitrary wretch with his inhumanity to me, told him, that he proposed to give him a little discipline for the good of his soul, which he imme-

diately put in practice, with great vigour and dexterity. This smart application to the pedant's withered posteriors, gave him such exquisite pain, that he roared like a mad bull, danced, cursed, and blasphemed, like a frantic bedlamite. When the Lieutenant thought himself sufficiently revenged, he took his leave of him in these words, "Now, friend, you'll remember me the longest day you have to live—I have given you a lesson that will let you know what flogging is, and teach you to have more sympathy for the future—shout, boys, shout." This ceremony was no sooner over, than my uncle proposed they should quit the school, and convoy their old comrade Rory to a public-house, about a mile from the village, where he would treat them all. His offer being joyfully embraced, he addressed himself to Mr. Syntax, and begged him to accompany us; but this invitation he refused with great disdain, telling my benefactor he was not the man he took him to be. "Well, well, old surly," replied my uncle, shaking his hand, "thou art an honest fellow notwithstanding; and if ever I have the command of a ship, thou shalt be our schoolmaster, i'faith." So saying, he dismissed the boys, and, locking the door, left the two preceptors to console one another; while we moved forwards on our journey, attended by a numerous retinue, whom he treated according to his promise. We parted with many tears, and lay that night at an inn on the road, about ten miles short of the town where I was to remain, at which we arrived next day, and I found I had no cause to complain of the accommodations provided for me; in being boarded at the house of an apothecary, who had married a distant relation of my mother. In a few days after my uncle set out for his ship, having settled the necessary funds for my maintenance and education.

CHAPTER VI

I make great Progress in my Studies—Am caressed by every body—My female Cousins take Notice of me—I reject their Invitation—They are Incensed, and conspire against me—I am left destitute by a Misfortune that befals my Uncle—Gawky's Treachery—My Revenge

As I was now capable of reflection, I began to consider my precarious situation; that I was utterly abandoned by those whose duty it was to protect me; and that my sole dependence was on the generosity of one man, who was not only exposed, by his profession, to continual dangers, which might one day deprive me of him for ever; but also, no doubt, subject to those vicissitudes of disposition, which a change of fortune usually creates; or, which a better acquaintance with the world might produce; for I always ascribed his benevolence to the dictates of a heart as yet undebauched by a commerce with mankind. Alarmed at these considerations, I resolved to apply myself with great care to my studies, and enjoy the opportunity in my power: This I did with such success, that, in the space of three years, I understood Greek very well, was pretty far advanced in the mathematics, and no stranger to moral and natural philosophy; logic I made no account of; but, above all things, I valued myself on my taste in the Belles Lettres, and a talent for poetry, which had already produced some pieces that met with a very favourable reception. These qualifications, added to a good face and shape,

acquired the esteem and acquaintance of the most considerable people in town, and I had the satisfaction to find myself in some degree of favour with the ladies; an intoxicating piece of good fortune to one of my amorous complexion! which I obtained, or at least preserved, by gratifying their propensity to scandal in lampooning their rivals. Two of my female cousins lived in this place with their mother, since the death of their father, who left his whole fortune equally divided between them; so that, if they were not the most beautiful, they were at least the richest toasts in town; and received daily the addresses of all the beaux and cavaliers of the country. Although I had hitherto been looked upon by them with the most supercilious contempt, my character now attracted their notice so much, that I was given to understand I might be honoured with their acquaintance, if I pleased. The reader will easily perceive, that this condescension either flowed from the hope of making my poetical capacity subservient to their malice, or at least of screening themselves from the lash of my resentment, which they had effectually provoked. I enjoyed this triumph with great satisfaction; and not only rejected their offer with disdain, but, in all my performances, whether satire or panegyric, industriously avoided mentioning their names, even while I celebrated those of their intimates: This neglect mortified their pride exceedingly, and incensed them to such a degree, that they were resolved to make me repent of my indifference. The first stroke of their revenge consisted in their hiring a poor collegian to write verses against me, the subject of which was my own poverty, and the catastrophe of my unhappy parents; but, besides the badness of the composition, of which they themselves were ashamed, they did not find their account in endeavouring to reproach me with those misfortunes which they and their

relations had brought upon me, and which, consequently, reflected much more dishonour on themselves than on me, who was the innocent victim of their barbarity and avarice. Finding this plan miscarry, they found means to irritate a young gentleman against me, by telling him I had lampooned his mistress; and so effectually succeeded in the quality of incendiaries, that this enraged lover determined to seize me next night, as I returned to my lodgings from a friend's house that I frequented. With this view, he waited in the street, attended by two of his companions, to whom he had imparted his design, of carrying me down to the river, in which he proposed to have me heartily ducked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, it being then about the middle of December. But this stratagem did not succeed; for, being apprised of their ambush, I got home another way, and, by the help of my landlord's apprentice, discharged a volley from the garret window, which did great execution upon them; and next day occasioned so much mirth at their expence, that they found themselves under a necessity of leaving the town, until the adventure should be entirely forgotten. My cousins, (though twice baffled in their expectation,) did not, however, desist from persecuting me, who had now enraged them beyond a possibility of forgiveness, by detecting their malice, and preventing its effects; neither should I have found them more humane, had I patiently submitted to their rancour, and bore, without murmuring, the rigour of their unreasonable hate; for I have found by experience, that though small favours may be acknowledged, and slight injuries atoned, there is no wretch so ungrateful as he whom you have most generously obliged; and no enemy so implacable as those who have done you the greatest wrong. These good-natured creatures, therefore, had recourse to a scheme which conspired with a

piece of bad news I soon after received, to give them all the satisfaction they desired. This plan was to debauch the faith of my companion and confident, who betrayed the trust I reposed in him, by imparting to them the particulars of my small amours, which they published with such exaggerations, that I suffered very much in the opinion of every body, and was utterly discarded by the dear creatures whose names had been called in question. While I was busy in tracing out the author of this treachery, that I might not only be revenged on him, but also vindicate my character to my friends, I one day perceived the looks of my landlady much altered, when I went home to dinner; and enquiring into the cause, she screwed up her mouth, and fixing her eyes on the ground, told me her husband had received a letter from Mr. Bowling, with one enclosed for me—she was very sorry for what had happened, both for my sake and his own—people should be more cautious of their conduct. She was always afraid his brutal behaviour would bring him into some misfortune or other. As for her part, she should be very ready to befriend me; but she had a small family of her own to maintain. The world would do nothing for her if she should come to want—charity begins at home: She wished I had been bound to some substantial handicraft, such as a weaver or a shoemaker, rather than loiter away my time in learning foolish nonsense that would never bring me in a penny—but some folks are wise, and some are otherwise. I was listening to this mysterious discourse with great amazement when her husband entered, and, without speaking a syllable, put both the letters into my hand. I received them trembling, and read what follows:—

"*To* MR. ROGER POTION.

"SIR,—

"This is to let you know that I have quitted the Thunder man of war, being obliged to sheer off, for killing my captain, which I did fairly on the beach at Cape Tiberoon, in the island of Hispaniola; having received his fire, and returned it, which went through his body. And I would serve the best man so that ever stept between stem and stern, if so be that he struck me, as Captain Oakum did. I am (thank God) safe among the French, who are very civil, tho' I don't understand their lingo; and I hope to be restored in little time, for all the great friends and parliamentary interest of the captain, for I have sent over to my landlord in Deal an account of the whole affair, with our bearings and distances while we were engaged, whereby I have desired him to lay it before his Majesty, who (God bless him) will not suffer an honest tar to be wronged. My love to your spouse, and am

"Your loving friend,

"and servant to command, while

"THOMAS BOWLING."

"*To* RODERICK RANDOM.

"DEAR RORY,—

"Don't be grieved at my misfortune—but mind your book, my lad. I have got no money to send you; but what of that?—Mr. Potion will take care of you, for the love he bears to me, and let you want for nothing, and it shall go hard but I will see him one day repaid. No more at present, but rests

"Your dutiful uncle

"and servant, till death,

"THOMAS BOWLING."

This letter (which with the other was dated from Port Louis in Hispaniola) I had no sooner read, than the apothecary, shaking his head, began: "I have a very great regard for Mr. Bowling, that's certain,—and could be well content—but times are very hard. There's no such thing as money to be got — I believe 'tis all vanished underground, for my part. Besides, I have been out of pocket already, having entertained you since the beginning of this month without receiving a six-pence,—and God knows if ever I shall;—for I believe it will go hard with your uncle. And more than that, I was thinking of giving you warning, for I want your apartment for a new 'prentice, whom I expect from the country every hour. So I desire you will this week provide yourself with another lodging." The indignation which this harangue inspired, gave me spirits to support my reverse of fortune, and to tell him, I despised his mean selfish disposition so much, that I would starve rather than be beholden to him for one single meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the last farthing of what I owed, and assured him I would not sleep another night under his roof. This said, I sallied out in a transport of rage and sorrow, without knowing whither to fly for shelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only three shillings in my purse. After giving way for a few minutes to the dictates of my rage, I went and hired a small bed-room, at the rate of one shilling and six-pence per week, which I was obliged to pay per advance, before the landlord would receive me. Thither I removed my luggage; and next morning got up, with a view of craving the advice and assistance of a person who had on all occasions loaded me with caresses, and made frequent offers of friendship, while I was under no necessity of accepting them. He received me with

his wonted affability, and insisted on my breakfasting with him, a favour which I did not think fit to refuse. But, when I communicated the occasion of my visit, he appeared so disconcerted, that I concluded him wonderfully affected with the misery of my condition, and looked upon him as a man of the most extensive sympathy and benevolence. He did not leave me long under this mistake; for, recovering himself from his confusion, he told me, he was grieved at my misfortune, and desired to know what had passed between my landlord Mr Potion and me. Whereupon I recounted the conversation; and when I repeated the answer I made to his ungenerous remonstrance with regard to my leaving his house, this pretended friend affected a stare, and exclaimed, "Is it possible you could behave so ill to the man who had treated you so kindly all along?" My surprise at hearing this was not at all affected, whatever his might be; and I gave him to understand, with some warmth, that I did not imagine he would so unreasonably espouse the cause of a scoundrel, who ought to be expelled from every social community. This heat of mine gave him all the advantage he desired over me, and our discourse (after much altercation) concluded in his desiring never to see me again in that place; to which desire I yielded my consent, assuring him, that had I been as well acquainted with his principles formerly as I was now, he never should have had an opportunity of making that request.—And thus we parted.

On my return, I met my comrade Squire Gawky, whom his father had sent, some time ago, to town, for his improvement in writing, dancing, fencing, and other modish qualifications. As I had lived with him, since his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no scruple of informing him of the lowness of my circumstances, and asking a small supply of money, to answer

my present expence; upon which he pulled out a handful of half-pence, with a shilling or two among them, and swore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day, he having lost the greatest part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this assertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference; for he neither expressed any sympathy for my mishap, nor desire of alleviating my distress; and accordingly I left him without uttering one word. But, when I afterwards understood that he was the person who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my cousins, to whom likewise he had carried the tidings of my forlorn situation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myself to call him to a severe account; for which purpose I borrowed a sword, and wrote a challenge, desiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of punishing his perfidy, at the expence of his blood. He accepted the invitation, and I betook myself to the field, though not without feeling considerable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold sweats by the way;—but the desire of revenge, the shame of retracting, and hope of conquest, conspired to repel these unmanly symptoms of fear, and I appeared on the plain with a good grace; there I awaited an hour beyond the time appointed, and was not ill pleased to find he had no mind to meet me; because I should have an opportunity of exposing his cowardice, displaying my own courage, and of beating him soundly wheresoever I should find him, without any dread of the consequence. Elevated with these suggestions, which entirely banished all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Gawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having set out for the country in less than an hour after

he had received my billet: And I was vain enough to have the whole story inserted in the news, although I was fain to sell a gold-laced hat to my landlord, for less than half price, to defray the expence, and contribute to my subsistence.

CHAPTER VII

I am entertained by Mr Crab—A Description of him—I acquire the Art of Surgery—Consult Crab's Disposition—Become necessary to him—An Accident happens—He advises me to launch out into the World—Assists me with Money—I set out for London

The fumes of my resentment being dissipated, as well as the vanity of my success, I found myself deserted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different species, or rather as a solitary being, no ways comprehended within the scheme or protection of Providence. My despair had rendered me almost quite stupified, when I was one day told that a gentleman desired to see me at a certain public-house, whither I immediately repaired, and was introduced to one Mr Launcelot Crab, a surgeon in town, who was engaged with two more in drinking a liquor called *popin*, composed by mixing a quartern of brandy with a quart of small beer. Before I relate the occasion of this message, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the reader, if I describe the gentleman who sent for me, and mention some circumstances of his character and conduct which may illustrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly; his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry; his nose resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with

carbuncles; and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that, while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe. He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, though a young practitioner, was better employed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure, whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab. This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of being made up by the interposition and mediation of friends, had been lately inflamed beyond a possibility of reconciliation by the respective wives of the opponents, who, chancing to meet at a christening, disagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were, with great difficulty, by the gossips, prevented from converting the occasion of joy into a scene of lamentation.

The difference between these rivals was in the height of rancour when I received the message of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his disposition; and, after desiring me to sit, inquired into the particulars of my leaving the house of Potion; which when I had related, he said with a malicious grin, "There's a sneaking dog!—I always thought him a fellow without a soul, damn me!—a canting scoundrel, who has crept into business by his hypocrisy, and kissing the a—ss— of every body."—"Ay, ay," says another, "one might see with half an eye that the rascal has no honesty in him, by his going so regularly to church." This sentence was confirmed by a third, who assured his companions, that Potion was never known to be disguised in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had distinguished himself by an *extempore* prayer an hour long. After this preamble, Crab addressed himself to me in these words, "Well,

60711

my lad, I have heard a good character of you, and I'll do for you. You may send your things to my house when you please. I have given orders for your reception.—Zounds! What does the booby stare at? If you have no mind to embrace my courteous offer, you may let it alone and be damned."—I answered, with a submissive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as soon as he should inform me on what footing I was to be entertained.—"What footing! damn my blood," cried he, "d'ye expect to have a footman and a couple of horses kept for you?"—"No, sir," I replied, "my expectations are not quite so sanguine. That I may be as little burdensome as possible, I would willingly serve in your shop, by which means I may save you the expence of a journeyman, or porter at least, for I understand a little pharmacy, having employed some of my leisure hours in the practice of that art while I lived with Mr Potion. Neither am I altogether ignorant of surgery, which I have studied with great pleasure and application."—"O ho! you did?" says Crab—"Gentlemen, here is a complete artist!—Studied surgery! what? in books, I suppose. I shall have you disputing with me one of these days on points of my profession. You can already account for muscular motion, I warrant, and explain the mystery of the brain and nerves—ha! You are too learned for me, damn me. But let's hear no more of this stuff—can you bleed and give a clyster, spread a plaster, and prepare a potion?" Upon my answering in the affirmative, he shook his head, telling me, he believed he should have little good of me, for all my promises; but, however, he would take me in for the sake of charity.

I was accordingly that very night admitted to his house, and had an apartment assigned to me in the

garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithstanding the mortification my pride suffered in this change of circumstances. I was soon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner. For, besides the gratification of his revenge, by exposing the selfishness of his antagonist, in opposition to his own generosity, which was all affectation, he had occasion for a young man, who understood something of the profession, to fill up the place of his eldest apprentice, lately dead, not without violent suspicion of foul play from his master's brutality. The knowledge of this circumstance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife, and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new situation with ease; however, as I did not perceive how I could bestow myself to better advantage, I resolved to study Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the address, in my power. And it was not long before I found out a strange peculiarity of humour, which governed his behaviour towards all his dependents. I observed, when he was pleased, he was such a niggard of his satisfaction, that, if his wife or servants betrayed the least symptom of participation, he was offended to an insupportable degree of choler and fury—the effects of which they seldom failed to feel. And, when his indignation was roused, submission and soothing always exasperated it beyond the bounds of reason and humanity. I therefore pursued a contrary plan; and, one day, when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp, and lazy ragamuffian, I boldly replied, I was neither ignorant nor lazy, since I both understood and performed my business as well as he could do for his soul; neither was it just to call me ragamuffian, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was descended from a better family than any he could boast an alliance with. He gave tokens of great amazement

at this assurance of mine, and shook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly startled at his menacing looks and posture, I yet had reflection enough left to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which must decide my future lot in his service; I therefore snatched up the pestle of a mortar, and swore, if he offered to strike me without a cause, I should see whether his skull or my weapon was hardest. He continued silent for some time, and at last broke forth into these ejaculations, "This is fine usage from a servant to a master,—very fine!—damnation!—but no matter, you shall pay for this, you dog—you shall. I'll do your business—yes, yes, I'll teach you to lift your hand against me." So saying, he retired, and left me under dreadful apprehensions, which vanished entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unusual complacency, and treated me with a glass of punch after dinner. By this conduct, I got the ascendancy over him in a short time, and became so necessary to him, in managing his business while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aspect; and I consoled myself for the disregard of my former acquaintance, with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a close application to the duties of my employment, in which I succeeded beyond my own expectation. I was on very good terms with my master's wife, whose esteem I acquired and cultivated, by representing Mrs Potion in the most ridiculous lights my satirical talents could invent, as well as by rendering her some Christian offices, when she had been too familiar with the dram bottle, to which she had oftentimes recourse for consolation, under the affliction she suffered from a barbarous husband. In this manner I lived, without hearing the least tidings of my uncle, for the space of two years, during which

time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to relish, nor in a capacity to maintain much acquaintance. For the Nabal, my master, allowed me no wages; and the small perquisites of my station scarce supplied me with the common necessaries of life. I was no longer a pert unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applause, and elevated with the extravagance of hope; my misfortunes had taught me how little the caresses of the world, during a man's prosperity, are to be valued by him; and how seriously and expeditiously he ought to set about making himself independent of them. My present appearance, therefore, was the least of my care, which was wholly engrossed in laying up a stock of instruction that might secure me against the caprice of fortune for the future. I became such a sloven, and contracted such an air of austerity, that every body pronounced me crest-fallen; and Gawky returned to town without running any risk from my resentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and restrained by prudential reasons so effectually, that I never so much as thought of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had done me. When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I began to cast about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding some provision that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone; but, as this could not be effected without a small sum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmost perplexity how to raise it, well knowing that Crab, for his own sake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his interest was so much concerned in my stay. But a small accident which happened about this time, determined him in my favour. This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid servant, who declared her situation to me, assuring me, at the same time, that I was the occasion of it.

Although I had no reason to question the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had passed between her master and her; taking the advantage of which, I represented to her the folly of laying the burden at my door, when she might dispose of it to much better purpose with Mr Crab: She listened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended success of their mutual endeavours. He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foresaw might have very troublesome consequences; not that he dreaded any domestic grumblings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect subjection, but because he knew it would furnish his rival, Potion, with a handle for insulting and undermining his reputation, there being no scandal equal to that of uncleanness, in the opinion of those who inhabit the part of the island where he lived. He therefore took a resolution worthy of himself, which was, to persuade the girl that she was not with child, but only afflicted with a disorder incident to young women, which he could easily remove: With this view, as he pretended, he prescribed for her such medicines as he thought would infallibly procure abortion; but, in this scheme, he was disappointed, for the maid, being advertised by me of his design, and at the same time well acquainted with her own condition, absolutely refused to follow his directions; and threatened to publish her situation to the world, if he would not immediately take some method of providing for the important occasion, which she expected in a few months. It was not long before I guessed the result of his deliberation, by his addressing himself to me, one day, in this manner:—"I am surprised that a young fellow like you discovers no inclination to push his fortune in the world. Before I was of your age, I was broiling on the coast of Guinea.—Damme! what's to hinder

you from profiting by the war, which will certainly be declared in a short time against Spain? You may easily get on board of a king's ship in quality of a surgeon's mate, where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize-money." I laid hold of this declaration, which I had long wished for, and assured him I would follow his advice with pleasure, if it was in my power; but that it was impossible for me to embrace an opportunity of that kind, as I had no friend to advance a little money to supply me with what necessaries I should want, and defray the expences of my journey to London. He told me that few necessaries were required; and as for the expence of my journey, he would lend me money sufficient, not only for that purpose, but also to maintain me comfortably in London, until I should procure a warrant for my provision on board of some ship. I gave him a thousand thanks for his obliging offer, although I was very well apprized of his motive, which was no other than a design to lay the bastard to my charge, after my departure; and accordingly set out in a few weeks for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit ot clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pair of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket-instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's Surgery, and ten guineas in cash, for which Crab took my bond, bearing five per cent. interest; at the same time gave me a letter to the member of parliament for our town, which, he said, would do my business effectually.

CHAPTER VIII

I arrive at Newcastle—Meet with my old School-fellow Strap—We determine to walk together to London—Set out on our Journey—Put up at a solitary Ale-house—Are disturbed by a strange Adventure in the night

There is no such convenience as a waggon in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expence of hiring a horse; I determined, therefore, to set out with the carriers, who transport goods from one place to another on horseback; and this scheme I accordingly put in execution on the first day of November, 1739, sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets, one of which contained my goods in a knapsack. But, by the time we arrived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The hostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter time—a journey which, he believed, I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when, one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus; "Sir, I presume you are a Scotch-

man." I answered in the affirmative. "Pray," continued he, "from what part of Scotland?" I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at this profusion, that, starting up, I asked him what the devil he meant by using me so? He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him; and craved my name. But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in a rapture, "How! Rory Random?"—"The same," I replied, looking at him with astonishment. "What!" cried he, "don't you know your old school-fellow, Hugh Strap?" At that instant, recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and, in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shop-mates, who were witnesses of this scene. When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved; but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which, nevertheless, he found means to cut me in three places, in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his place, and, after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me. We retired immediately to my lodgings, where calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels; that he had the good fortune of being employed by a

very civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring, at which time he proposed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement. When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune: Whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way, and, if we should be fatigued before we could perform the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road either returning horses or waggons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expence. I was so ravished at this proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing: But he gave me to understand, he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions; and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business in that capital, and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan and settled our affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack), and our money sewed between the lining and waistband of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expence on the road. We travelled all day at a round pace, but, being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge alehouse, that stood on a by-road, about half a mile from the highway: There we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled our-

selves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, an hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight o'clock, we were all three, at our own desire, shewn into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time *extempore*, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use. I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phenomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no small amazement, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb. He told me, with a low faultering voice, that we were undone; for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with pistols in the next room; then bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thick-set brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him. I listened with great attention, and heard him say in a terrible tone,— "Damn that son of a bitch Smack the coachman!—he has served me a fine trick, indeed!—but damnation seize me, if I don't make him repent it!—I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles with me." Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach; and

that, if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunities enough to atone for his lost trouble. "I'll tell thee what, my dear Bett," replied he, "I never had, nor ever will, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day. —Zounds! there was four hundred pounds in cash to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money, belonging to the passengers;—had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would."—"Well, well!" cries Betty, "we must trust to Providence for that;—but did you find nothing worth taking, which escaped the other gentleman of the road?" —"Not much, faith," said the lover, "I gleaned a few things,—such as a pair of pops, silver mounted (here they are), I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch, which he had concealed in his breeches. I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion: But what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuff-box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid, which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock." Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud, that the highwayman snatching his pistols, started up, crying, "Hell and damnation! I am betrayed; who's that in the next room?" Mrs Betty told him, he need not be uneasy; there were only three poor wearied travellers, who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. "Travellers!" says he, "spies, you b——! but no matter—I'll send them all to hell in an instant." He accordingly ran towards our door, when his sweetheart interposing, assured him, there was only a

couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a Presbyterian pedlar of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before. This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted some linen. Then, in a jovial manner, he put about the glass, mingling his discourse to Betty with caresses and familiarities, that spoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear, so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to wake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard. This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, calling as loud as he could, "Thieves, thieves! Lord have mercy on us!" And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man who should enter, for he verily believed himself beset; when his dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep. Meanwhile my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him; upon which, getting up softly, he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that, falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to Heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. Whether or not his disburdening his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not, but he slipped into bed again, and lay very quiet until the robber and his mistress were asleep,

and snored in concert; then, rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity; then he moved gently to our bed-side, and bade us farewell, telling us, that, as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape; and, lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind; but, on the contrary, so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices in the pedlar's elopement. But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that, if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way. I told him withal my confidence in Betty's good nature, in which he acquiesced, and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out, "Ods bobs! sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions,

to lie all night with the window open in such cold weather." I feigned to start out of sleep, and, withdrawing the curtain, called, "What's the matter?" When she shewed me, I affected surprise, and said, "Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed."—"I'll be hanged," said she, "if Sawny Waddle, the pedlar, has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstropulous in his sleep. Sure I put a chamber-pot under his bed." With these words she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and finding the sheets cold, exclaimed, "Good lack-a-daisy! the rogue is fled!"—"Fled!" cried I, with feigned amazement, "God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us." Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand, which having reckoned, I said, "Heaven be praised, our money is all safe:—Strap, look to the knapsack." He did so, and found all was right. Upon which we asked, with seeming concern, if he had stole nothing belonging to the house?—"No, no," replied she, "he has stolen nothing but his reckoning;" which, it seems, this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge, in the midst of his devotion. Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew; and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed, and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar, if ever he should set eyes on him again: "For," said he, "the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me." Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it. While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured, by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or no we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but as we were on our guard, we answered

her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust; when, all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that, with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried, "O Lord! there's the highwayman returned!" Our landlady staring at these words, said, "What highwayman, young man? Do you think any highwaymen harbour here?" Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her, we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols; and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since. She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive (not without great concern,) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER IX

We proceed on our Journey—Are overtaken by an Highwayman, who fires at Strap—Is prevented from Shooting me by a company of Horsemen, who ride in pursuit of him—Strap is put to bed at an Inn—Adventures at that Inn

After having paid our score, and taken leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves that we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognized to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was? My astonishment had disconcerted me so much that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before. Strap seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering, with a lamentable voice, these words:—"For Christ's sake have mercy upon us, Mr Rifle—we know you very well."—"Oho!" cried the thief, "you do!—but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!" So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground without speaking one word. My comrade's fate, and my own situation, rivetted me to the place where I stood deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away, or deprecate the wrath

of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me; but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who, as I afterwards learned, was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him his nonresistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain scampered up to me with great address, and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground; at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced with a faultering tongue, "Gentlemen, here's murder committed! Let us alight."—"No, no," said one of his followers, "let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?" By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them, that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg of one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred. The captain, foreseeing that, in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and give him the spur at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out his horse was frighted, and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroaking his neck, whistling and wheedling him with, "Sirrah, sirrah, gently, gently," &c.—"Zounds!" cried one of the servants, "surely my Lord's Sorrel is not

resty!" With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and Sorrel, disdaining the rein, sprung forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth, happily for him, given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile, one of the three who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm and breathing; upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and, in a little time, the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruises occasioned by his fall; and, on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner, I passed in observing a game at cards between two farmers, an exciseman, and a young fellow in a rusty gown and cassock, who, as I afterwards understood, was curate of a neighbouring parish. It was easy to perceive, that the match was not equal; and that the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of sharpers, who stript them of all their cash in a very short time. But what surprised me very much, was to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen who seemed to suspect foul play, in these words: "Damn me, friend, d'ye question my honour?" I did not at all wonder to

find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country; but I was scandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he swore, and the bawdy songs which he sung. At last, to make amends, in some sort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and, promising to treat them at dinner, began to play most melodiously, singing in concert all the while. This good humour of the parson inspired the company with so much glee, that the farmers soon forgot their losses, and all present went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amused in this manner, our musician spying a horseman riding towards the inn, stopt all of a sudden, crying out, "Gad so! gentlemen, I beg your pardon; there's our dog of a doctor coming into the inn." He immediately concealed his instrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, inquiring very cordially into the state of his health. This rosy son of the Church, who might be about the age of fifty, having alighted, and entrusted the curate with his horse, stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe; scarce deigning an answer to the submissive questions of those who inquired about the welfare of his family. While he indulged himself in this state, amidst a profound silence, the curate approaching him with great reverence, asked if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit Squire Bumpkin, who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes; and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home. Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose, and moved, with prelatical

dignity, to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no sooner mounted, than the facetious curate coming into the kitchen, held forth in this manner: "There the old rascal goes, and the devil go with him.—You see how the world wags, gentlemen. —By Gad, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live; and yet he has two livings worth 400l. per annum, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty mile every Sunday to preach, for what? why, truly, for 20l. a year. I scorn to boast of my own qualifications; but—comparisons are odious. I should be glad to know how this swag-bellied doctor deserves to be more at ease than me. He can loll in his elbow-chair at home—indulge himself in the best of victuals and wine, and enjoy the conversation of Betty, his housekeeper. You understand me, gentlemen. Betty is the doctor's poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl she is; but no matter for that:—ay, and a dutiful girl to her parents, whom she visits regularly every year, though I must own I could never learn in what county they live.—My service t'ye, gentlemen." By this time dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate all together with great cheerfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could. We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the exciseman, who had been silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin: "Ay, ay, this is an old trick of Shuffle; I could not help smiling when he talked of treating. You must know this is a very curious fellow. He picked up some scraps of learning while he served young Lord Trifle at the university. But what he most excels in is pimping. No man knows his talents better than I; for I was valet de

chambre to Squire Tattle, an intimate companion of Shuffle's lord. He got himself into a scrape, by pawning some of his lordship's clothes, on which account he was turned away; but, as he was acquainted with some particular circumstances of my lord's conduct, he did not care to exasperate him too much, and so made interest for his receiving orders, and afterwards recommended him to the curacy which he now enjoys. However, the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity in making a comfortable livelihood, in spite of such a small allowance. You hear he plays a good stick, and is really diverting company. These qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes; and, as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him. The truth is, he is a damnable cheat; and can shift a card with such address, that it is impossible to discover him." Here he was interrupted by one of the farmers, who asked why he had not justice enough to acquaint them with these particulars before they engaged in play? The exciseman replied, without any hesitation, that it was none of his business to intermeddle between man and man; besides, he did not know they were ignorant of Shuffle's character, which was notorious to the whole country. This did not satisfy the other, who taxed him with abetting and assisting the curate's knavery, and insisted on having his share of the winning's returned; this demand the exciseman as positively refused, affirming, that whatsoever slights Shuffle might practice on other occasions, he was very certain that he had played on the square with them, and would answer it before any bench in Christendom. So saying, he got up, and, having paid his reckoning, sneaked off. The landlord thrusting his neck into the passage, to see if he was gone, shook his head, saying, "Ah! Lord help us! if every sinner was

to have his deserts. Well, we victuallers must not disoblige the exciseman. But I know what:—If Parson Shuffle and he were weighed together, a straw thrown into either scale would make the balance kick the beam. But, masters, this is under the rose," continued Boniface with a whisper.

CHAPTER X

The Highwayman is taken—We are detained as evidence against him—Proceed to the next Village —He escapes—We arrive at another Inn, where we go to bed—In the night we are awaked by a dreadful Adventure—Next night we lodge at the house of a Schoolmaster—Our treatment there

Strap and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road coming towards us, shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopt at our inn to join their companion, and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted, and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants, armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that, going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared, he would either cudgel or box with the prisoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to

strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough. But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity, was our being detained by the captors as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply; and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow. About the twilight we arrived at the place of our destination; but, as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom, we understood, he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. This, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning, when they went up stairs to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out of the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his route along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep; at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any further molestation. Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night, reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to inquire if there

were any waggon, return-horses, or other cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed, that the waggon from Newcastle to London had halted here two nights ago; and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest the day after the next. This piece of news gave us some satisfaction; and, after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shewn to our room, which contained two beds—the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house; and accordingly went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster. About two or three o'clock in the morning, I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice: "Blood and wounds! run the halbert into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently." This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than, starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark, and overturned him in an instant; at the same time bawling out, "Fire! murder! fire!" a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a crowd of naked people. When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared; which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment at the concourse that surrounded him. This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting serjeant, who, having listed two country fellows over night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to

murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination, that he got up in his sleep, and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprise and mirth; but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady, with nothing on her but her shift, and a large pair of buckskin breeches, with the backside before, which she had slipt on in the hurry, and her husband, with her petticoat about his shoulders. One had wrapt himself in a blanket, another was covered with a sheet; and the drummer, who had given his only shirt to be washed, appeared in cuerpo, with the bolster rolled about his middle. When this affair was discussed, every body retired to his own apartment, the serjeant slipt into bed, and my companion and I slept without any farther disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward, in expectation of overtaking the waggon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We enquired for a public house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long, grey hair, rose from a table, placed by a large fire, in a very neat paved kitchen, and, with a cheerful countenance, accosted us in these words: "*Salvete, pueri, ingredimini.*" I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him, by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered, without hesitation, "*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco large reponens.*" I had no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman running toward me, shook me by the hand, crying, "*Fili mi dilectissime! unde venis? a*

superis, ni fallor!" In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter, a jolly rose-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*, repeating from Horace at the same time, "*Deprome quadrimum sabina, O Thaliarche, merum diota.*" This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old, for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. "I am this day," said he, "the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. My wife rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week; but the two chief pleasures of my life are these, (pointing to the bottle, and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table.) I am old, 'tis true—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises. '*Tu ne quæsieris* (*scire nefas*) *quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint. Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.*'" As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which, when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us, that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. In the mean time, he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends—*permittens divis cætera.* While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously,

and drank several bottles of his *quadrimum*, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us, that we should overtake the waggon by noon next day; and that there was room enough in it for half a dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that convenience. Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. "Don't you observe," said he, "that he has conceived a particular affection for us; nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?" I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. "Biddy will let you know, gentlemen," said he, "for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan. *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam.*"—Meanwhile, Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us, our reckoning came to 8s. 7d. "Eight shillings and sevenpence!" cried Strap; "'tis impossible—you must be mistaken, young woman."—"Reckon again, child," says her father, very deliberately, "perhaps you have miscounted."—"No, indeed, father," she replied; "I know my business better." I could contain my indignation no longer, but said, it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering, "Ay, ay, let us see the particulars—that's but reasonable." And, taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items:

	s.	*d.*
To bread and beer . . .	0	6
To a fowl and sausages . .	2	6
To four bottles *quadrim* . .	2	0
To fire and tobacco . . .	0	7
To lodging	2	0
To breakfast	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, "I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo*, and keep off *importuna pauperies*." My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one-third of the money, or go without. While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and, conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done, than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught; but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expence, went up to the schoolmaster, and, grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis, "*Semper avarus eget*." To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile, "*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat*."

CHAPTER XI

We descry the Waggon—Get into it—Arrive at an Inn—Our Fellow-Travellers described—A Mistake is committed by Strap, which produces strange things

We travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed; and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish. At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus: "Well, fools and their money are soon parted. If my advice had been taken, that old skin-flint should have been damn'd before he had got more than the third of his demand. 'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner. Ah, God help you, how many bristly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and three pence halfpenny, which is all thrown to the dogs? How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramp'd, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig that hung over the door? What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows that came in, for a guinea. I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them." And indeed my companion would have fought any body, when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to fire-arms, and all instruments of death. In order to

appease him, I assured him, no part of this extraordinary expence should fall upon his shoulders; at which declaration he was affronted, and told me, he would have me to know, that, although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land. Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried, towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the waggon about a quarter of a mile before us; and, by that time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that, I verily believe, it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther. We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey, to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the waggon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly, the convenience stopt, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first; but, just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words:—"God's fury! there shall no passengers come here." The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity, and a countenance as white as paper. Joey perceiving our astonishment, called with an arch sneer, "Waunds, coptain, why woan't you sooffer the poor waggoneer to meake a penny? Coom, coom, young man, get oop, get oop, never moind the coptain—I'se not afear'd of the coptain." This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed upon to venture up again; upon which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering like distant thunder:—"Hell and the devil confound me, if I don't make you smart for this!" However, I crept

in, and, by accident, got an empty place in the straw, which I immediately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap following with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and, by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly upon the stomach of the captain, who bellowed out in a most dreadful manner,—"Blood and thunder, where's my sword?" At these words, my frighted comrade started up, and at one spring bounced against me with such force, that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak, who intended to press me to death. In the mean time a female voice cried, "Bless me! what is the matter, my dear?"—"The matter," replied the captain, "damn my blood! my guts are squeezed into a pancake, by that Scotchman's hump." Strap, trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened upon the jolting of the waggon; and the woman who spoke before, went on:—"Ay, ay, my dear, it is our own fault, we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniences we meet with. I thank God I never travelled so before. I'm sure, if my Lady or Sir John was to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation. I wish to God we had writ for the chariot; I know we shall never be forgiven."—"Come, come, my dear," replied the captain, "it don't signify fretting now—we shall laugh it over as a frolic—I hope you will not suffer in your health. I shall make my lord very merry with our adventures in the Diligence." This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady, that I durst not venture to join in the conversation: But immediately after, another female voice began:—"Some people give themselves a great many needless airs—better folks than any here have travelled in waggons before now. Some of us have rode in coaches and

chariots with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it. What then? we are now all upon a footing; therefore let's be sociable and merry. What do you say, Isaac? Is not this a good motion, you doating rogue? Speak, you old cent. per cent. fornicator. What desperate debts are you thinking of? What mortgages are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively you shall never gain my favour, till you turn over a new leaf, grow honest, and live like a gentleman. In the mean time, give me a kiss, you old fumbler." These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed, to such a degree, that he cried in a transport, though with a faltering voice, "Ah! you wanton baggage—upon my credit, you are a waggish girl, he, he, he." This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer (such, we afterwards found, was the profession of this our fellow-traveller). About this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came limping, an old man with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a threadbare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peeked and prominent, so

that, when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers; he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane, and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I surprised, when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped: He wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's. Having laid aside his great coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: He was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck; his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drum-sticks, two feet and an half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed the remainder; so that, on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et præterea nihil*. His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches, reaching halfway down his thighs, worsted stockings, rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high; he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person; but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a

lady's woman. We were all assembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse; and told the landlord they would sup by themselves. The innkeeper replied, that he could not afford them a room by themselves; and, as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the waggon, without respect of persons; but if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said, than all of us declared against the proposal, and Miss Jenny, our other female passenger, observed, that, if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done. At this hint, the captain put on a martial frown, and looked very big, without speaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about "Creature!" which Miss Jenny overhearing, stept up to her, saying, "None of your names, good Mrs Abigail;—creature quotha—I'll assure you. No such creature as you neither—no ten pound sneaker—no quality coupler."—Here the captain interposed, with a "Damme, madam, what do you mean by that?"—"Damn you, sir, who are you?" replied Miss Jenny; "who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler?—'Sdeath! the army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions—What, I suppose you think I don't know you?—Agad, you and your helpmate are well met—a cast-off mistress and a bald valet de chambre are well yoked together."—"Blood and wounds!" cried Weazel, "d'ye question the honour of my wife, madam!—Hell and damnation! No man in England durst say so much. I would flea him—carbonado him! Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper." So saying, he drew his sword

and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap; while Miss Jenny, snapping her fingers, told him, she did not value his resentment a louse.

In the midst of this quarrel, the master of the waggon alighted, who understanding the cause of the disturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have every thing made up, which he at last accomplished, and we sat down to supper all together. At bedtime we were shewn to our apartments. The old usurer, Strap, and I, to one room; the captain, his wife, and Miss Jenny, to another. About midnight, my companion's bowels being disordered, he got up, in order to go backward; but, in his return, mistaking one door for another, entered Weazel's chamber, and, without any hesitation, went to bed to his wife, who was fast asleep; the captain being at another end of the room, groping for some empty vessel in lieu of his own chamber-pot, which was leaky. As he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went towards his own bed, after having found a convenience; but no sooner did he feel a rough head, covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind that he had mistaken Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own, and that the head he felt was that of some gallant, with whom she had made an assignation. Full of this conjecture, and scandalized at the prostitution of his apartment, he snatched up the vessel he had just before filled, and emptied it at once on the astonished barber and his own wife, who, waking at that instant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the husband beyond measure, but frightened poor Strap almost out of his senses; for he verily believed himself bewitched; especially when the incensed captain seized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, asking him how he durst have the presumption

to attempt the chastity of his wife. Poor Strap was so amazed and confounded, that he could say nothing but, "I take God to witness, she's a virgin for me." Mrs Weazel, enraged to find herself in such a pickle, through the precipitation of her husband, arose in her shift, and, with the heel of her shoe, which she found by the bedside, belaboured the captain's bald pate, till he roared, "Murder!"—"I'll teach you to empty your stink pots on me," cried she, "you pitiful hop o' my thumb coxcomb. What! I warrant you're jealous, you man of lath. Was it for this I condescended to take you to my bed, you poor withered sapless twig?" The noise occasioned by this adventure had brought the master of the waggon and me to the door, where we overheard all that passed with great satisfaction. In the mean time, we were alarmed with the cry of "Rape! murder! rape!" which Miss Jenny pronounced with great vociferation. "O! you vile abominable old villain," said she, "would you rob me of my virtue? But I'll be revenged of you, you old goat! I will.—Help! for heaven's sake! help!—I shall be ravished —ruined! help!" Some servants of the inn hearing this cry, came running up stairs with lights, and such weapons as chance afforded, when we beheld a very diverting scene. In one corner stood the poor captain shivering in his shirt, which was all torn to rags, with a woeful visage, scratched all over by his wife; who had by this time wrapped the counterpane about her, and sat sobbing on the side of her bed. In the other end lay the old usurer, sprawling on Miss Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his shirt, and his tawny meagre limbs exposed to the air; while she held him fast by the two ears, and loaded him with execrations. When we asked what was the matter, she affected to weep, told us, she was afraid that wicked rogue had

ruined her in her sleep, and bade us take notice of what we saw, for she intended to make use of our evidence against him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be released; a favour which he had no sooner obtained, than he protested she was no woman, but a devil incarnate; that she had first seduced his flesh to rebel, and then betrayed him. "Yes, cockatrice," continued he, "you know you laid this snare for me; but you shan't succeed, for I will hang myself before you shall get a farthing of me." So saying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way. We then advanced to the captain, who told us, "Gentlemen, here has been a damned mistake; but I'll be revenged on him who was the occasion of it. That Scotchman who carries the knapsack shall not breathe this vital air another day, if my name be Weazel. — My dear, I ask you ten thousand pardons; you are sensible I could mean no harm to you."—"I know not what you meant," replied she, sighing, "but I know I have got enough to send me to my grave." At length they were reconciled. The wife was complimented with a share of Miss Jenny's bed (her own being overflowed), and the master of the waggon invited Weazel to sleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally afraid, he having stole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at loggerheads.

CHAPTER XII

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the Combat—An affair between the Captain and me —The Usurer is fain to give Miss Jenny five guineas for a release—We are in danger of losing a meal—The behaviour of Weazel, Jenny and Joey, on that occasion—An account of Captain Weazel and his Lady—The Captain's courage tried—Isaac's mirth at the Captain's expence

Next morning I agreed to give the master of the waggon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk—At the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatened, with many oaths, to sacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while: The more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him, or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him, it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon; but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him. To which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying, he would box with him for a guinea. Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was

beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing in any respect with such a fellow as Strap. "Odds bodikins! (cries Joey) sure, coptain, yaw would not commit moorder! Here's a poor lad that is willing to make atoonement for his offence; and an that woan't satisfie yaw offers to fight yaw fairly. An' yaw woan't box, I dare say, he will coodgel with yaw. Woan't yaw, my lad?"—Strap, after some hesitation, answered, "Yes, yes, I'll cudgel with him." But this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character, and, tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons; this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise on the head of my companion, that he would even fight Captain Weazel at sharps; but it should be with such sharps as Strap was best acquainted with, namely razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve, whispered, with great eagerness, "No, no, no; for the love of God, don't make any such bargain." At length Weazel, recovering himself, turned towards me, and, with a ferocious countenance, asked, "Who the devil are you? will you fight me?" With these words, putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast; and, springing to one side, snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-lounges, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and, seeing her husband in these dangerous

circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream. In this emergency, Weazel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted; and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling on his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodshed, we went to breakfast, but missed two of our company, namely, Miss Jenny and the usurer. As for the first, Mrs Weazel informed us, that she had kept her awake all night with her groans; and that, when she rose in the morning, Miss Jenny was so much indisposed, that she could not proceed on her journey. At that instant, a message came from her to the master of the waggon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him, in a lamentable tone, that she was afraid of a miscarriage, owing to the fright she had received last night from the brutality of Isaac; and as the event was uncertain, desired the usurer might be detained to answer for the consequence. Accordingly, this ancient Tarquin was found in the waggon, whither he had retired to avoid the shame of last night's disgrace, and brought by force into her presence. He no sooner appeared, than she began to weep and sigh most piteously, and told us, if she died, she would leave her blood upon the head of that ravisher. Poor Isaac turned up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezebel; and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her was the result of her own invitation. The waggoner, understanding the case, advised Isaac to make it up, by giving her a sum of money: To which advice he replied, with great vehemence, "A sum of money!—a halter for the cockatrice!" —"O! 'tis very well," said Miss Jenny: "I see it is

in vain to attempt that flinty heart of his, by fair means. Joey, be so good as to go to the justice, and tell him there is a sick person here, who wants to see him on an affair of consequence." At the name of justice, Isaac trembled, and bidding Joey stay, asked, with a quavering voice, "what she would have?" She told him, that, as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpose, she would be satisfied with a small matter; and though the damage she might sustain in her health might be irreparable, she would give him a release for an hundred guineas. "An hundred guineas!" cried he, in an extasy, "an hundred furies! Where should a poor old wretch like me have an hundred guineas? If I had so much money, do ye think I should be found travelling in a waggon at this season of the year?"—"Come, come," replied Jenny, "none of your miserly artifice here. You think I don't know Isaac Rapine, the money-broker in the Minories. Ah! you old rogue! many a pawn have you had of me and my acquaintance, which was never redeemed." Isaac, finding it was in vain to disguise himself, offered twenty shillings for a discharge, which she absolutely refused under fifty pounds: At last, however, she was brought down to five, which he paid, with great reluctancy, rather than be prosecuted for a rape. After which accommodation the sick person made shift to get into the waggon, and we set forwards in great tranquillity, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horse, the driver himself chusing to walk. This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheese-monger, who had the presumption to be his

rival:—for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he said, and observed, "The last affair happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from Squire Gobble; and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans, when my Lord Diddle took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed, that she had well nigh fainted." —"Yes, my dear," replied the captain, "you know, my lord said to me, with a sneer, 'Billy, Mrs Weazel is certainly breeding.' And I answered cavalierly, 'My lord, I wish I could return the compliment.' Upon which the whole company broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and my lord, who loves a repartee dearly, came round and bussed me." We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting any thing worth notice: Miss Jenny, who soon recovered her spirits, entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number; and rallying her old gallant, who notwithstanding would never be reconciled to her. On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us, that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the waggon. To which information they had replied, "The passengers in the waggon might be damned,—their betters must be served before them—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day." This was a terrible disappointment to us all; and we laid our heads together how to remedy it; when Miss Jenny observed, that Captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted. But the captain ex-

cused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a waggon; swearing at the same time, that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. Upon this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried, "Ha! Jenny Ramper! what the devil brought thee hither?"—"My dear Jack Rattle!" replied she, running into his arms, "is it you? Then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you." They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the waggon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down at table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch: He informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town, who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in

prison; upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me likewise, that one of the gentlemen's servants, whom we left at the inn, having accidentally seen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character. That he had served my Lord Frizzle in quality of valet de chambre many years, while he lived separate from his lady: But, upon their reconciliation, she expressly insisted upon Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman he kept; when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he would procure a commission for him in the army: This expedient was agreed to; and Weazel is now, by his lordship's interest, ensign in ——'s regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments with regard to Weazel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of "an highwayman!" as soon as an horseman should appear. This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the waggon, that he was afraid we should be all robbed, than a general consternation arose: Strap jumped out of the waggon, and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs Weazel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries: And the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore; but this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out, "'Sdeath! Captain, is this a time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? Get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour." Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore

he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. "Damn my blood! what are you afraid of?" continued he, at the same time trembling with such agitation, that the whole carriage shook. This single piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried, "Damn your pitiful soul, you are as arrant a poltroon as ever was drummed out of a regiment.—Stop the waggon, Joey—let me get out, and by God, if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also." So saying, she leapt out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the waggon, and questioning those within. The stranger consenting for the sake of diversion, approached it, and, in a terrible tone, demanded, "Who have we got here?" Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice, "Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithal, but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of, we must all starve together."—"Who's that sobbing in the other corner?" said the supposed highwayman.—"A poor unfortunate woman," answered Mrs Weazel, "upon whom I beg you for Christ's sake to have compassion."—"Are you maid or wife?" said he.—"Wife, to my sorrow," cried she.—"Who or where is your husband?" continued he. —"My husband," replied Mrs Weazel, "is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined."—"You must be mistaken, madam," said he, "for I myself saw him get into the waggon this afternoon.—But pray what smell is that? Sure your lapdog has befouled himself;—let me catch hold of the nasty cur, I'll teach him better manners." Here he

laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor trembling captain, being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of sleep, cried, "What's the matter?—what's the matter?"—"The matter is not much," answered the horseman, "I only called in to inquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain." So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself; but at length re-assuming the big look, he said, "Damn the fellow! why did he ride away, before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do?—Don't you remember Tom, my dear?" addressing himself to his wife.—"Yes," replied she, "I think I do remember something of the fellow—but you know I seldom converse with people of his station."—"Hey-day!" cried Joey, "do yaw knaw the young mon, coptain?"—"Know him," said Weazel, "many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my Lord Trippet's table."—"And what may his neame be, coptain?" said Joey.—"His name?—his name," replied Weazel, "is Tom Rinser."—"Waunds!" cried Joey, "a has changed his own neame then! for I'se lay a wager he was christened John Trotter." This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted; when Isaac broke silence, and said, "It was no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected. And we ought to bless God for our narrow escape."—"Bless God," said Weazel, "bless the devil! for what? had he been a highwayman, I should have eat his blood, body, and guts, before he had robbed me, or any one in this Diligence."—"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Miss Jenny, "I believe you will eat all you kill, indeed, captain."

The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice, that Captain Weazel seemed to be a good Christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation, instead of carnal weapons, and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling. This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expence, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatened to cut Isaac's throat. The usurer taking hold of this menace, said, "Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in danger from this bloody-minded officer. I'll have him bound over to the peace." This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crest-fallen during the remaining part of our journey.

CHAPTER XIII

Strap and I are terrified by an Apparition—Strap's conjecture—The Mystery explained by Joey—We arrive at London—Our Dress and Appearance described—We are Insulted in the Street—An Adventure in an Ale-house—We are Imposed upon by a waggish Footman—Set to rights by a Tobacconist—Take Lodgings—Dive for a Dinner—An Accident at our Ordinary

We arrived at our inn, supped, and went to bed; but Strap's distemper continuing, he was obliged to rise in the middle of the night, and, taking the candle in his hand, which he had left burning for the purpose, he went down to the house of office, whence in a short time he returned in a great hurry, with his hair standing on end, and a look betokening horror and astonishment. Without speaking a word, he set down the light, and jumped into bed behind me, where he lay and trembled with great violence. When I asked him what was the matter, he replied, with a broken accent, "God have mercy on us! I have seen the devil." Though my prejudice was not quite so strong as his, I was not a little alarmed at this exclamation, and much more so, when I heard the sound of bells approaching our chamber, and felt my bedfellow cling close to me, uttering these words, "Christ have mercy upon us! there he comes." At that instant, a monstrous overgrown raven entered our chamber, with bells at his feet, and made directly towards our bed. As this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and witches to

play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and in a violent fright shrunk under the bed-clothes. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and, after giving us several severe dabs with its beak through the blankets, hopped away and vanished. Strap and I recommended ourselves to the protection of heaven with great devotion, and, when we no longer heard the noise, ventured to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared that had well nigh deprived us both of our senses. We perceived an old man enter the room, with a long white beard that reached to his middle; there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance, that did not savour of this world; and his dress consisted of a brown stuff coat, buttoned behind and at the wrists, with an odd-fashioned cap of the same stuff upon his head. I was so amazed, that I had not power to move my eyes from such a ghastly object, but lay motionless, and saw him come straight up to me. When he reached the bed, he wrung his hands, and cried, with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature, "Where is Ralph?" I made no reply; upon which he repeated, in an accent still more preternatural, "Where is Ralpho?" He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard the sound of the bells at a distance; which the apparition having listened to, tripped away, and left me almost petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myself so far as to speak; and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which, however, did not last long. When he came to himself, I asked his opinion of what had happened; and he assured me, that the first must certainly be the soul of some person damned, which appeared by the chains about his legs (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigness of a horse, and

the sound of small morrice-bells to the clanking of massy chains.) As for the old man, he took it to be the spirit of somebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the assassin in the shape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the said murderer. Although I had not much faith in this interpretation, I was too much troubled to enjoy any sleep ; and in all my future adventures never passed a night so ill. In the morning, Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter, by telling him the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years, and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartment in the night, and induced him to follow it to our chamber, where he had inquired after it, under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which continued six or seven days longer. At length we entered the great city, and lodged all night at the inn where the waggon put up.—Next morning, all the passengers parted different ways ; while my companion and I sallied out to inquire for the member of parliament, to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Crab. As we had discharged our lodging at the inn, Strap took up our baggage, and marched behind me in the street with the knapsack on his back, as usual, so that we made a very whimsical appearance. I had dressed myself to the greatest advantage ; that is, put on a clean ruffled shirt, and my best thread stockings : my hair, which was of the deepest red, hung down upon my shoulders, as lank and straight as a pound of candles ; and the skirts of my coat reached to the middle of my leg ; my waistcoat and breeches were of the same piece, and cut in the same taste ; and my hat very much resembled a barber's basin

in the shallowness of the crown, and narrowness of the brims. Strap was habited in a much less awkward manner; but a short crop-eared wig that very much resembled Scrub's in the play, and the knapsack on his back, added to what is called a queer phiz, occasioned by a long chin, hook nose, and high cheek-bones, rendered him on the whole a very fit subject of mirth and pleasantry. As we walked along, Strap, at my desire, inquired of a carman whom we met, whereabouts Mr Cringer lived;—and was answered by a stare accompanied with the word "Anan!" Upon which I came up, in order to explain the question, but had the misfortune to be unintelligible likewise, the carman damning us for a lousy Scotch guard, and whipping his horses with a "Gee ho!" which nettled me to the quick, and roused the indignation of Strap so far, that, after the fellow was gone a good way, he told him he would fight him for a farthing. While we were deliberating upon what was to be done, a hackney coachman driving softly along, and perceiving us standing by the kennel, came up close to us, and calling, "A coach, master!" by a dexterous management of the reins, made his horses stumble in the wet, and bedaub us all over with mud. After which exploit, he drove on, applauding himself with a hearty laugh, in which several people joined, to my great mortification; but one more compassionate than the rest, seeing us strangers, advised me to go into an ale-house, and dry myself. I thanked him for his advice, which I immediately complied with; and, going into the house he pointed out, called for a pot of beer, and sat down by a fire in the public room, where we cleaned ourselves as well as we could. In the meantime, a wag, who sat in a box smoking his pipe, understanding by our dialect that we were from Scotland, came up to me, and, with a grave countenance, asked

how long I had been caught? As I did not know the meaning of this question, I made no answer; and he went on, saying, it could not be a great while, for my tail was not yet cut; at the same time, taking hold of my hair, and tipping the wink to the rest of the company, who seemed highly entertained with his wit. I was incensed at this usage, but afraid of resenting it, because I happened to be in a strange place, and perceived the person who spoke to me was a brawny fellow, for whom I thought myself by no means a match. However, Strap, having either more courage or less caution, could not put up with the insults that I suffered; but told him in a peremptory tone, He was an uncivil fellow for making so free with his betters. Then the wit going towards him, asked what he had got in his knapsack? "Is it oatmeal or brimstone, Sawney?" said he, seizing him by the chin, which he shook, to the inexpressible diversion of all present. My companion, feeling himself assaulted in such an opprobrious manner, disengaged himself in a trice, and lent his antagonist such a box on the ear, as made him stagger to the other side of the room; and, in a moment, a ring was formed for the combatants. Seeing Strap beginning to strip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which banished all other thoughts, I undressed myself to the skin in an instant, and declared, that as the affront that occasioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myself; upon which one or two cried out, "That's a brave Scotch boy; you shall have fair play, by God."—This assurance gave me fresh spirits, and, going up to my adversary, who, by his pale countenance, did not seem much inclined to the battle, I struck him so hard on the stomach, that he reeled over a bench, and fell to the ground. Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my success, according to the man-

ner of my own country; but was restrained by the spectators, one of whom endeavoured to raise up my opponent, but in vain; for he protested he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illness. I was very well pleased with this excuse, and immediately dressed myself, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who shook me by the hand, and wished me joy of the victory. After having drank our pot, and dried our clothes, we inquired of the landlord if he knew Mr Cringer the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative; for we imagined, he must be altogether as conspicuous here, as in the borough he represented; but he told us we might possibly hear of him as we passed along. We betook ourselves therefore to the street, where, seeing a footman standing at a door, we made up to him, and asked if he knew where our patron lived. This member of the party-coloured fraternity, surveying us both very minutely, said, He knew Mr Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the first street on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would observe a lane, through which we must pass, and, at the other end, we should find an alley that leads to another street, where we should see the sign of the Thistle and Three Pedlars, and there he lodged. We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me, that he knew this person to be an honest friendly man by his countenance, before he opened his mouth; in which opinion I acquiesced, ascribing his good manners to the company he daily saw in the house where he served. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again; but, instead of seeing a lane before us, found ourselves at the side of the river, a cir-

cumstance that perplexed us not a little; and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce, that we had certainly missed our way. By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and, not knowing how to proceed, I went into a small snuff-shop hard by, encouraged by the sign of the Highlander, where I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the shop-keeper was my countryman. He was no sooner informed of our peregrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us, we had been imposed upon, telling us, Mr Cringer lived in the other end of the town; and that it would be to no purpose for us to go thither to-day, for, by that time, he was gone to the house. I then asked if he could recommend us to a lodging. He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance who kept a chandler's shop not far from St Martin's Lane; there we hired a bed-room, up two pair of stairs, at the rate of 2s. per week, so very small, that, when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and use the bed-stead by way of chairs. About dinner-time, our landlord asked us how we proposed to live? To which interrogation we answered that we would be directed by him. "Well, then," said he, "there are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition; the one more creditable and expensive than the other. The first is to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only; and the other is called diving, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally."—I gave him to understand, that, provided the last was not infamous, it would suit much better with our circumstances than the other. "Infamous!" cried he, "God forbid! there are many creditable people, rich people, ay, and fine people, that dive every day. I have seen many a pretty gentleman with

a laced waistcoat dine in that manner very comfortably for threepence halfpenny, and go afterwards to the coffee-house, where he made a figure with the best lord in the land—but your own eyes shall bear witness—I will go along with you to-day, and introduce you."—He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bade us observe him, and do as he did, and, walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant. I followed his example, and, descending very successfully, found myself in the middle of a cook's shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and surrounded by a company of hackney coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board wages, who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap, in his descent, missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as she carried a porringer of soup to one of the guests. In her fall, she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way, and scalded him so miserably, that he started up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair stand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himself, the cook got up, and, after a hearty curse on the poor author of this mischance, who lay under the table, scratching his rump with a woful countenance, emptied a salt-seller in her hand, and, stripping down the patient's stocking, which brought the skin along with it, applied the contents to the sore. This poultice was scarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclamation, broke forth into such a

hideous yell, as made the whole company tremble ; then, seizing a pewter pint-pot that stood by him, squeezed the sides of it together, as if it had been made of pliant leather, grinding his teeth at the same time with a most horrible grin. Guessing the cause of this violent transport, I bade the woman wash off the salt, and bathe the part with oil, which she did, and procured him immediate ease. But here another difficulty occurred, which was no other than the landlady's insisting on his paying for the pot he had rendered useless. He swore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bade her be thankful for his moderation, or else he would prosecute her for damages. Strap foreseeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promised to satisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeased him, and composed all animosities. After this accommodation, our landlord and we sat down at a board, and dined upon shin of beef most deliciously ; our reckoning amounted to two-pence halfpenny each, bread and small beer included.

CHAPTER XIV

We visit Strap's friend—A description of him—His advice—We go to Mr Cringer's house—Are denied admittance—An Accident befalls Strap—His behaviour thereupon—An extraordinary Adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my Money

In the afternoon, my companion proposed to call at his friend's house, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood, whither we accordingly went, and were so lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a school in town, where he taught the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but what he chiefly professed was the pronunciation of the English tongue, after a method more speedy and uncommon than any practised heretofore; and, indeed, if his scholars spoke like their master, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle; for although I could easily understand every word of what I had heard hitherto since I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me, as if he had spoke in Arabic or Irish. He was a middle-sized man, and stooped very much, though not above the age of forty; his face was frightfully pitted with the small-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. He was dressed in a night-gown of plaid, fastened about his middle with a serjeant's old sash, and a tie periwig, with a fore-top three inches high, in the fashion of King Charles the Second's reign.

After he had received Strap, who was related to him, very courteously, he inquired of him who I was; and, being informed, took me by the hand, telling me he was at school with my father. When he understood my situation, he assured me that he would do me all the service in his power, both by his advice and otherwise; and, while he spoke these words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me several times, and muttering, "O Christ! O Christ! fat a saight is here?" I soon guessed the reason of his ejaculation, and said, "I suppose, sir, you are not pleased with my dress."—"Dress," answered he, "you may caal it fat you please in your country, but I vaw to Gad, 'tis a masquerade here. No christian will admit such a figure into his hawse. Upon my conscience! I wonder the dogs did not hunt you. Did you pass through St James's market? God bless my eye-saight! you look like a cousin-german of Ouran Outang."—I began to be a little serious at this discourse, and asked him, if he thought I should obtain entrance to-morrow at the house of Mr Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended for an introduction into business. "Mr Cringer? Mr Cringer," replied he, scratching his cheek, "may be a very honest gentleman—I know nothing to the contrary; but is your sole dependance upon him? Who recommended you to him?" I pulled out Mr Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes; at which he stared at me, and repeated, "Christ!" I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would assist me with his advice, which he promised to give me frankly; and, as a specimen, directed us to a periwig warehouse in the neighbourhood, in order to be accommodated; laying strong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr Cringer till I had parted with these carroty locks, which, he said, were sufficient to beget an anti-

pathy against me in all mankind. And, as we were going to pursue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be sure to deliver my letter into Mr Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who, it seems, had assured him, he would, in a day or two, provide for him with some good master; "And now," says he, "you shall see how I will fit you with a wig. There's ne'er a barber in London, and that's a bold word, can palm a rotten caul, or a pennyweight of dead hair upon me." And, indeed, this zealous adherent did wrangle so long with the merchant, that he was desired twenty times to leave the shop, and see if he could get one cheaper elsewhere. At length I made choice of a good handsome bob, for which I paid ten shillings, and returned to our lodging, where Strap in a moment rid me of that hair which had given the schoolmaster so much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr Cringer gave audience by candle-light to all his dependents, he himself being obliged to attend the levee of my Lord Terrier at break of day; because his lordship made one at the Minister's between eight and nine o'clock. When we came to Mr Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an instance of his politeness, ran to the knocker, which he employed so loud and so long, that he alarmed the whole street; and a window opening in the second story of the next house, a chamber-pot was discharged upon him so successfully, that the poor barber was wet to the skin, while I, being luckily at some distance, escaped the unsavoury deluge. In the meantime, a footman opening the door, and seeing nobody in the street but us, asked, with a stern countenance, if it was I who made such a damned noise, and what I wanted? I told him I had business with his master, whom I desired to see. Upon which he clapped

the door in my face, telling me, I must learn better manners before I could have access to his master. Vexed at this disappointment, I turned my resentment against Strap, whom I sharply reprimanded for his presumption; but he, not in the least regarding what I said, wrung the urine out of his periwig, and, lifting up a large stone, flung it with such force against the street door of that house from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could. Indeed there was no time for deliberation; I therefore pursued him with all the speed I could exert, until we found ourselves, about the dawn, in a street we did not know. Here, as we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent sort of a man passing by me, stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned, and presented it to me, with these words: "Sir, you have dropt half a crown." I was not a little surprised at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me; but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe. Upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town), and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas seven shillings and twopence, assured him I had lost nothing. "Well then," says he, "so much the better — this is God-send; and, as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me." I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integrity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "you are too modest—I see you are strangers; but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet this cold raw morning." I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whispered to me, that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied.

"Where shall we go?" said the stranger, "I am quite ignorant of this part of the town." I informed him, that we were in the same situation. Upon which he proposed to go into the first public-house we should find open; and, as we walked together, he began in this manner: "I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen. My grandmother by the father's side was of your country, and I am so prepossessed in its favour, that I never meet a Scotchman but my heart warms. The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago. There's your Douglasses, Gordons, Campbells, Hamiltons. We have no such ancient families here in England. Then you are all very well educated. I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew, as well as if they had been his mother tongue. And, for honesty, I once had a servant, his name was Gregory Macgregor, I would have trusted him with untold gold."—This eulogium on my native country, gained my affection so strongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author; and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a public house, which we entered, and found a man sitting by the fire, smoking a pipe, with a pint of purl before him. Our new acquaintance asked us, if ever we had drank egg flip? To which question we answering in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily; the conversation (which was introduced by the gentleman) turning upon the snares that young unexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis. He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary;

and warned us of them with so much good nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the cann about for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person; and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake. "Suppose," said he, "we should take a hand at whist for pastime. But let me see, that won't do, there's only three of us; and I cannot play at any other game. The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep." Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend; and, knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, "I wish we could find a fourth hand." While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance overhearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus: "Gentlemen, my pipe is out you see," shaking the ashes into the fire, "and rather than you should be baulked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle; but remember I won't play for anything of consequence." We accepted his proffer with pleasure; having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him against our friend and Strap, for three-pence a game. We were so successful, that, in a short time, I was half a crown gainer; when the gentleman whom we had met in the street observing he had no luck to-day, proposed to leave off, or change partners. By this time I was inflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two strangers played but indifferently; therefore, I voted for giving him his revenge, and, cutting again, Strap and I (to our mutual satisfaction) happened to be partners. My good fortune

attended me still, and in less than an hour we had got thirty shillings of their money; for, as they lost, they grew the keener, and doubled stakes every time. At last the inconstant goddess began to veer about, and we were very soon stripped of all our gains, and about forty shillings of our own money. This loss mortified me extremely, and had a visible effect on the muscles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace; but our antagonists perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loss, and console ourselves with a new acquisition. Then my companion wisely suggested it was time to be gone; upon which the person who had joined us in the house began to curse the cards, and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our success being owing to our good play. This insinuation nettled me so much, that I challenged him to a game of piquet for a crown; and he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the invitation. This contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a sixpence. The gentleman, at whose request we had come in, perceiving by my disconsolate looks the situation of my heart, which well nigh bursted with grief and resentment, when the other stranger got up, and went away with my money, began in this manner: "I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it, was it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? It is always a maxim with gamesters to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about. You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous; you must learn to govern them better. However, there is no experience like that which is bought; you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live. As for

the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him. Did not you observe me tip you the wink to leave off in time?"—I answered, No.—"No," continued he, "you was too eager to mind anything but the game.—But, harkee," said he, in a whisper, "are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious; but I may be mistaken; he made a great many grimaces while he stood behind you; this is a very wicked town." I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss. "O ho! if that be the case, I ask his pardon.—Landlord, see what's to pay?" The reckoning amounted to eighteen pence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and, saying he should be very glad to see us again, departed.

CHAPTER XV

Strap Moralizes—Presents his Purse to me—We inform our Landlord of my Misfortune—He unravels the Mystery—I present myself to Cringer—He recommends and turns me over to Mr Staytape—I become Acquainted with a fellow Dependant, who explains the characters of Cringer and Staytape—And informs me of the method to be pursued at the Navy-office and Surgeons Hall—Strap is employed

In our way to our lodging, after a profound silence on both sides, Strap, with a hideous groan, observed, that we had brought our pigs to a fine market. To this observation I made no reply, and he went on: "God send us well out of this place; we have not been in London eight and forty hours, and I believe we have met with eight and forty thousand misfortunes—We have been jeered, reproached, buffeted, pissed upon, and at last stripped of our money; and, I suppose, by and by, we shall be stripped of our skins. Indeed, as to the money part of it, that was owing to our own folly; Solomon says, 'Bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise.' Ah! God help us, an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of gold." This was no time for him to tamper with my disposition, already mad with my loss, and inflamed with resentment against him for having refused me a little money to attempt to retrieve it. I therefore turned towards him with a stern countenance, and asked "who he called fool?" Being altogether unaccustomed to such looks from me, he stood still and stared in my face for some time; then, with some confusion, uttered, "Fool! I called nobody fool but myself; I am sure I am

the greatest fool of the two, for being so much concerned at other people's misfortunes: but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—that's all—that's all." Upon which a silence ensued that brought us to our lodging, where I threw myself upon the bed in an agony of despair, resolved to perish rather than apply to my companion or any other body for relief; but Strap, who knew my temper, and whose heart bled within him at my distress, after some pause came to the bedside, and, putting a leathern purse into my hand, burst into tears, crying, "I know what you think; but I scorn your thoughts. There's all I have in the world; take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that be done. If not, I'll beg for you, steal for you, go through the wide world with you, and starve with you; for though I be a poor cobler's son, I am no scout."—I was so touched with the generous passion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping also, and we mingled our tears together for some time. Upon examining the purse, I found in it two half guineas and half a crown, which I would have returned to him, saying, he knew better than I how to manage it; but he absolutely refused my proposal, and told me, it was more reasonable and decent that he should depend upon me who was a gentleman, than that I should be controuled by him.

After this friendly contest was over, and our minds more at ease, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced. He no sooner heard the story, than he assured us we had been grievously imposed upon by a couple of sharpers, who were associates; and that this polite, honest, friendly, humane person, who had treated us so civilly, was no other than a rascally money-dropper, who made it his business to decoy strangers in that manner to one of his own

haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to assist in pillaging the prey he had run down. Here the good man recounted a great many stories of people who had been seduced, cheated, pilfered, beat, nay, even murdered, by such villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedness of mankind, and Strap, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from such scenes of iniquity; for surely the devil had set up his throne in London. Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars; at which he shook his head, and told us, we had not gone the right way to work; that there was nothing to be done with a member of parliament without a bribe; that the servant was commonly infected with the master's disease, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters. He therefore advised me to give the footman a shilling the next time I should desire admittance to my patron, or else I should scarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly, next morning, when the door was opened, I slipt a shilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter for his master. I found the good effects of my liberality; for the fellow let me in immediately, and taking the letter out of my hand, desired me to wait in a kind of passage for an answer. In this place I continued standing for three quarters of an hour, during which time I saw a great many young fellows, whom I formerly knew in Scotland, pass and repass, with an air of familiarity, in their way to and from the audience chamber; while I was fain to stand shivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowness of my condition. At length Mr Cringer came out to see a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than Squire Gawky, dressed in a very gay suit of clothes. At parting, Mr

Cringer shook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleasure of his company at dinner. Then turning about towards me, asked what were my commands? When he understood I was the person who had brought the letter from Mr Crab, he affected to recollect my name, which however he pretended he could not do, till he had consulted the letter again; to save him that trouble, I told him my name was Random. Upon which he went on, "Ay, ay, Random, Random, Random—I think I remember the name"; and very well he might, for this very individual Mr Cringer had many a time rode before my grandfather's cloak-bag, in quality of a footman.—"Well," says he, "you propose to go on board a man of war, as surgeon's mate." I replied by a low bow. "I believe it will be a difficult matter," continued he, "to procure a warrant, there being already such a swarm of Scotch surgeons at the Navy-office, in expectation of the next vacancy, that the commissioners are afraid of being torn to pieces, and have actually applied for a guard to protect them. However, some ships will soon be put in commission, and then we shall see what's to be done." So saying, he left me, exceedingly mortified at the different reception Mr Gawky and I had met with from this upstart, proud, mean member, who, I imagined, would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligations he owed to my family.

At my return, I was surprised with the agreeable news of Strap's being employed, on the recommendation of his friend the schoolmaster, by a periwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five shillings per week, besides bed and board. I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levee of Mr Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profession, who also depended on the member's interest; but was treated

with much more respect than I, both by the servants and master, and often admitted into a parlour, where there was a fire, for the convenience of the better sort of those who waited for him. Thither I was never permitted to penetrate on account of my appearance, which was not at all fashionable, but was obliged to stand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the first opportunity of Mr Cringer's going to the door to speak with him. One day, while I enjoyed this occasion, a person was introduced, whom Mr Cringer no sooner saw, than, running towards him, he saluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards shaking him by the hand with great heartiness and familiarity, called him his good friend, and asked very kindly after Mrs Staytape, and the young ladies; then, after a whisper which continued some minutes, wherein I overheard the word *honour* repeated several times with great emphasis, Mr Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a person whose advice and assistance I might depend upon; and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me, I need not give myself the trouble to call at his house any more, for Mr Staytape would do my business. At that instant my fellow-dependent coming out after me, overheard the discourse of Mr Cringer, and making up to me in the street, accosted me very civilly. This address I looked upon as no small honour, considering the figure he made; for he was dressed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, silver buckles, a gold-laced hat, a Spencer wig, and a silver-hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane in his hand. "I perceive," says he, "you are but lately come from Scotland; pray what may your business with Mr Cringer be? I suppose it is no secret—and I may possibly give you some advice that may be serviceable; for I have been surgeon's

second mate on board of a seventy-gun ship, and consequently know a good deal of the world." I made no scruple to disclose my situation, which when he had learned, he shook his head, and told me he had been pretty much in the same circumstances about a year ago; that he had relied on Cringer's promises, until his money (which was considerable), as well as his credit, was quite exhausted; and when he wrote to his relations for a fresh supply, instead of money, he received nothing but reproaches, and the epithets of idle debauched fellow: That, after he had waited at the Navy-office many months for a warrant to no purpose, he was fain to pawn some of his clothes, which raised a small sum, wherewith he bribed the secretary, who soon procured a warrant for him, notwithstanding he had affirmed the same day, that there was not one vacancy: That he had gone on board, where he remained nine months; at the end of which the ship was put out of commission; and he said the company were to be paid off in Broad-street the very next day: That his relations being reconciled to him, had charged him to pay his devoirs regularly to Mr Cringer, who had informed them by letter, that his interest alone had procured the warrant; in obedience to which command, he came to his levee every morning as I saw, though he looked upon him to be a very pitiful scoundrel. In conclusion, he asked me if I had yet passed at Surgeons Hall? To which question I answered, I did not so much as know it was necessary. "Necessary!" cried he, "O Lord, O Lord! I find I must instruct you—come along with me, and I'll give you some information about that matter." So saying, he carried me into an alehouse, where he called for some beer and bread and cheese, on which we breakfasted. While we sat in this place, he told me I must first go to the Navy-office, and write to the board, desiring them to order a letter for me to the

Surgeons Hall, that I may be examined touching my skill in surgery: That the surgeons, after having examined me, would give me my qualification sealed up in form of a letter directed to the commissioners, which qualification I must deliver to the secretary of the board, who would open it in my presence, and read the contents. After which I must employ my interest to be provided for as soon as possible. That the expence of this qualification, for second mate of a third rate, amounted to thirteen shillings, exclusive of the warrant, which cost him half-a-guinea and half-a-crown, besides the present to the secretary, which consisted of a three-pound-twelve piece. This calculation was like a thunderbolt to me, whose whole fortune did not amount to twelve shillings. I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my distress, after having thanked him for his information and advice. He condoled me on this occasion; but bade me be of good cheer, for he had conceived a friendship for me, and would make all things easy. He was run out at present, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a considerable sum, of which he would lend me what would be sufficient to answer my exigencies. This frank declaration pleased me so much, that I pulled out my purse, and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleased for pocket expence, until he should receive his own money. With a good deal of pressing he was prevailed upon to take five shillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city; but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I should go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myself, without a servile dependence on that rascal Cringer, much less on the lousy tailor to whom I heard him turn you over. "How," cried I, "is Mr Staytape a

tailor?"—"Not less, I'll assure you," answered he; "and, I confess, more likely to serve you than the member; for, provided you can entertain him with politics and conundrums, you may have credit with him for as many and as rich clothes as you please." I told him, I was utterly ignorant of both, and so incensed at Cringer's usage, that I would never set foot within his door again. After a good deal more conversation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet next day at the same place, in order to set out for the city. I went immediately to Strap, and related everything which had happened; but he did not at all approve of my being so forward to lend money to a stranger, especially as we had already been so much imposed upon by appearances. "However," said he, "if you are sure he is a Scotchman, I believe you are safe."

CHAPTER XVI

My new Acquaintance breaks an Appointment—I proceed by myself to the Navy-office—Address myself to a Person there, who assists me with his Advice—Write to the Board—They grant me a letter to the Surgeons at the Hall—Am informed of the Beau's name and character—Find him—He makes me his Confident in an amour—Desires me to Pawn my Linen for his occasions—I recover what I lent him—Some curious Observations of Strap on that occasion—His Vanity

In the morning I rose and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain; and was so exasperated against him for breaking his appointment, that I set out for the city by myself, in hopes of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promise. At length I found myself at the Navy-office, which I entered, and saw crowds of young fellows walking below, many of whom made no better appearance than myself. I consulted the physiognomy of each, and at last made up to one whose countenance I liked; and asked, if he could instruct me in the form of the letter which was to be sent to the board, to obtain an order for examination: He answered me in broad Scotch, that he would shew me the copy of what he had writ for himself, by the direction of another who knew the form; and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my perusal; and told me, that, if I was expeditious, I might send it in to the board before dinner, for they did no business in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffee-house hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately

delivered to the messenger, who told me I might expect an order to-morrow about the same time. Having transacted this piece of business, my mind was a good deal composed; and as I met with so much civility from this stranger, I desired further acquaintance with him, fully resolved, however, not to be deceived by him so much to my prejudice as I had been by the beau. He agreed to dine with me at the cook's shop which I frequented; and on our way thither, carried me to 'Change, where I was in some hopes of finding Mr Jackson (for that was the name of the person who had broke his appointment). I sought him there to no purpose, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me: Upon which, he gave me to understand, that he was no stranger to the name of Beau Jackson, (so he was called at the Navy-office), although he did not know him personally; that he had the character of a good-natured careless fellow, who made no scruple of borrowing from anybody that would lend; that most people who knew him believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was such, he would probably never have it in his power to manifest the honesty of his intention. This account made me sweat for my five shillings, which I nevertheless did not altogether despair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor. This young man likewise added another circumstance of Squire Jackson's history, which was, that being destitute of all means to equip himself for sea, when he received his last warrant, he had been recommended to a person who lent him a little money, after he had signed a will and power, entitling that person to lift his wages when they should become due, as also to inherit his effects in case of his death. That he was still under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advanced him small sums from time to time

upon his security, at the rate of 50 per cent. But at present his credit was very low, because his funds would do little more than pay what he had already received, this moderate interest included.

After the stranger, whose name was Thomson, had entertained me with this account of Jackson, he informed me that he himself had passed for third mate of a third-rate, about four months ago; since which time, he had constantly attended at the Navy-office in hope of a warrant, having been assured from the beginning, both by a Scotch member and one of the commissioners to whom the member recommended him, that he should be put into the first vacancy; notwithstanding which promise, he had the mortification to see six or seven appointed to the same station almost every week; that now being utterly impoverished, his sole hope consisted in the promise of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a small matter, for a present to the secretary, without which he was persuaded he might wait a thousand years to no purpose. I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which, I believe, proceeded from the similitude of our fortunes. We spent the whole day together; and, as he lived at Wapping, I desired him to take a share of my bed. Next day we returned to the Navy-office, where, after being called before the board, and questioned about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half-a-crown to the clerk, I received, and delivered into the hands of the clerk at Surgeons Hall, together with a shilling for his trouble in registering my name. By this time my whole stock was diminished to two shillings, and I saw not the least prospect of relief, even for present subsistence, much less to enable me to pay the fees at Surgeons Hall for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight. In this state of

perplexity, I consulted Strap, who assured me he would pawn every thing he had in the world, even to his razors, before I should want: But this expedient I absolutely rejected, telling him, I would a thousand times rather list for a soldier, of which I had some thoughts, than be any longer a burden to him. At the word soldier, he grew pale as death, and begged, on his knees, I would think no more of that scheme. "God preserve us all in our right wits!" cried he, "would you turn soldier, and perhaps be sent abroad against the Spaniards, where you must stand and be shot at like a woodcock? Heaven keep cold lead out of my carcase! and let me die in a bed like a Christian, as all my forefathers have done. What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? And, in the next, there is no respect of persons. Better be a poor honest barber with a good conscience, and time to repent of my sins upon my death-bed, than be cut off, God bless us, by a musket-shot, as it were in the very flower of one's age, in the pursuit of riches and fame. What signify riches, my dear friend! do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith; and does not Horace observe, *Non domus aut fundus, non æris acervus aut auri ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas.* I could moreover mention many other sayings in contempt of riches, both from the Bible and other good books; but, as I know you are not very fond of those things, I shall only assure you, that, if you take on to be a soldier, I will do the same; and then, if we should both be slain, you will not only have your own blood to answer for, but mine also; and, peradventure, the lives of all those whom we shall kill in battle. Therefore, I pray you, consider whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings; or, by your

despair, plunge both our souls and bodies into everlasting perdition, which God of his infinite mercy forbid."

I could not help smiling at this harangue, which was delivered with great earnestness, the tears standing in his eyes all the time; and promised to do nothing of that sort without his consent and concurrence. He was much comforted with this declaration; and told me in a few days he should receive a week's wages, which should be at my service; but advised me, in the meantime, to go in quest of Jackson, and recover, if possible, what he had borrowed of me. I accordingly trudged about from one end of the town to the other for several days, without being able to learn any thing certain concerning him: And, one day, being extremely hungry and allured by the steams that regaled my nostrils from a boiling cellar, I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with two pennyworth of beef, when, to my no small surprise, I found Mr Jackson sitting at dinner with a footman. He no sooner perceived me than he got up, and shook me by the hand, saying, "He was glad to see me, for he intended to have called at my lodgings in the afternoon." I was so well pleased with this rencounter, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my resentment, and sat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recovering my own money before we should part, but also of reaping the benefit of his promise to lend me wherewithal to pass examination; and this hope my sanguine complection suggested, though the account Thomson gave me of him ought to have moderated my expectation. When we had feasted sumptuously, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an alehouse hard by, where, after shaking me by the hand again, he began thus:—"I suppose you think me a

sad dog, Mr Random, and I do confess that appearances are against me. But I dare say you will forgive me, when I tell you, my not coming at the time appointed was owing to a peremptory message I received from a certain lady, whom, hark'ee (but this is a great secret,) I am to marry very soon. You think this strange, perhaps, but it is not less true for all that—a five thousand pounder, I'll assure you, besides expectations. For my own part, devil take me if I know what any woman can see engaging about me—but a whim, you know; and then one would not baulk one's good fortune. You saw that footman who dined with us—he's one of the honestest fellows that ever wore a livery. You must know, it was by his means I was introduced to her, for he made me first acquainted with her woman, who is his mistress; ay, many a crown has he and his sweetheart had of my money; but what of that? things are now brought to a bearing. I have—come a little this way—I have proposed marriage, and the day is fixed; she's a charming creature! writes like an angel. O Lord! she can repeat all the English tragedies as well as e'er a player in Drury-Lane! and indeed is so fond of plays, that, to be near the stage, she has taken lodgings in a court hard by the theatre. But you shall see—you shall see—here's the last letter she sent me." With these words, he put it into my hand, and I read (to the best of my remembrance) as follows:

"Deer Kreeter,

"As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my keymerycal fansee, when Murfy sends his puppies to the heys of slipping mortals; and when Febus shines from his merrydying throne; where upon, I shall conseeif old whorie time has lost his pinners, as also Cupid his

harrows, until thou enjoy sweet propose in the loafseek harms of thy faithfool to commend,

"CLAYRENDER."

"Wingar-yeard, Droory-Lane,
"January 12th."

While I was reading, he seemed to be in an ecstasy, rubbing his hands and bursting out into fits of laughter; at last he caught hold of my hand, and, squeezing it, cried, "There is style for you; what do you think of this billet-doux?" I answered, "It might be sublime for aught I knew! for it was altogether above my comprehension."—"O ho!" said he; "I believe it is both tender and sublime—she's a divine creature!—and so doats upon me! Let me see, what shall I do with this money, when I have once got it into my hands? In the first place, I shall do for you—I'm a man of few words; but, say no more, that's determined. Whether would you advise me to purchase some post, by which I may rise in the state; or lay out my wife's fortune in land, and retire to the country at once?"—I gave my opinion, without hesitation, that he could not do better than buy an estate and improve; especially since he had already seen so much of the world. Then I launched out into the praises of a country life, as described by the poets whose works I had read. He seemed to relish my advice, but withal told me that, although he had seen a great deal of the world both by land and sea, having cruized three whole months in the Channel, yet he should not be satisfied until he had visited France, which he proposed to do before he should settle; and to carry his wife along with him. I had nothing to object to his proposal; and asked how soon he hoped to be happy? "As to that," he replied, "nothing obstructs my happiness, but the want of a little ready cash; for

you must know, my friend in the city has gone out of town for a week or two; and I unfortunately missed my pay at Broad-street, by being detained too long by the dear charmer; but there will be a recal at Chatham next week, whither the ship's books are sent, and I have commissioned a friend in that place to receive the money."—"If that be all," said I, "there's no great harm in deferring your marriage a few days."—"Yes, faith! but there is," said he; "you don't know how many rivals I have, who would take all advantages against me. I would not baulk the impatience of her passion for the world; the least appearance of coldness and indifference would ruin all; and such offers don't occur every day." I acquiesced in this observation, and inquired how he intended to proceed. At this question, he rubbed his chin, and said, "Why, truly, I must be obliged to some friend or other—do you know nobody that would lend me a small sum for a day or two?"—I assured him, I was such an utter stranger in London, that I did not believe I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it. "No!" said he, "that's hard—that's hard. I wish I had any thing to pawn; upon my soul, you have got excellent linen (feeling the sleeve of my shirt); how many shirts of that kind have you got?"—I answered, "Six ruffled and six plain."—At which he testified great surprise, and swore that no gentleman ought to have more than four. "How many d'ye think I have got?" continued he; "but this and another, as I hope to be saved! I dare say we shall be able to raise a good sum out of your superfluity—let me see—let me see—each of these shirts are worth sixteen shillings at a moderate computation; now, suppose we pawn them for half-price, eight times eight is sixty-four, that's three pounds four; zounds! that will do; give me your hand."—"Softly, softly, Mr Jackson," said I; "don't dispose of

my linen without my consent; first pay me the crown you owe me, and then we shall talk of other matters."—He protested he had not above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out of the first of the money raised from the shirts.—This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him; and, as for the shirts, I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows. At this expression, he laughed aloud, and then complained it was damn'd hard, that I should refuse him a trifle that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also. "You talk of pawning my shirts," said I, "suppose you should sell this hanger, Mr Jackson? I believe it would fetch a good round sum."—"No, hang it," said he, "I can't appear decently without my hanger, or egad it should go."—However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and, shewing me the sign of the three blue balls, desired me to carry it thither, and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise; but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should perhaps ever have, I ventured into a pawnbroker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams. "Two guineas!" said the pawnbroker, looking at the hanger, "this piece of goods has been here several times before for thirty shillings; however, since I believe the gentleman to whom it belongs will redeem it, he shall have what he wants." And accordingly, he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and, calling for Jackson, counted out to him seven and thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself. After looking at the

money some time, he said, "Damn it! it don't signify—this won't do my business; so you may as well take half a guinea, or a whole one, as the five shillings you have kept."—I thanked him kindly; but I refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration, he stared in my face, and told me, I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner. "Blood," cried he, "I have a very bad opinion of a young fellow who won't borrow from his friend when he is in want; 'tis the sign of a sneaking spirit. Come, come, Random, give me back the five shillings, and take this half guinea, and if ever you are able to pay me, I believe you will; if not, damn me if ever I ask it."—When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded; and, after making my acknowledgments to Mr Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning; and at night imparted my day's adventures to Strap, who rejoiced at my good luck, saying, "I told you, if he was a Scotchman, you was safe enough; and who knows but this marriage may make us all? You have heard, I suppose, as how a countryman of ours, a journeyman baker, ran away with a great lady of this town, and now keeps his coach. Ecod! I say nothing; but yesterday morning, as I was shaving a gentleman at his own house, there was a young lady in the room—a fine buxom wench, i'faith! and she threw so many sheep's eyes at a certain person, whom I shall not name, that my heart went knock, knock, knock, like a fulling-mill, and my hand sh—sh—shook so much, that I sliced a piece of skin off the gentleman's nose: Whereby he swore a deadly oath, and was going to horsewhip me, when she prevented him, and made my peace. *Omen haud malum!* Is not a journeyman barber as good as a

journeyman baker? The only difference is, the baker uses flour for the belly, and the barber uses it for the head; and, as the head is a more noble member than the belly, so is a barber more noble than a baker; for what's the belly without the head? Besides, I am told he could neither read nor write; now you know I can do both, and, moreover, speak Latin: But I will say no more, for I despise vanity; nothing is more vain than vanity."—With these words he pulled out of his pocket a wax candle's end, which he applied to his forehead; and, upon examination, I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was, indeed, in his whole dress, become a very smart shaver. I congratulated him on his prospect with a satirical smile, which he understood well; and, shaking his head, observed I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in spite of my incredulity.

CHAPTER XVII

I go to Surgeons Hall, where I meet with Mr Jackson—Am examined—A fierce Dispute arises between two of the Examiners—Jackson Disguises himself to attract respect—Is detected—In hazard of being sent to Bridewell—He treats us at a Tavern—Carries us to a Night-house—A troublesome Adventure there—We are Committed to the Round-house — Carried before a Justice — His Behaviour

With the assistance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almost all the money he earned, I preserved my half guinea entire till the day of examination, when I went with a quaking heart to Surgeons Hall, in order to undergo that ceremony. Among a crowd of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr Jackson, to whom I immediately went up, and inquiring into the state of his amour, understood it was still undetermined by reason of his friend's absence, and the delay of the recall at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a conclusion. I then asked what his business was in this place; he replied, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow, that in case the one failed he might use the other; and, with this view, he was to pass that night for a higher qualification. At that instant a young fellow came out from the place of examination with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared, than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness, to know what reception he had met with;

which after some pause, he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot. At length the beadle called my name, with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet: However, there was no remedy: I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table; one of whom bade me come forward in such an imperious tone, that I was actually for a minute or two bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was, "Where was you born?" To which I answered, "In Scotland."—"In Scotland," said he, "I know that very well; we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here; you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt: I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?"—I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the term of my apprenticeship; and when I informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion; swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons; that it was a great presumption in me, and an affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least; that my friends would have done better if they had made me a weaver or shoemaker, but their pride would have me a gentleman, he supposed, at any rate, and their poverty could not afford the necessary education. This exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but, on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was

scarce able to stand; which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me, with a skull before him, he said, Mr Snarler was too severe upon the young man; and, turning towards me, told me, I need not be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm: then bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well satisfied with my answers. The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen amputation performed; and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head, and said, "What! upon a dead subject, I suppose?—If," continued he, "during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?" After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed for such an accident, in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer, or the archness of the question, I know not, but every member at the board deigned to smile except Mr Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risibile* in his constitution. The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus: "Suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit, who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, "I would bleed him immediately." —"What," said he, "before you had tied up his arm?" But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him; and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers; which he heard to an end, and then said, with a supercilious smile, "So you think by

such treatment the patient might recover?"—I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. "That may be," resumed he, "I won't answer for your foresight; but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I acknowledged I did not; and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine; but he stopped me, by saying, with some precipitation, "Nor never will: I affirm, that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal."—"Pardon me, brother," says the fat gentleman, "there is very good authority"—Here he was interrupted by the other, with "Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nullius in verba.* I stand upon my own bottom."—"But, sir, sir," replied his antagonist, "the reason of the thing shews"—"A fig for reason," cried this sufficient member, "I laugh at reason, give me ocular demonstration." The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm, and observed, that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This inuendo enraged the other so much that he started up, and in a furious tone, exclaimed, "What, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?" By this time, all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together, when the chairman commanded silence, and ordered me to withdraw. In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualifications sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half guinea upon the table, and stood some time, until one of them bade me begone; to this, I replied, "I will, when I have got my change," upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying, I should not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadles, and a shilling to an old woman who swept

the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen pence halfpenny, with which I was sneaking off, when Jackson perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town, as soon as his examination should be over. I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend; but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie-wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dust-man; his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted, and fixed in the button-hole of a shabby great-coat that wrapped up his whole body; his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose; and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles, and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me, it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage; for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect. I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behaviour was not suitable to his figure, I know not; he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to Bridewell. So that instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance, and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion; when he called with a lamentable

voice and piteous aspect to me, and some others who knew him, "For God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual John Jackson, who served as surgeon's second mate on board the Elizabeth, or else I shall go to Bridewell." It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have refrained from laughing at his appearance and address; we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expence, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and in a few moments resumed his former gaiety; swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends; at the same time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and, as I had a great way to walk through streets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accompany me to my lodgings, according to his promise. He conducted us to his friend's house, who kept a tavern over the way, where we continued drinking punch, until the liquor mounted up to our heads, and made us all extremely frolicsome: I in particular was so much elevated, that nothing would serve me but a wench; at which demand Jackson expressed much joy, and assured me I should have my desire before we parted. Accordingly, when he had paid the reckoning, we sallied out, roaring and singing; and were conducted by our leader to a place of nocturnal entertainment, where I immediately attached myself to a fair one, with whom I proposed to spend the remaining part of the night; but she not relishing my appearance, refused to grant my request before I should have made her an acknowledgment; which not suiting with my circumstances, we broke off our correspondence,

to my no small mortification and resentment, because I thought the mercenary creature had not done justice to my merit. In the mean time, Mr Jackson's dress had attracted the inclinations and assiduities of two or three nymphs, who loaded him with caresses, in return for the arrack punch with which he treated them; till at length, notwithstanding the sprightly sallies of those charmers, sleep began to exert his power over us all; and our conductor called, "To pay." When the bill was brought, which amounted to twelve shillings, he put his hand in his pocket, but might have saved himself the trouble, for his purse was gone. This accident disconcerted him a good deal at first; but, after some recollection, he seized the two Dulcineas who sat by him, one in each hand, and swore, if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them. The good lady at the bar, seeing what passed, whispered something to the drawer, who went out; and then, with great composure, asked what was the matter? Jackson told her he was robbed, and swore, if she refused him satisfaction, he would have her and her whores committed to Bridewell. "Robbed," cries she, "robbed in my house! Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, this person has scandalized my reputation." At that instant seeing the constable and watch enter, she proceeded, "What! you must not only endeavour by your false aspersions to ruin my character, but even commit an assault upon my family!—Mr Constable, I charge you with this uncivil person, who has been guilty of a riot here; I shall take care and bring an action against him for defamation." While I was reflecting on this melancholy event, which had made me quite sober, the lady whose favours I had solicited, being piqued at some repartee that passed between us, cried, "They are all concerned"; and desired the constable to take us all

into custody, an arrest which was performed instantly, to the utter astonishment and despair of us all, except Jackson, who, having been often in such scrapes, was very little concerned, and charged the constable in his turn with the landlady and her whole bevy: Upon which we were carried all together prisoners to the Round-house; where Jackson (after a word of comfort to us) informed the constable of his being robbed, to which he said he would swear next morning before the justice. "Ay, ay," says the bawd, "we shall see whose oath will most signify." In a little time the constable calling Jackson into another room, spoke to him thus: "I perceive that you and your company are strangers, and am very sorry for your being involved in such an ugly business. I have known this woman a great while; she has kept a notorious house in the neighbourhood this many years; and, although often complained of as a nuisance, still escapes through her interest with the justices, to whom she and all of her employment pay contribution quarterly for protection. As she charged me with you first, her complaint will have the preference, and she can procure evidence to swear whatever she shall please to desire of them. So that, unless you can make it up before morning, you and your companions may think yourselves happily quit for a month's hard labour in Bridewell. Nay, if she should swear a robbery or assault against you, you will be committed to Newgate, and tried next sessions at the Old Bailey for your life." This last piece of information had such an effect upon Jackson, that he agreed to make it up, provided his money might be restored. The constable told him, that, instead of retrieving what he had lost, he was pretty certain it would cost him some more before they would come to any composition. But, however, he had compassion on him, and would, if he pleased, sound

them about a mutual release. The unfortunate beau thanked him for his friendship, and returning to us, acquainted us with the substance of this dialogue; while the constable, desiring to speak in private with our adversary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cause so effectually, that she condescended to make him umpire: He accordingly proposed an arbitration, to which we gave our assent; and he fined each party in three shillings, to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animosities, to the inexpressible joy of my two late acquaintances and me, who had been in the state of the damned ever since Jackson mentioned Bridewell and Newgate. By the time we had finished our bowl, to which, by the bye, I had contributed my last shilling, it was morning; and I proposed to move homeward, when the constable gave me to understand, he could discharge no prisoners but by order of the justice, before whom we must appear. This renewed my chagrin, and I cursed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackson's invitation. About nine o'clock we were escorted to the house of a certain justice not many miles distant from Covent Garden; who no sooner saw the constable enter with a train of prisoners at his heels, than he saluted him as follows: "So, Mr Constable, you are a diligent man—What den of rogues have you been scouring?" Then looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued, "Ay, ay, thieves, I see—old offenders.—O your humble servant, Mrs Harridan! I suppose these fellows have been taken robbing your house—yes, yes, here's an old acquaintance of mine—you have used expedition," said he to me, "in returning from transportation; but we shall save you the trouble for the future—the surgeons will fetch you from your next transportation at their expence." I assured his worship he was mistaken in me, for he had never

seen me in his life before. To this declaration he replied, "How! you impudent rascal, dare you say so to my face? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by that northern accent which you have assumed? but it shan't avail you—you shall find me too far north for you.—Here, clerk, write this fellow's *mittimus*. His name is Patrick Gahagan." Here Mr Jackson interposed, and told him I was a Scotchman lately come to town, descended of a good family, and that my name was Random. The justice looked upon this assertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himself much; and strutting up to Jackson, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his sides, and said, "Who are you, sir? Do you give me the lie? Take notice, gentlemen, here's a fellow who affronts me upon the bench; but I'll lay you fast, sirrah, I will; for, notwithstanding your laced jacket, I believe you are a notorious felon." My friend was so much abashed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour, and remained speechless. This confusion his worship took for a symptom of guilt, and, to complete his discovery, continued his threats—"Now, I am convinced you are a thief—your face discovers it—you tremble all over—your conscience won't be still—you'll be hanged, sirrah," raising his voice, "you'll be hanged, and happy had it been for the world, as well as your own miserable soul, if you had been detected and cut off in the beginning of your career. Come hither, clerk, and take this man's confession." I was in an agony of consternation, when the constable going into another room with his worship, acquainted him with the truth of the story; which having learned, he returned with a smiling countenance, and addressing himself to us all, said it was always his way to terrify young people, when they came before him, that his threats might make

a strong impression on their minds, and deter them from engaging in scenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge. Thus having cloaked his own want of discernment under the disguise of paternal care, we were dismissed, and I found myself as much lightened as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast.

CHAPTER XVIII

I carry my qualification to the Navy-office—The Nature of it—The behaviour of the Secretary—Strap's concern for my Absence—A Battle between him and a Blacksmith—The troublesome consequence of it—His Harangue to me—His Friend the Schoolmaster recommends me to a French Apothecary, who entertains me as a Journeyman

I would willingly have gone home to sleep, but was told by my companions, that we must deliver our letters of qualification at the Navy-office before one o'clock; accordingly we went thither and gave them to the secretary, who opened and read them, and I was mightily pleased to find myself qualified for second mate of a third-rate. When he had stuck them altogether on a file, one of our company asked if there were any vacancies? to which interrogation he answered, No. Then I ventured to inquire if any ships were to be put in commission soon? At which question he surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt, and, pushing us out of his office, locked the door, without deigning us another word. We went down stairs and conferred together on our expectations, when I understood that each of them had been recommended to one or other of the commissioners, and each of them promised the first vacancy that should fall; but that none of them relied solely upon that interest, without a present to the secretary, with whom some of the commissioners went snacks. For which reason each of them had provided a small

purse, and I was asked, what I proposed to give? This was a vexatious question to me, who, far from being in a capacity to gratify a ravenous secretary, had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner. I therefore answered, I had not yet determined what to give, and sneaked off towards my own lodgings, cursing my fate all the way, and inveighing with much bitterness against the barbarity of my grandfather, and the sordid avarice of my relations, who left me a prey to contempt and indigence. Full of these disagreeable reflections, I arrived at the house where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account; for this honest man believed I had met with some dismal accident, and that he should never see me again. Strap, who had come to visit me in the morning, understanding I had been abroad all night, was almost distracted, and, after having obtained leave of his master, had gone in quest of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him, I had met an acquaintance at Surgeons Hall, with whom I spent the evening and night, but being very much infested with bugs, I had not slept much, and therefore intended to take a little repose; so saying, I went to bed, and desired to be awakened, if Strap should happen to come while I should be asleep. I was accordingly roused by my friend himself, who entered my chamber about three o'clock in the afternoon, and presented a figure to my eyes that I could scarce believe real. In short this affectionate shaver, setting out towards Surgeons Hall, had inquired for me there to no purpose; from thence he found his way to the Navy-office, where he could hear no tidings of me, because I was unknown to every body then present; he afterwards went upon 'Change, in hopes of seeing me upon the Scotch walk, but without success: At last, being almost

in despair of finding me, he resolved to ask every body he met in the street, if, perchance, any one could give him information about me, and actually put his resolution in practice, in spite of the scoffs, curses, and reproaches, with which he was answered, until a blacksmith's 'prentice, seeing him stop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his question, for which he received a hearty curse, called to him, and asked if the person he inquired after was not a Scotchman? Strap replied with great eagerness, "Yes, and had on a brown coat with long skirts."—"The same," said the blacksmith; "I saw him pass by an hour ago."—"Did you so?" cried Strap, rubbing his hands; "Odd! I am very glad of that; which way went he?"—"Towards Tyburn, in a cart," said he; "if you make good speed, you may get thither time enough to see him hanged." This piece of wit incensed my friend to such a degree, that he called the blacksmith scoundrel, and protested he would fight him for half a farthing. "No, no," said the other, stripping, "I'll have none of your money; you Scotchmen seldom carry any about you, but I'll fight you for love." There was a ring immediately formed by the mob, and Strap finding he could not get off honourably without fighting, at the same time burning with resentment against his adversary, quitted his clothes to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the side of Strap, who, in a few minutes, exhausted his breath and spirits on his patient antagonist, who sustained the assault with great coolness, till, finding the barber quite spent, he returned the blows he had lent him with such interest, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard stones, gave out, and allowed the blacksmith to be the better man. The victory being thus decided, it was proposed to adjourn to a cellar hard by, and drink friends. But when my friend began to

gather up his clothes, he perceived that some honest person or other had made free with his shirt, neckcloth, hat, and wig, which were carried off, and probably his coat and waistcoat would have met with the same fate, had they been worth stealing. It was in vain for him to make a noise, which only yielded mirth to the spectators; he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accomplished with much difficulty, and appeared before me all besmeared with blood and dirt. Notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his transport at finding me safe and sound, that he had almost stifled and stunk me to death with his embraces. After he had cleaned himself and put on one of my shirts, and a woollen night-cap, I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign, which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat, with great energy, an observation which was often in his mouth, namely, "that surely London is the devil's drawing-room." As neither of us had dined, he desired me to get up, and the milk-woman coming round at that instant, he went down stairs and brought up a quart, with a penny brick, on which we made a comfortable meal. He then shared his money with me, which amounted to eighteen pence, and left me with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his friend the schoolmaster.

He was no sooner gone, than I began to consider my situation with great uneasiness, and revolved all the schemes my imagination could suggest, in order to chuse and pursue some one that might procure me bread; for it is impossible to express the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miserable dependence in which I lived at the expence of a poor barber's boy. My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of succeeding at the Navy-office, I came to a resolution of enlisting in the Foot-Guards next day, be the event what it would. This extravagant design, by flattering my disposition,

gave great satisfaction, and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return interrupted my reverie. The schoolmaster had made him a present of the tye-wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whose brims would have overshadowed a Colossus. Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the dusk, he did not chuse to entertain the mob by day; therefore went to work immediately, and reduced them both to a moderate size. While he was employed in this office, he addressed me thus: "To be sure, Mr Random, you are born a gentleman, and have a great deal of learning, and indeed look like a gentleman; for as to person, you may hold up your head with the best of them. On the other hand, I am a poor but honest cobler's son; my mother was as industrious a woman as ever broke bread, till such time as she took to drinking, which you very well know—but every body has failings—*humanum est errare.* Now, for myself, I am a poor journeyman barber, tolerably well made, and understand some Latin, and have a smattering of Greek; but what of that? Perhaps I might also say that I know a little of the world, but that is to no purpose. Though you be gentle and I simple, it does not follow but that I, who am simple, may do a good office to you who are gentle. Now this is the case—my kinsman the schoolmaster—perhaps you do not know how nearly he is related to me—I'll satisfy you in that presently. His mother and my grandmother's sister's nephew—no, that's not it, my grandfather's brother's daughter—rabbit it! I have forgot the degree, but this I know, he and I are cousins seven times removed." My impatience to know the good office he had done me, got the better of my temper, and interrupted him at this place, with, "Damn your relations and pedigree! If the schoolmaster or you can be of any advantage to me, why

don't you tell me without all this preamble?" When I pronounced these words with some vehemence, Strap looked at me for some time with a grave countenance, and then went on:—"Surely our pedigree is not to be damn'd because it is not so noble as yours. I am very sorry to see such an alteration in your temper of late; you was always fiery, but now you are grown as crabbed as old Periwinkle the drunken tinker, on whom you and I (God forgive us) played so many unlucky tricks while we were at school. But I will no longer detain you in suspence, because, doubtless, nothing is more uneasy than doubt—*dubio, procul dubio, nil dubius.* My friend, or relation, or which you will, or both, the schoolmaster being informed of the regard I have for you—for, you may be sure, I did not fail to let him know your good qualities—by the bye, he has undertaken to teach you the pronunciation of the English tongue, without which, he says, you will be unfit for business in this country. I say, my relation has spoke in your behalf to a French apothecary who wants a journeyman; and, on his recommendation, you may have fifteen pounds per year, bed and board, whenever you please." I was too much interested in this piece of news to entertain it with indifference, but, jumping up, insisted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the house of his friend, that I might not lose this opportunity through the least delay or neglect on my part. We were informed that the schoolmaster was in company at a public house in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in question. When he was called to the door at our desire, and observed my impatience, he broke out into his usual term of admiration: "O Christ! I suppose, when you heard of this offer, you did not take leisure enough to come down stairs, but leapt out of the window; did you

overturn no porter nor oyster-woman in your way? It is a mercy of God you did not knock your brains out against some post in your career. O' my conscience! I believe, had I been in the inmost recesses of my habitation,—the very *penetraliæ*;—even in bed with my wife, your eagerness would have surmounted bolts, bars, decency, and every thing. The den of Cacus, or *Sanctum Sanctorum*, could not have hid me from you. But, come along, the gentleman of whom I spoke is in the house; I will present you to him forthwith." When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people smoking, one of whom the schoolmaster accosted thus: "Mr Lavement, here's the young man of whom I spoke to you." The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a forehead about an inch high, a nose turned up at the end, large cheek-bones, that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of loose skin hanging down on each side in wrinkles, like the alforjas of a baboon; and a mouth so accustomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a syllable without discovering the remains of his teeth, which consisted of four yellow fangs, not improperly, by anatomists, called *canine*. This person, I say, after having eyed me some time, said, "Oho, 'tis very well, Mons. Concordance; young man, you are ver welcome, take one coup of bierre, and come to mine house to-marrow morning; Mons. Concordance vil shew you de way." Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could hear him say, *Ma foy! c'est un beau garçon, c'est un galliard.* As I had, by my own application, while I served Crab, acquired the French tongue well enough to read authors written in that language, and understand any thing that occurred in conversation, I determined to pretend ignorance to my new master, that he and his family, whom I supposed to be of the

same country, not being on the reserve before me, might possibly discover something in discourse which would either yield me amusement or advantage. Next morning, Mr Concordance carried me to the apothecary's house, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately. But before I entered upon business, the schoolmaster recommended me to his tailor, who gave me credit for a suit of clothes, to be paid out of the first moiety of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day. He afterwards accommodated me with a new hat, on the same terms; so that, in a few days, I hoped to make a very fashionable appearance. In the mean time, Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back room up two pair of stairs, furnished with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamber-pot without a handle, a bottle by way of candlestick, and a triangular piece of glass instead of a mirror, the rest of its ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the servant of an Irish captain, who lodged in the first floor.

CHAPTER XIX

The Characters of Mr Lavement, his Wife, and Daughter—Some Anecdotes of the Family—The Mother and Daughter Rivals—I am guilty of a Mistake that gives me present Satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome Consequences

Next day, while I was at work in the shop, a bouncing damsel, well dressed, came in, on pretence of finding a vial for some use or other, and taking an opportunity, when she thought I did not mind her, of observing me narrowly, went away with a silent look of disdain. I easily guessed her sentiments, and my pride took the resolution of entertaining the same indifference and neglect towards her. At dinner, the maids, with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to understand that this was my master's only daughter, who would have a very handsome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made their addresses to her; that she had been twice on the brink of marriage, but disappointed by the stinginess of her father, who refused to part with a shilling to promote the match; for which reason the young lady did not behave to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected; in particular, she harboured the most perfect hatred for his countrymen, in which disposition she resembled her mother, who was an Englishwoman; and by the hints they dropped, I learned the grey mare was the better horse; that she was a matron of a high spirit, which was often manifested at the expence of her de-

pendents; that she loved diversions, and looked upon Miss as her rival in all parties, which indeed was the true cause of her disappointments; for, had the mother been hearty in her interest, the father would not have ventured to refuse her demands. Over and above this intelligence, I of myself soon made more discoveries: Mr Lavement's significant grins at his wife, while she looked another way, convinced me that he was not at all content with his lot; and his behaviour in presence of the captain made me believe his chief torment was jealousy. As for my own part, I was considered in no other light than that of a menial servant, and had been already six days in the house without being honoured with one word from either mother or daughter, the latter (as I understood from the maids) having at table one day expressed some surprise that her papa should entertain such an awkward, mean-looking journeyman. I was nettled at this piece of information, and next Sunday (it being my turn to take my diversion) dressed myself in my new clothes to the greatest advantage, and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure. After having spent most part of the day in company with Strap and some of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by Miss, who, not knowing me, dropped a low curtsey as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and shut the door. By the time I had turned about, she had perceived her mistake, and changed colour, but did not withdraw. The passage being narrow, I could not get away without jostling her; so I was forced to remain where I was, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and my face glowing with blushes. At length her vanity coming to her assistance, she went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word, "Creature." From this day forward, she came into the shop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice

so many ridiculous airs, that I could easily perceive her opinion of me was changed, and that she did not think me altogether an unworthy conquest. But my heart was so steeled against her charms by pride and resentment, which were two chief ingredients in my disposition, that I remained insensible to all her arts; and, notwithstanding some advances she made, could not be prevailed upon to yield her the least attention. This neglect soon banished all the favourable impression she felt for me, and the rage of a slighted woman took place in her heart; this she manifested not only in all the suggestions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but also in procuring for me such servile employments as she hoped would sufficiently humble my spirit. One day, in particular, she ordered me to brush my master's coat, but I refusing, a smart dialogue ensued, which ended in her bursting into tears of rage; when her mother interposing, and examining into the merits of the cause, determined it in my favour; and this good office I owed not to any esteem or consideration she had for me, but solely to the desire of mortifying her daughter, who, on this occasion observed, "that let people be never so much in the right, there were some folks who would never do them justice; but to be sure they had their reasons for it, which some people were not ignorant of, although they despised their little arts." This insinuation of *some people* and *some folks*, put me upon observing the behaviour of my mistress more narrowly for the future; and it was not long before I had reason to believe that she looked upon her daughter as a rival in the affections of Captain O'Donnell, who lodged in the house. In the mean time, my industry and knowledge gained me the good will of my master, who would often say, in French, "*Mardie! c'est un bon garçon.*" He had a great deal of business, but as he was

mostly employed among his fellow refugees, his profits were small. However, his expence for medicines was not great, for he was the most expert man at a succedaneum, of any apothecary in London; so that I have been sometimes amazed to see him, without the least hesitation, make up a physician's prescription, though he had not in his shop one medicine mentioned in it. Oyster-shells he could convert into crab's eyes; common oil into oil of sweet almonds; syrup of sugar into balsamic syrup; Thames water into aqua cinnamoni; turpentine into capivi; and a hundred more costly preparations were produced in an instant, from the cheapest and coarsest drugs of the *materia medica*. And when any common thing was ordered for a patient, he always took care to disguise it in colour or taste, or both, in such a manner, as that it could not possibly be known; for which purpose, cochineal and oil of cloves were of great service. Among many nostrums which he possessed, there was one for the venereal disease, that brought him a good deal of money; and this he concealed so artfully from me, that I could never learn its composition: But during the eight months I staid in his service, he was so unfortunate in the use of it, that three parts in four of those who took it, were fain to confirm the cure by a salivation under the direction of another doctor. This bad success, in all appearance, attached him the more to his specific; and before I left him, I may venture to say, he would have sooner renounced the Trinity (notwithstanding his being a good Huguenot,) than his confidence in the never-failing power of this remedy. Mr Lavement had attempted more than once to introduce a vegetable diet into his family, by launching out into the praise of roots and greens, and decrying the use of flesh, both as a physician and philosopher; but all his rhetoric could not make one

proselyte to his opinion, and even the wife of his bosom declared against the proposal. Whether it was owing to the little regard she paid to her husband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her constitution, I know not; but this lady's passions became every day more and more violent, till at last she looked upon decency as an unnecessary restraint; and one afternoon, when her husband was abroad, and her daughter gone to visit, ordered me to call a hackney-coach, in which she and the captain drove towards Covent-Garden. Miss came home in the evening, and, supping at her usual hour, went to bed. About eleven o'clock my master entered, and asked if his wife was gone to sleep: Upon which I told him, my mistress went out in the afternoon, and was not yet returned. This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who, starting back, cried "*Mort de ma vie!* Vat you tell a me? My wife not at home!" At that instant a patient's servant arrived with a prescription for a draught, which my master taking, went into the shop to make it up with his own hand. While he rubbed the ingredients in a glass mortar, he inquired of me, whether or not his wife went out alone? and no sooner heard that she was in company with the captain, than with one blow, he split the mortar into a thousand pieces, and grinning like the head of a bass viol, exclaimed, "Ah, traitresse!" It would have been impossible for me to have preserved my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily relieved by a rap at the door, which I opened, and perceived my mistress coming out of the coach; she flounced immediately into the shop, and addressed her husband thus:—"I suppose you thought I was lost, my dear: Captain O'Donnell has been so good as to treat me with a play."—"Play—play," replied he, "Oho! yes, by gar, I believe ver prettie play."—"Bless me!" said she, "what's the

matter?"—"Vat de matter?" cried he, forgetting all his former complaisance, "by gar, you be one damn dog's vife—ventre bleu! me vill show you vat it is to put one horn upon mine head. Pardieu! le Capitaine O'Donnell be one——" Here the captain, who had been all the while at the door discharging the coach, entered, and said with a terrible voice, "Damme! what am I?" Mr Lavement, changing his tone, immediately saluted him with, "*Oh serviteur, Monsieur le Capitaine, vous etes un gallant homme—ma femme est fort obligée.*" Then turning about towards me, pronounced with a low voice, "*Et diablement obligeante, sans doute.*"—"Hark'e, Mr Lavement," said the captain, "I am a man of honour, and I believe you are too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I shew your wife." This declaration had such an effect on the apothecary, that he resumed all the politesse of a Frenchman; and with the utmost prostration of compliment, assured the captain that he was perfectly well satisfied with the honour he had done his wife. Matters being thus composed, every body went to rest. Next day I perceived, through a glass door that opened from the shop into the parlour, the captain talking earnestly to Miss, who heard him with a look that expressed anger mingled with scorn; which, however, he at last found means to mollify, and sealed his reconciliation with a kiss. This circumstance soon convinced me of the occasion of the quarrel; but, notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could never discover any other commerce between them. In the mean while, I had reason to believe I had inspired one of the maids with tender sentiments for me; and one night, when I thought every other person in the house asleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conquest, her bedfellow having the day before gone to Richmond to visit her

parents. Accordingly I got up, and, naked as I was, explored my way in the dark to the garret where she lay. I was ravished to find the door open, and moved softly to her bedside, transported with the hope of completing my wishes. But what horrors of jealousy and disappointment did I feel, when I found her asleep, fast locked in the arms of a man, whom I easily guessed to be no other than the captain's servant! I was upon the point of doing some rash thing, when the noise of a rat scratching behind the wainscot put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in safety. Whether this alarm had disordered my mind, or that I was led astray by the power of destiny, I know not; but instead of turning to the left hand when I descended to the second storey, I pursued the contrary course, and mistook the young lady's bed-chamber for my own. I did not perceive my mistake before I had run against the bed-posts, and then it was not in my power to retreat undiscovered; for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and, with a soft voice, bade me make less noise, lest the Scotch booby in the next room should overhear us. This hint was sufficient to inform me of the nature of the assignation; and as my passions, at any time high, were then in a state of exaltation, I resolved to profit by my good fortune. Without any more ceremony, therefore, I made bold to slip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could desire. Our conversation was very sparing on my part; but she upbraided the person whom I represented, with his jealousy of me, whom she handled so roughly, that my resentment had well nigh occasioned a discovery more than once; but I was consoled for her hatred of me by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from her own mouth, that it was now high time to salve her reputation by matrimony: For she had reason to

fear she could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourse. While I was meditating an answer to this proposal, I heard a noise in my room, like something heavy falling down upon the floor. Upon which I started up, and, creeping to the door of my chamber, observed by moon-light, the shadow of a man groping his way out; so I retired to one side to let him pass, and saw him go down stairs as expeditiously as he could. It was an easy matter to divine that this was the captain, who, having overslept himself, had got up at last to keep his assignation; and finding my door open, had entered my apartment instead of that of his mistress, where I supplied his place. But finding his mistake, by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noise might alarm the family, and, for that reason, made off, delaying the gratification of his desires till another opportunity. By this time I was satisfied; and, instead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own castle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and, in the congratulation of my own happiness, fell asleep. But the truth of this adventure could not long be concealed from my young mistress, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his last night's disappointment, and begging pardon for the noise he had made. Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happened, may be easily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other; for she was conscious of not only having betrayed to me the secrets of her commerce with him, but also of having incensed me by the freedoms she had taken with my name, beyond a hope of reconciliation. On the other hand, his jealousy suggested that her sorrow was all artifice; and that I had supplied his place with her own privity and consent. That such was the situation of

their thoughts will appear in the sequel; for that very day she came into the shop where I was alone, and fixing her eyes, swimming in tears, upon me, sighed most piteously. But I was proof against her distress, by recollecting the epithets with which she had honoured me the night before, and believing that the good reception I enjoyed was destined for another; therefore I took no notice of her affliction, and she had the mortification to find her disdain returned four-fold. However, from thence-forward she thought proper to use me with more complaisance than usual, knowing that it was in my power at any time to publish her shame. By these means my life became much more agreeable (though I never could prevail upon myself to repeat my nocturnal visit,) and, as I every day improved in my knowledge of the town, I shook off my awkward air by degrees, and acquired the character of a polite journeyman apothecary.

CHAPTER XX

I am Assaulted and dangerously Wounded—Suspect O'Donnell, and am confirmed in my Opinion—Concert a scheme of Revenge, and put it in execution—O'Donnell robs his own Servant, and disappears—I make my Addresses to a Lady, and am miraculously delivered from her Snare

One night about twelve o'clock, as I returned from visiting a patient at Chelsea, I received a blow on my head from an unseen hand, that stretched me senseless on the ground; and was left for dead, with three stabs of a sword in my body. The groans I uttered, when I recovered the use of my reason, alarmed the people of a solitary alehouse that stood near the spot where I lay, and they were humane enough to take me in, and send for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds and assured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated through the skin and muscles of one side of my belly in such a manner, that, doubtless, the assassin imagined he had run me through the entrails. The second slanted along one of my ribs; and the last, which was intended for the finishing stroke, having been directed to my heart, the sword snapped upon my breast-bone, and the point remained sticking in the skin. When I reflected upon this event, I could not persuade myself that I had been assaulted by a common footpad; because it is not usual for such people to murder those they rob, especially when they meet with no resistance; and I found my money and every thing else about me (but my carcase)

safe. I concluded, therefore, that I must either have been mistaken for another, or obliged to the private resentment of some secret enemy for what had happened; and as I could remember nobody who had the least cause of complaint against me, except Captain O'Donnell and my master's daughter, my suspicion settled upon them, though I took care to conceal it, that I might the sooner arrive at confirmation. With this view, I went home in a chair about ten o'clock in the morning; and as the chairmen supported me into the house, met the captain in the passage, who no sooner saw me, than he started back, and gave evident signs of guilty confusion, which he would have accounted for from the surprise occasioned by seeing me in such a condition. My master having heard my story, condoled me with a good deal of sympathy, and when he understood my wounds were not dangerous, ordered me to be carried up stairs to bed; though not without some opposition from his wife, who was of opinion, it would be better for me to go to an hospital, where I should be more carefully attended. My meditation was employed in concerting with myself some method of revenge against Squire O'Donnell and his inamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune; when Miss (who was not at home at my arrival) entered my chamber, and, saying she was sorry for the accident that had befallen me, asked if I suspected any body to be the assassin: Upon which I fixed my eyes stedfastly upon her, and answered, "Yes." She discovered no symptom of confusion; but replied hastily, "If that be the case, why don't you take out a warrant to have him apprehended? It will cost but a trifle; if you have no money, I will lend you." This frankness not only cured me of my suspicion with respect to her; but even staggered my belief with regard to the captain, of whose guilt I resolved to have further proof, before I

should enterprize any thing in the way of revenge. I thanked her kindly for her generous offer; which, however, I had no occasion to accept, being determined to do nothing rashly: For though I could plainly perceive the person who attacked me to be a soldier, whose face I thought was familiar to me, I could not swear with a safe conscience to any particular man; and, granting I could, my prosecution of him would not much avail. This uncertainty I pretended, lest the captain, hearing from her that I knew the person who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a condition to requite him. In two days I was up, and able to do a little business, so that Mr Lavement made shift to carry on his practice, without hiring another journeyman in my room. The first thing I attempted towards a certain discovery of my secret enemy was to get into O'Donnell's apartment while he was abroad in an undress, and examine his sword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found sticking in my body, and found it answered the fractured part exactly. There was no room left for doubt; and all that remained was to fix upon a scheme of revenge, which almost solely engrossed my thoughts during the space of eight nights and days. Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the same manner as he had practised upon me, and kill him outright. But this assault my honour opposed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated. At other times I entertained thoughts of demanding satisfaction in an honourable way; but was diverted from this undertaking by considering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to such easy terms. At last I determined to pursue a middle course; and actually put my design in execution after this manner. Having secured the assistance of Strap and two of his acquaint-

ance whom he could depend upon, we provided ourselves with disguises, and I caused the following letter to be delivered to him by one of our associates in livery one Sunday evening.

"SIR,

"If I may be allowed to judge from appearance, it will not be disagreeable to you to hear that my husband is gone to Bagshot to visit a patient, and will not return till to-morrow night; so that if you have any thing to propose to me (as your behaviour on many occasions has seemed to insinuate,) you will do well to embrace the present opportunity of seeing

"Your's, &c."

This letter was signed with the name of an apothecary's wife who lived in Chelsea, of whom I had heard O'Donnell was an admirer. Every thing succeeded to our wish. The amorous hero hastened towards the place of assignation; and was encountered by us in the very place where he had assaulted me. We rushed upon him all at once, secured his sword, stripped off his clothes, even to the skin, which we scourged with nettles till he was blistered from head to foot, notwithstanding all the eloquence of his tears and supplications. When I was satisfied with the stripes I had bestowed, we carried off his clothes, which we hid in a hedge near the place, and left him stark naked to find his way home in the best manner he could, while I took care to be there before him. I afterwards understood, that, in his way to the lodgings of a friend who lived in the skirts of the town, he was picked up by the watch, who carried him to the Round-house, from whence he sent for clothes to his lodgings; and next morning arrived at the door in a chair, wrapped up in a blanket he had borrowed; for his body was so sore and swelled, that he could not bear to be

confined in his wearing apparel. He was treated with the utmost tenderness by my mistress and her daughter, who vied with each other in their care and attendance of him; but Lavement himself could not forbear expressing his joy, by several malicious grins, while he ordered me to prepare an unguent for his sores. As to myself, nobody can doubt my gratification when I had every day an opportunity of seeing my revenge protracted on the body of my adversary, by the ulcers of which I had been the cause; and indeed I not only enjoyed the satisfaction of having flayed him alive, but another also which I had not foreseen. The story of his being attacked and stripped in such a place having been inserted in the news, gave information to those who found his clothes next day whither to bring them; and accordingly he retrieved every thing he had lost, except a few letters, among which was that which I had writ to him in the name of the apothecary's wife. This and the others, which, it seems, were all on the subject of love, (for this Hibernian hero was one of those people who are called fortune-hunters,) fell into the hands of a certain female author, famous for the scandal she has published, who, after having embellished them with some ornaments of her own invention, gave them to the town in print. I was very much shocked on reflecting, that I might possibly be the occasion of a whole family's unhappiness, on account of the letter I had written; but was eased of that apprehension, when I understood that the Chelsea apothecary had commenced a law-suit against the printer for defamation; and looked upon the whole as a piece of forgery committed by the author, who had disappeared. But whatever might be his opinion of the matter, our two ladies seemed to entertain a different idea of it; for, as soon as the pamphlet appeared, I could perceive their care of their patient considerably diminish,

until at last it ended in total neglect. It was impossible for him to be ignorant of this change, any more than of the occasion of it; but as he was conscious to himself of having deserved worse than contempt at their hands, he was glad to come off so cheaply, and contented himself with muttering curses and threats against the apothecary, who, as he imagined, having got an inkling of the appointment with his wife, had taken revenge of him in the manner described. By the time he had gotten a new scarf skin, his character was become so notorious, that he thought it high time for him to decamp; and his retreat he performed in one night without beat of drum, after having robbed his own servant of every thing that belonged to him, except the clothes he had on his back. A few days after he disappeared, Mr Lavement, for his own security, took into custody a large old trunk which he had left; and, as it was very heavy, made no question that the contents were sufficient to indemnify him for what O'Donnell owed in lodging. But a month being elapsed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer, and my master being impatient to know what the trunk contained, he ordered me to break it open in his presence, which task I performed with the pestle of our great mortar, and discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, a heap of stones.

About this time my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman in quality of valet-de-chambre, and at the same time assured me, that whatever advantage he might propose to himself from this prospect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from me; so much was he attached to my fortune. In spite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honest fellow, ingratitude is so natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance: and now that I had contracted other friendships which ap-

peared more creditable, was even ashamed to see a journeyman barber inquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion. I, therefore, on pretence of consulting his welfare, insisted upon his accepting the proposal, which he at last determined to embrace with great reluctance; and, in a few days, took his leave of me, shedding a flood of tears, which I could not behold without emotion. I now began to look upon myself as a gentleman in reality —learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a fashionable distemper—frequented plays during the holidays—became the oracle of an alehouse, where every dispute was referred to my decision—and at length contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, who found means to make a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation, to give me a promise of marriage. As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes by matrimony; when one morning I went to her lodgings, and, her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where, to my utter confusion, I found her in bed with a man. Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately; and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAPTER XXI

Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my Master—Is involved in a troublesome affair, out of which he is extricated by me—He marries my Master's Daughter—They conspire against me—I am found guilty of Theft — Discharged — Deserted by my Friends—I hire a room in St. Giles's—Where, by accident, I find the Lady to whom I made my addresses in a miserable condition—I relieve her

While I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance Squire Gawky, who, by this time, had got a lieutenantcy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and atone for his breach of appointment then by his punctuality now; but, whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension; though I had occasion not long after to be convinced, that howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described. For, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and, as I approached, perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs; and one of them, whom, by his tongue, I knew to be a Scotchman, lamented most pite-

ously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alleging that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence. My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong, that I could not bear to see any body belonging to it in distress, and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned. He was no sooner disengaged than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think proper; and indeed I came off but scurvily; for, before I could avail myself of my speed, I received a blow on the eye from one of the other two, that had well nigh deprived me of the use of that organ; however, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain Gawky's being robbed and abused by a company of footpads; and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient glyster and paregorick draught, in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits, occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately. When I inquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood, by the servant, that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in my belief upon hearing his voice, to which, before that event, I had been so long a stranger. My eye being considerably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprize without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch, for whom I had suffered: Accordingly, next day, after he had told in presence of my master, his wife, and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lies concerning the prowess he had shewn in mak-

ing his escape, I ventured to explain the mystery, and, calling in the evidence of my contused eye, upbraided him with cowardice and ingratitude. Gawky was so astonished at this discourse, that he could not answer one word; and the rest of the company stared at one another; till at length my mistress reprimanded me for my insolent behaviour, and threatened to turn me away for my presumption. Upon which, Gawky (having recollected himself) observed, as the young man might have mistaken another person for him, he could forgive his insinuations, more especially as he seemed to have suffered for his civility; but advised me to be more certain in my conjectures for the future, before I ventured to publish them to the prejudice of any man. Miss applauded the captain's generosity in pardoning one who had so villainously aspersed him, and I began to imagine her praise was not at all disinterested. But the apothecary, who perhaps had more penetration, or less partiality, than his wife and daughter, differed from them in his sentiments of the matter, and expressed himself to me in the shop in this manner:—"Ah mon pauvre Roderique! you ave more of de veracite dan of de prudence—bot mine vife and dater be diablement sage, and Mons. le Capitaine un fanfaron, pardieu!" This eulogium on his wife and daughter, though spoken ironically by him, was nevertheless literally just; by espousing the cause of Gawky, the one obliged a valuable lodger, and the other acquired a husband at a juncture when one was absolutely necessary; for the young lady, finding the effects of her correspondence with O'Donnell becoming plainer and plainer every day, insinuated herself so artfully into the affection of this new lodger, that in less than a fortnight, on pretence of going to a play, they drove away together to the Fleet, where they were coupled; from thence removed to a bagnio, where the

marriage was consummated; and in the morning came home, where they asked her father's and mother's blessing. The prudent parents, notwithstanding the precipitation with which the match was carried on, did not think fit to refuse their approbation; for the apothecary was not ill pleased to find his daughter married to a young man of a good prospect, who had not mentioned to him one syllable on the article of her dowry; and his wife was rejoiced at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a spy upon her pleasures. Nor was I without self-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected upon the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, in making him a cuckold by anticipation. But I little dreamed what a storm of mischief was brewing against me, whilst I thus indulged myself. Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my discovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented against him, had stung him to the soul, and cherished the seeds of enmity so strongly in his breast, that he, it seems, imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as desirous as himself to compass the ruin of one that not only slighted her caresses, but was able on any occasion to discover particulars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conspiracy against me, which, had it taken effect as they expected, would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My master having several times missed large quantities of medicines of which I could give no account, at last lost all patience, and in plain terms taxed me with having embezzled them for my own use. As I could only oppose my single asseveration to his suspicion, he told me one day, "By gar, your vord not be give me de satisfaction — me find necessaire to chercher for my medicine, pardonnez moi—il faut chercher—me demand le clef of your coffre a cette heure." Then, raising his

voice to conceal the fright he was in, lest I should make any opposition, he went on, "Oui, foutre, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre—moi,—si, moi qui vous parle."—I was fired with so much resentment and disdain at this accusation, that I burst into tears, which he took for a sign of guilt; and, pulling out my key, told him he might satisfy himself immediately, though he would not find it so easy to satisfy me for the injury my reputation had suffered from his unjust suspicion. He took the key and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family, saying, "He bien, nous verrons—nous verrons."—But what was my horror and amazement, when, opening my chest, he pulled out an handful of the very things that were missing, and pronounced, "Ah ha! vous etes bien venus—mardie, Mons. Roderique, you be fort innocent."—I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but stood motionless and silent, while every body present made their respective remarks on what appeared against me. The servants said they were sorry for my misfortune, and went away repeating, "Who would have thought it?" My mistress took occasion from this detection to rail against the practice of employing strangers in general; and Mrs Gawky, after having observed that she never had a good opinion of my fidelity, proposed to have me carried before the justice, and committed to Newgate immediately. Her husband was actually upon the stairs in his way for a constable, when Mr Lavement, knowing the cost and trouble of a prosecution to which he must bind himself, and, at the same time, dreading lest some particulars of my confession might affect his practice, called out, "Restez, mon fils! restez, it be veritablement one grand crime which dis pauvre diable have committed—bot peutetre de good God give him de penitence, and me vill not have upon mine head de blood of one sinner." The

captain and his lady used all the christian arguments their zeal could suggest, to prevail on the apothecary to pursue me to destruction, and represented the injustice he did to the community of which he was a member, in letting a villain escape, who would not fail of doing more mischief in the world, when he should reflect on his coming off so easily now. But their eloquence made no impression on my master, who, turning to me, said, "Go, miserable, go from mine house, quick, quick—and make reparation for your mauvaise actions." By this time my indignation had roused me from the stupefaction in which I had hitherto remained, and I began in this manner: "Sir, appearances, I own, condemn me; but you are imposed upon as much as I am abused—I have fallen a sacrifice to the rancour of that scoundrel," pointing to Gawky, "who has found means to convey your goods hither, that the detection of them might blast my reputation, and accomplish my destruction. His hatred of me is owing to a consciousness of his having wronged me in my own country; for which injury he in a cowardly manner refused me the satisfaction of a gentleman;—he knows, moreover, that I am no stranger to his dastardly behaviour in this town, which I have recounted before; and he is unwilling that such a testimony of his ingratitude and pusillanimity should live upon the earth; for this reason he is guilty of the most infernal malice to bring about my ruin. And I am afraid, madam," turning to Mrs Gawky, "you have too easily entered into the sentiments of your husband. I have often found you my enemy, and am well acquainted with the occasion of your being so, which I don't at present think proper to declare: but I would not advise you, for your own sake, to drive me to extremity." This address enraged her so much, that, with a face as red as scarlet, and the eyes of a fury, she strutted up to me, and, put-

ting her hands on her sides, spit in my face, saying, I was a scandalous villain, but she defied my malice ; and that, unless her papa would prosecute me like a thief as I was, she would not stay another night under his roof. At the same time, Gawky, assuming a big look, told me, he scorned what lies I could invent against him, but that, if I pretended to asperse his wife, he would put me to death, by God. To this threat I answered, "I wish to God I could meet with thee in a desert, that I might have an opportunity of punishing thee for thy perfidy towards me, and rid the world of such a rascal—What hinders me at this moment," said I, seizing an old bottle that stood by, "from doing myself that justice?" I had no sooner armed myself in this manner, than Gawky and his father-in-law retired in such a hurry, that the one overturned the other, and they rolled together down stairs ; while my mistress swooned away with fear ; and her daughter asked if I intended to murder her? I gave her to understand that nothing was farther from my intention ; that I would leave her to the stings of her own conscience ; but was firmly resolved to slit her husband's nose, whenever fortune should offer a convenient opportunity. Then, going down stairs, I met Lavement coming up trembling with the pestle in his hand, and Gawky behind, armed with his sword, pushing him forward. I demanded a parley, and having assured them of my pacific disposition, Gawky exclaimed, "Ah, villain! you have killed my dear wife." And the apothecary cried, "Ah, coquin! vere is my shild?"—"The lady," said I, "is above stairs, unhurt by me, and will a few months hence, I believe, reward your concern." Here she called to them, and desired they would let the wretch go, and trouble themselves no further about him. To which request her father consented, observing, nevertheless,

that my conversation was fort mysterieuse. Finding it impossible to vindicate my innocence, I left the house immediately, and went to the schoolmaster, with an intention of clearing myself to him, and asking his advice with regard to my future conduct; but, to my inexpressible vexation, was told he was gone to the country, where he would stay two or three days. I returned with a design of consulting some acquaintances I had acquired in my master's neighbourhood, but my story had taken air, through the officiousness of the servants, and not one of my friends would vouchsafe me a hearing. Thus I found myself, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever: For though I had been formerly as poor, my reputation was without blemish, and my health unimpaired till now—but at present my good name was lost, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body was infected by a distemper contracted in the course of an amour, and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield me pity and assistance, absent I knew not where.

The first resolution I could take in this melancholy conjuncture, was to remove my clothes to the house of the person with whom I had formerly lodged, where I remained two days, in hopes of getting another place, by the interest of Mr Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character; but in this supposition I reckoned without my host, for Lavement took care to be before-hand with me, and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the schoolmaster, I found him so prepossessed against me, that he would scarce hear me to an end; but when I had finished my justification, shook his head, and beginning with his usual exclamation,—"O Christ!" said he, "That won't go down with me. I am very sorry I should have the misfortune of being concerned in the affair, but however

shall be more cautious for the future. I will trust no man from henceforward—no, not my father who begat me—nor the brother who lay with me in my mother's womb. Should Daniel rise from the dead, I would think him an impostor, and were the genius of truth to appear, would question its veracity." I told him, that one day, it was possible he might be convinced of the injury I had suffered, and repent of his premature determination. To which remark he answered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy; "but till that shall happen," continued he, "I must beg to have no manner of connection with you—my reputation is at stake—O my good God! I shall be looked upon as your accomplice and abettor—people will say Jonathan Wild was but a type of me—boys will hoot at me as I pass along; and the cinder-wenches belch forth reproaches wafted in a gale impregnated with gin—I shall be notorious—the very butt of slander, and cloaca of infamy." I was not in an humour to relish the climax of expressions upon which this gentleman valued himself in all his discourses; but without any ceremony took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror which my situation could suggest. I considered, however, in the intervals of my despondence, that I must in some shape suit my expence to my calamitous circumstances; and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St Giles's, at the rate of nine-pence per week. In this place I resolved to perform my own cure, having first pawned three shirts to purchase medicines and support for the occasion.

One day when I sat in this solitary retreat, musing upon the unhappiness of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that issued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman stretched on a miserable truckle bed, without any visible

signs of life. Having applied a smelling-bottle to her nose, the blood began to revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes; but, good heaven! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion, and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately; and, straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help increasing. At length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced, with a feeble voice, "Dear Mr Random, I do not deserve this concern at your hands. I am a vile creature, who had a base design upon your person; suffer me to expiate that and all my other crimes by a miserable death, which will not fail to overtake me in a few hours." I encouraged her as much as I could; told her I forgave all her intentions with regard to me; and that, although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her. In the mean time, begged to know the immediate cause of that fit from which she had just recovered, and said I would endeavour by my skill to prevent any more such attacks. She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand, and pressed it to her lips, saying, "You are too generous!—I wish I could live to express my gratitude; but alas! I perish for want." Then, shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon. Such extremity of distress must have awaked the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion. What effect then must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion? I ran down stairs, and sent my landlady to a chemist's shop for some cinnamon water; while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber, used all the means in my power to

bring her to herself. This aim, with much difficulty, I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits ; then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me, that she had not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours before. As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand that she was a woman of the town by profession ; that, in the course of her adventures, she found herself dangerously infected with a distemper to which all of her class are particularly subject ; that her malady gaining ground every day, she became loathsome to herself, and offensive to others, when she resolved to retire to some obscure corner, where she might be cured with as little noise and expence as possible ; that she had accordingly chosen this place of retreat, and put herself into the hands of an advertising doctor, who, having fleeced her of all the money she had, or could procure, left her three days ago in a worse condition than that in which he found her ; that, except the clothes on her back, she had pawned or sold every thing that belonged to her, to satisfy that rapacious quack, and quiet the clamour of her landlady, who still persisted in her threats to turn her out into the street. After having moralized upon these particulars, I proposed that she should lodge in the same room with me, an expedient that would save some money ; and assured her I would undertake her cure as well as my own, during which she should partake of all the conveniences that I could afford to myself. She embraced my offer with unfeigned acknowledgment ; and I began to put it in practice immediately. I found in her not only an agreeable companion, whose conversation greatly alleviated my chagrin, but also a careful nurse, who served me with the utmost fidelity and affection. One day,

while I testified my surprise that a woman of her beauty, good sense, and education (for she had a large portion of each), could be reduced to such an infamous and miserable way of life as that of a prostitute, she answered, with a sigh, " These very advantages were the cause of my undoing." This remarkable reply inflamed my curiosity to such a degree, that I begged she would favour me with the particulars of her story, and she complied in these words :—

CHAPTER XXII

The History of Miss Williams

My father was an eminent merchant in the city, who having, in the course of trade, suffered very considerable losses, retired in his old age with his wife to a small estate in the country, which he had purchased with the remains of his fortune. At that time I, being but eight years of age, was left in town for the convenience of education, boarded with an aunt, who was a rigid Presbyterian, and who confined me so closely to what she called the duties of religion, that, in time, I grew weary of her doctrines, and by degrees conceived an aversion for the good books she daily recommended to my perusal. As I increased in age, and appeared with a person not disagreeable, I contracted a good deal of acquaintance among my own sex, one of whom, after having lamented the restraint I was under from the narrowness of my aunt's sentiments, told me, I must now throw off the prejudices of opinion imbibed under her influence and example, and learn to think for myself; for which purpose she advised me to read Shaftesbury, Tindal, Hobbes, and all the books that are remarkable for their deviation from the old way of thinking, and, by comparing one with another, I should soon be able to form a system of my own. I followed her advice; and, whether it was owing to my prepossession against what I had formerly read, or the clearness of argument in these my new instructors, I know not, but I studied them

with pleasure, and in a short time became a professed Freethinker. Proud of my new improvement, I argued in all companies, and that with such success, that I soon acquired the reputation of a philosopher, and few people durst undertake me in a dispute. I grew vain upon my good fortune, and at length pretended to make my aunt a proselyte to my opinion; but she no sooner perceived my drift, than, taking the alarm, she wrote to my father on account of my heresy, and conjured him, as he tendered the good of my soul, to remove me immediately from the dangerous place where I had contracted such sinful principles. Accordingly, my father ordered me into the country, where I arrived in the fifteenth year of my age; and, by his command, gave him a detail of all the articles of my faith, which he did not find so unreasonable as they had been represented. Finding myself suddenly deprived of the company and pleasures of the town, I grew melancholy, and it was some time before I could relish my situation. But solitude became every day more and more familiar to me; and I consoled myself in my retreat with the enjoyment of a good library, at such times as I was not employed in the management of the family (for my mother had been dead three years), in visiting, or some other party of rural diversion. Having more imagination than judgment, I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance; and, in short, was looked upon as a very extraordinary person by every body in the country where I resided. I had one evening strayed, with a book in my hand, into a wood that bordered on the high road, at a little distance from my father's house, when a certain drunken squire riding by perceived me, and crying, "Zounds! there's a charming creature!" alighted in a moment, caught me in his arms, and treated me so rudely, that I shrieked as loud as I could; and, in the

mean time, opposed his violence with all the strength that rage and resentment could inspire. During this struggle, another horseman came up, who, seeing a lady so unworthily used, dismounted, and flew to my assistance. My ravisher, mad with disappointment, or provoked with the reproaches of the other gentleman, quitted me, and, running to his horse, drew a pistol from the saddle, and fired at my protector, who happily receiving no damage, went up, and, with the butt end of his whip, laid him prostrate on the ground, before he could use the other, which his antagonist immediately seized, and clapping to the squire's breast, threatened to put him to death for his cowardice and treachery. In this dilemma I interposed, and begged his life, which was granted to my request, after he had asked pardon, and swore his intention was only to obtain a kiss. However, my defender thought proper to unload the other pistol, and throw away the flints, before he gave him his liberty. This courteous stranger conducted me home, where my father having learned the signal service he had done me, loaded him with caresses, and insisted on his lodging that night at our house. If the obligation he had conferred upon me justly inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, his appearance and conversation seemed to entitle him to somewhat more. He was about the age of two and twenty, among the tallest of the middle size; had chesnut coloured hair, which he wore tied up in a ribbon; a high polished forehead, a nose inclining to the acquiline, lively blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as white as snow, and a certain openness of countenance—but what need I describe any more particulars of his person? I hope you will do me the justice to believe I do not flatter, when I say he was the exact resemblance of you; and, if I had not been well acquainted with his family and pedigree, I should have

made no scruple of concluding that you was his brother. He spoke little, and seemed to have no reserve ; for what he said was ingenuous, sensible, and uncommon. In short, said she, bursting into tears, he was formed for the ruin of our sex. His behaviour was modest and respectful ; but his looks were so significant, that I could easily observe he secretly blessed the occasion that introduced him to my acquaintance. We learned from his discourse that he was the eldest son of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whose name we were no strangers ; that he had been to visit an acquaintance in the country, from whose house he was returning home when my shrieks brought him to my rescue. All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations. There was so much of knight-errantry in this gentleman's coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy, and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who, being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates, was bound in gratitude, as well as led by inclination, to yield up my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavour to chastise these foolish conceits, by reflections more reasonable and severe. The amusing images took full possession of my mind, and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet in the language of a despairing lover. Next morning after breakfast he took his leave, when my father begged the favour of further acquaintance with him ; to which request he replied by a compliment to him, and a look to me so full of eloquence and tenderness, that my whole soul received the soft impression. In a short time he repeated his visit ; and, as a recital of the particular steps he pursued to ruin me would be too tedious and impertinent, let it

suffice to say, he made it his business to insinuate himself into my esteem, by convincing me of his own good sense, and at the same time flattering my understanding. This task he performed in the most artful manner, by seeming to contradict me often through misapprehension, that I might have an opportunity of clearing myself the more to my own honour. Having thus secured my good opinion, he began to give me some tokens of a particular passion, founded on a veneration for the qualities of my mind, and, as an accidental ornament, admired the beauties of my person ; till at length, being fully persuaded of his conquest, he chose a proper season for the theme, and disclosed his love in terms so ardent and sincere, that it was impossible for me to disguise the sentiments of my heart, and he received my approbation with the most lively transport. After this mutual declaration, we contrived to meet more frequently, in private interviews, where we enjoyed the conversation of one another, in all the elevation of fancy and impatience of hope, that reciprocal adoration can inspire. He professed his honourable intentions, of which I made no question, lamented the avaricious disposition of his father, who had destined him for the arms of another, and vowed eternal fidelity with such an appearance of candour and devotion, that I became a dupe to his deceit, and, in an evil hour, crowned his eager desire with full possession. Cursed be the day on which I gave away my innocence and peace for a momentary gratification, which has entailed upon me such misery and horror! Cursed be my beauty, that first attracted the attention of the seducer! Cursed be my education, that, by refining my sentiments, made my heart the more susceptible! Cursed be my good sense, that fixed me to one object, and taught me the preference I enjoyed was but my due! Had I been ugly, nobody would have tempted me ; had I

been ignorant, the charms of my person would not have atoned for the coarseness of my conversation ; had I been giddy, my vanity would have divided my inclinations, and my ideas would have been so diffused, that I should never have listened to the enchantments of one alone.

But, to return to my unfortunate story ; we gave a loose to guilty pleasure, which, for some months, banished every other concern. At last, by degrees, his visits became less frequent, and his behaviour less warm : I perceived his coldness—my heart took the alarm—my tears reproached him—and I insisted upon the performance of his promise to espouse me, that, whatever should happen, my reputation might be safe. He seemed to acquiesce in my proposal, and left me on pretence of finding a proper clergyman to unite us in the bands of wedlock. But alas! the inconstant had no intention to return. I waited a whole week with the utmost impatience ; sometimes doubting his honour, at other times inventing excuses for him, and condemning myself for harbouring the least suspicion of his faith. At length, I understood from a gentleman who dined at our house, that this perfidious wretch was on the point of setting out for London with his bride, to buy clothes for their approaching nuptials. This information distracted me ; the more so, as I found myself some months gone with child, and reflected, that it would be impossible to conceal my disgrace, which would not only ruin the character I had acquired in the country, but also bring the grey hairs of an indulgent parent with sorrow to the grave. Rage took possession of my soul ; I denounced a thousand imprecations, and formed as many schemes of revenge against the traitor who had undone me! Then my resentment would subside to silent sorrow. I recalled the tranquillity I had lost, I

wept over my infatuation, and sometimes a ray of hope would intervene, and for a moment cheer my drooping heart; I would revolve all the favourable circumstances of his character, repeat the vows he made, ascribe his absence to the vigilance of a suspicious father, who compelled him to a match his soul abhorred, and comfort myself with the expectation of seeing him before the thing should be brought to any terms of agreement. But how vain was my imagination! The villain left me without remorse; and in a few days the news of his marriage were spread all over the country. My horror was then inconceivable; and had not the desire of revenge diverted the resolution, I should infallibly have put an end to my miserable life. My father observed the symptoms of my despair; and, though I have good reason to believe he guessed the cause, was at a great deal of pains to seem ignorant of my affliction, while he endeavoured with paternal fondness to alleviate my distress. I saw his concern, which increased my anguish, and raised my fury against the author of my calamity to an implacable degree. Having furnished myself with a little money, I made an elopement from this unhappy parent in the night-time, and about break of day, arrived at a small town, from whence a stage-coach set out for London, in which I embarked, and next day alighted in town; the spirit of revenge having supported me all the way against every other reflection. My first care was to hire a lodging, in which I kept myself very retired, having assumed a feigned name, that my character and situation might be the better concealed. It was not long before I found out the house of my ravisher, whither I immediately repaired in a transport of rage, determined to act some desperate deed for the satisfaction of my despair, though the hurry of my spirits would not permit me to concert or resolve

upon a particular plan. When I demanded admission to Lothario (so let me call him,) I was desired to send up my name and business, but this I refused, telling the porter I had business for his master's private ear. Upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request. There I remained about a quarter of an hour, when a servant entered, and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time. My temper could hold out no longer: I pulled a poniard from my bosom where I had concealed it, and, rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming, "Where is this perfidious villain? could I once plunge this dagger into his false heart, I should then die satisfied!" The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who, hearing my threats, came forward to the stair-case to see what was the matter. I was seized, disarmed, and with-held by two footmen; and, in this situation, felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife. I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated; but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paltry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition; and informed me that my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion; that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to Bedlam; but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, having first ordered that I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply, than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair; but this, she told me, could not be done without her master's consent,

which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my own lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage; and I believe it is well for my conscience that Heaven thus disposed of my burden; for, let me own to you with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my frenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event, my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm: when, one day, my landlady informed me, that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways; and before I came to any determination he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent. I surveyed him some time, and not being able to recollect his face, demanded, with a faltering accent, what his business was with me? Upon which he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bid the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand, that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth; that, from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a detestation for the author of them; which had of late been increased and inflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him; that, hearing of my melancholy situation,

he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which, he hoped, I should see no reason to refuse. Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed, that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal. The contract was made; he devoted himself to my revenge, undertook to murder Lothario that very night, and to bring me an account of his death before morning. Accordingly, about two of the clock, he was introduced to my chamber, and assured me, my perfidious lover was no more; that although he was not entitled to such an honourable proceeding, he had fairly challenged him to the field, where he upbraided him with his treachery towards me, for whom (he told me) his sword was drawn, and after a few passes left him weltering in his blood. I was so savaged by my wrongs, that I delighted in the recital of this adventure, made him repeat the particulars, feasted my eyes with the blood that remained on his clothes and sword, and yielded up my body as a recompence for the service he had done me. My imagination was so engrossed with these ideas, that in my sleep I dreamed Lothario appeared before me, pale, mangled, and bloody, blamed my rashness, protested his innocence, and pleaded his own cause so pathetically, that I was convinced of his fidelity, and waked in a fit of horror and remorse. My bed-fellow endeavoured to soothe, console, and persuade me that I had but barely done justice to myself. I dropt asleep again, and the same apparition returned to my fancy. In short, I

passed the night in great misery, and looked upon my avenger with such abhorrence, that, in the morning, perceiving my aversion, he insinuated there was still a possibility of Lothario's recovery; it was true, he left him wounded on the ground, but not quite dead; and perhaps his hurts might not be mortal. At these words, I started up, bade him fly for intelligence, and, if he could not bring me tidings of Lothario's safety, at least consult his own, and never return, for I was resolved to surrender myself to justice, and declare all that I knew of the affair, that, if possible, I might expiate my own guilt, by incurring the rigours of a sincere repentance and ignominious death. He very coolly represented the unreasonableness of my prejudice against him, who had done nothing but what his love of me inspired, and honour justified: That now he had, at the risk of his life, been subservient to my revenge, I was about to discard him as an infamous agent occasionally necessary; and that, even if he should be so lucky as to bring news of Lothario's safety, it was probable my former resentment might revive, and I would upbraid him with having failed in his undertaking. I assured him, that, on the contrary, he should be dearer to me than ever, as I then should be convinced he acted more on the principles of a man of honour, than on those of a mercenary assassin, and scorned to take away the life of an adversary (how inveterate soever) which fortune had put in his power. "Well, then, madam," said he, "whatever may have happened, I shall find it no difficult matter to acquit myself in point of honour:" And took his leave, in order to inquire into the consequences of his duel. I was now more sensible than ever of the degrees of guilt and misery; all the affliction I had suffered hitherto was owing to my own credulity and weakness, and my conscience could only accuse me of

venial crimes ; but now that I looked upon myself as a murderer, it is impossible to express the terrors of my imagination, which was incessantly haunted by the image of the deceased, and my bosom stung with the most exquisite agonies, of which I saw no end. At length Horatio (for so I shall call my keeper) returned, and, telling me I had nothing to fear, delivered into my hands a billet, containing these words :

"MADAM,

"As I understand it is of consequence to your peace, I take this liberty to inform you, that the wounds received from Horatio are not mortal. This satisfaction my humanity could not deny, even to a person who has endeavoured to disturb the repose, as well as destroy the life of

"LOTHARIO."

Being well acquainted with his hand, I had no reason to suspect an imposition in this letter, which I read over and over with a transport of joy, and caressed Horatio so much, that he appeared the happiest man alive. Thus was I won from despair by the menaces of a greater misfortune than that which depressed me. Griefs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest. But my raptures were not lasting ; that very letter, which in a manner re-established my tranquillity, in a little time banished my peace. His unjust reproaches, while they waked my resentment, recalled my former happiness, and filled my soul with rage and sorrow. Horatio, perceiving the situation of my mind, endeavoured to divert my chagrin, by treating me with all the amusements and entertainments of the town. I was gratified with every indulgence I could desire, introduced into the company of other kept mistresses, by

whom an uncommon deference was paid to me; and I began to lose all remembrance of my former condition, when an accident brought it back to my view, with all its interesting circumstances. Diverting myself one day with some newspapers, which I had not before perused, the following advertisement attracted my attention:—

"Whereas a young gentlewoman disappeared from her father's house in the county of——, about the end of September, on account, as is supposed, of some uneasiness of mind, and has not been as yet heard of. Whoever will give any information about her to Mr —— of Gray's Inn, shall be handsomely rewarded; or if she will return to the arms of her disconsolate parent, she will be received with the utmost tenderness, whatever reason she may have to think otherwise, and may be the means of prolonging the life of a father, already weighed down almost to the grave with age and sorrow."

This pathetic remonstrance had such an effect on me, that I was fully resolved to return, like the prodigal son, and implore the forgiveness of him who gave me life; but, alas! upon inquiry, I found he had paid his debt to Nature a month before, lamenting my absence to his last hour, having left his fortune to a stranger, as a mark of his resentment of my unkind and undutiful behaviour. Penetrated with remorse on this occasion, I sunk into the most profound melancholy, and considered myself as the immediate cause of his death. I lost all relish for company, and indeed most of my acquaintance no sooner perceived my change of temper, than they abandoned me. Horatio, disgusted at my insensibility, or, which is more probable, cloyed with possession, became colder and colder every day, till at last he left me altogether, without making any apology for his conduct, or securing me against the miseries of want, as a man of honour ought to have done, considering the share he had in my

ruin; for I afterwards learned that the quarrel between Lothario and him was a story trumped up to rid the one of my importunities, and give the other the enjoyment of my person, which, it seems, he lusted after, upon seeing me at the house of my seducer. Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my own simplicity, uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio; and, as I became every day more and more familiarized to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves. Nor was an opportunity long wanting; an old gentlewoman, under pretence of sympathizing, visited me, and after having condoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me; insinuating withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me. I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution accruing from such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance. The first stroke of my dissimulation was practised upon a certain judge, to whom I was recommended by this matron as an innocent creature just arrived from the country. He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner as to make him perfectly well-pleased with his purchase.

CHAPTER XXIII

She is interrupted by a Bailiff, who arrests and carries her to the Marshalsea—I accompany her—Bring Witnesses to prove she is not the Person named in the Writ—The Bailiff is fain to give her a Present, and discharge her—We shift our Lodging—She resumes her Story, and ends it—My reflections thereupon—She makes me acquainted with the Progress of a Common Woman of the Town—Resolves to quit that way of life

Her story was here interrupted by a rap at the door, which I no sooner opened, than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus: "Madam, your servant, you must do me the favour to come along with me—I have got a writ against you."—While the bailiff, for so he was, spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly. This treatment incensed me so much, that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me, with a composure of countenance for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her, but might be very detrimental to myself. Then turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and having perused it, said, with a faltering voice, "I am not the person whose name is here mentioned; arrest me at your peril."—"Ay, ay, madam," replied the catchpole, "we shall prove your identity.

In the mean time, whether will you be pleased to be carried to my house, or to jail?"—"If I must be confined," said she, "I would rather be in your house, than in a common jail."—"Well, well," answered he, "if you have money enough in your pocket, you shall be entertained like a princess." But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once. While they waited for the convenience, she took me aside, and bade me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and perhaps gain something by the occasion. Although her discourse was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and, when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison; to which proposal, after much entreaty, she consented. When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary, than he cried, "Ah hah! my old acquaintance Bett! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart." So saying, he opened the coach door and helped her to dismount; but when he observed her face, he started back, saying, "Zounds! who have we got here?" The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried, with some emotion, "Who the devil should it be, but the prisoner Elizabeth Cary?" The turnkey replied, "That Elizabeth Cary! I'll be damned if that's Elizabeth Cary, more than my grandmother. Damn my blood, I know Bett Cary as well as if I had made her." Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble. "It may be so," answered he, "but,

by God, I'll have further evidence that you are not the person, before you and I part."—"Yes, yes," said she, "you shall have further evidence to your cost." Then we adjourned into the lodge, and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately. I found them together at a house in Bridges-street, Drury-lane; and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney coach, without hesitation, after I had related the circumstances of the affair, which flattered them with hopes of seeing a bailiff trounced; for there is an antipathy as natural between the whores and bailiffs, as that subsisting between mice and cats. Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the prisoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams, and asked how long she had been nabbed, and for what? On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to swear before a justice of peace, that she was not the person mentioned in the writ, whom, it seems, they all knew; but the bailiff, who was by this time convinced of his mistake, told them he would not put them to that trouble. "Ladies," said he, "there's no harm done—you shall give me leave to treat you with another bottle, and then we'll part friends." This proposal was not at all relished by the sisterhood; and Miss Williams told him, Sure he did not imagine her such a fool, as to be satisfied with a paltry glass of sour wine. Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue. "Well," continued she, "that may be—but was it the best of champaign, it is no recompence for the damage I have suffered both in character and health, by being wrongfully dragged to jail. At this rate no innocent person is safe, since an officer

of justice, out of malice, private pique, or mistake, may injure and oppress the subject with impunity. But, thank Heaven, I live under the protection of laws that will not suffer such insults to pass unpunished, and I know very well how to procure redress." Mr Vulture (for that was the bailiff's name), finding he had to deal with one who would not be imposed upon, began to look very sullen and perplexed, and leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himself, which lasted a few minutes, and then broke out in a volley of dreadful curses against the old b—ch, our landlady, as he called her, for having misinformed him. After much wrangling and swearing, the matter was referred to the decision of the turnkey, who, calling for the other bottle, mulcted the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank, coach-hire, and a couple of guineas for the use of the plaintiff. The money was immediately deposited; Miss Williams gratified the two evidences with one half, and, putting the other in her pocket, drove home with me, leaving the catchpole grumbling over his loss, yet pleased in the main, for having so cheaply got clear of a business that might have cost him ten times the sum, and his place to boot. This guinea was a very seasonable relief to us, who were reduced to great necessity, six of my shirts, and almost all my clothes, except those on my back, having been either pawned or sold for our maintenance before this happened. As we resented the behaviour of our landlady, our first care was to provide ourselves with another lodging, whither we removed next day, with an intention to keep ourselves as retired as possible, until our cure should be completed. When we were fixed in our new habitation, I entreated her to finish the story of her life, which she pursued in this manner:

The success of our experiment on the judge, encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and

my virginity was five times sold to good purpose: But this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing Cross, at two guineas per week, and began to entertain company in a public manner; but my income being too small to defray my expence, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them. Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger, and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality, and disease. How miserable is the condition of a courtezan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust! As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked down stairs with disgrace. The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support, I was fain to sell my watch, rings, trinkets, with the best part of my clothes; and I was one evening musing by myself on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and, after drinking a hearty glass of champaign, went to bed. In the morning, when I awoke, I found my gallant had got up, and, drawing aside the curtain, could not per-

ceive him in the room: This circumstance gave me some uneasiness; but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion I waited a full hour for his return; and then in the greatest perplexity rose up, and rung the bell. When the waiter came to the door, he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing, with great surprise, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed. I no sooner inquired for the captain, then the fellow, staring with a distracted look, cried, "How, madam! is he not a-bed?" And when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open. Through this the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court, and escaped, leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset bowl, which he had carried off with him. It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice; for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who, mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate. I now concluded the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death. This reflection sunk so deep into my soul, that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends: Indeed, there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for, of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions. Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish, and impiety; and heard nothing but groans, curses, and blasphemy. In the midst of this hellish crew, I was

subjected to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of every thing about me, even to my cap, shoes, and stockings: I was not only destitute of necessaries, but even of food, so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance, to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft; and my landlord refused to part with some of my own clothes, which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together; for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought every body round me asleep, and fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weighed, I stood upon a chair, and making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprised and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while and suspected my design. In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes; the pain of which co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses, and threw me into an ecstacy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement: So that they were obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing further mischief to myself and others. This fit of phrenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen; but, as the desire of making away with

myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable. At this critical conjuncture, a lady was brought into the prison, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio; she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme of life, and set up a coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury, where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of damsels, who lived in her house. This serviceable matron, having neglected to gratify a certain justice for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the quarter sessions, in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to Bridewell. She had not been long there before she learned my disaster, and coming up to me, after a compliment of condolence, inquired into the particulars of my fate: While we were engaged in discoursing together, the master came and told me, that the fellow on whose account I had suffered was taken; that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair; for which reason, he, the master, had orders to discharge me, and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs Coupler (the lady then present), hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she should compromise matters with the justices. The conditions of her offer were, that I should pay three

guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides for the use of such clothes and ornaments as she should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces. These were hard terms; but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her. I therefore embraced her proposal, and she being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition; and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company. This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs Coupler, who could not bear the thoughts of being eclipsed: She, therefore, made a merit of her envy, and whispered among the customers that I was unsound. There needed no more to ruin my reputation, and blast my prosperity; every body shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain, and, in a very short time, I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who, having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house. Though the room was crowded with people when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt; they even laughed at my tears, and one of them bade me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant, a sea-lieutenant came in, and seeing my plight, began to inquire into the circumstances of my misfortune, when

this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship.—"A fire-ship!" replied the sailor, "more like a poor galley in distress, that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you; if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance. Hark'ee, my girl, how far have you over-run the constable?" I told him, that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expence of the writ.—"An' that be all," said he, "you shan't go to the bilboes this bout." And taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down, for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more. I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity, that, for some time, I had not power to thank him. However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and convinced him of the falsehood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me, and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

Having lost my benefactor, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails; when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me an handsome maintenance, or at worst screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract. I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my

companion clubbed her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success. She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park-street, whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own. I made my first appearance in a blue riding habit trimmed with silver; and my maid acted her part so artfully, that, in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country. This report brought a swarm of gay young fellows about me, but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crowded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune. I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible, in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose; and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes, and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials: In the interim, he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me; which request as I could not refuse, I had the extreme mortification and surprise to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper, Horatio, who no sooner beheld me than he changed colour; but had presence of mind to advance and salute me, bidding me, with a low voice, be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me. In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber, on pretence of a severe headache, to the no small concern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without

any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Our retreat, therefore, was concerted and executed in this manner: Having packed up all our clothes and moveables in small parcels, she, on pretence of fetching cordials for me, carried them, at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep. I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among trades-people; but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attractions, till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity; not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burden of such debts as I had incurred, or should contract, from myself to another; and at the same time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable one who bore such resemblance to the wretch who ruined me; but Heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber-door unlocked, when she went to buy sugar for breakfast. The person in bed with me was a gentleman, whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward, pretty much elevated with liquor; for, by this time, my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight to the streets, in hopes of prey. When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodging, and dwell two pair of stairs higher than before. My companion, being disappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource than to venture forth like the owls in the dark, to pick up a precarious and uncomfortable subsistence. I have often

sauntered between Ludgate-Hill and Charing-Cross a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret in a deplorable draggled condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep. When I lighted on some rake, or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment, in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, though my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction. In the course of these nocturnal adventures, I was infected with the disease, that, in a short time, rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat, where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death."

So much candour and good sense appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no scruple of believing every syllable of what she said; and expressed my astonishment at the variety of miseries she had undergone in so little time; for all her misfortunes had happened within the compass of two years. I compared her situation with my own, and found it a thousand times more wretched. I had endured hardships, 'tis true; my whole life had been a series of such; and when I looked forward, the prospect was not much bettered; but then they were become habitual to me, and consequently I could bear them with less difficulty. If one scheme of life should not succeed, I could have recourse to another—and so to a third—veering about to a thousand different shifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character beyond a power of retrieving it, or subjecting myself wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, she had known and relished the

sweets of prosperity; she had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her sex and rank entitled her; and, without any extravagance of hope, entertained herself with the view of uninterrupted happiness through the whole scene of life. How fatal then, how tormenting, how intolerable must her reverse of fortune be! a reverse that not only robs her of these external comforts, and plunges her into all the miseries of want, but also murders her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curse of eternal infamy! Of all professions, I pronounced that of a courtezan the most deplorable, and her of all courtezans the most unhappy. She allowed my observation to be just in the main; but at the same time affirmed, that notwithstanding the disgraces which had fallen to her share, she had not been so unlucky in the condition of a prostitute, as many others of the same community. "I have often seen," said she, "while I strolled about the streets at midnight, a number of naked wretches, reduced to rags and filth, huddled together like swine, in the corner of a dark alley; some of whom, but eighteen months before, I had known the favourites of the town, rolling in affluence, and glittering in all the pomp of equipage and dress. And indeed the gradation is easily conceived. The most fashionable woman of the town is as liable to a contagion as one in a much humbler sphere; she infects her admirers—her situation is public—she is avoided, neglected, unable to support her usual appearance, which, however, she strives to maintain as long as possible—her credit fails—she is obliged to retrench, and become a night-walker—her malady gains ground—she tampers with her constitution, and ruins it—her complexion fades—she grows nauseous to every body—finds herself reduced to a starving condition—is tempted to pick pockets—is de-

tected—committed to Newgate, where she remains in a miserable condition, till she is discharged, because the plaintiff will not appear to prosecute her. Nobody will afford her lodging—the symptoms of her distemper are grown outrageous—she sues to be admitted into an hospital, where she is cured at the expence of her nose—she is turned out naked into the streets—depends upon the addresses of the lowest class—is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin—degenerates into a brutal insensibility—rots and dies upon a dunghill. Miserable wretch that I am! perhaps the same horrors are decreed for me! No!" cried she, after some pause, "I shall never live to such extremity of distress; my own hand shall open a way for my deliverance, before I arrive at that forlorn period!" Her condition filled me with sympathy and compassion; I revered her qualifications—looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal, and attended her with such care and success, that, in less than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-established. As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thousand different projects were formed, which, upon further canvassing, appeared impracticable. We would have gladly gone to service; but who would take us in without recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which she intended to lay hold; and this was, to procure, with the first money she should earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to some village at a good distance from town, and come up in a waggon, as a fresh girl for service; by which means she might be provided for in a manner much more suitable to her inclination than her present way of life.

CHAPTER XXIV

I am reduced to great Misery—Assaulted on Tower-hill by a Press-gang, who put me on board a Tender—My usage there—My arrival on board of the Thunder man of war, where I am put in Irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr Thomson, who recommends me as Assistant to the Surgeon—He relates his own Story, and makes me acquainted with the Characters of the Captain, Surgeon, and First Mate

I applauded the resolution of Miss Williams, who, a few days after, was hired in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witnessed in her behalf at the Marshalsea, and who, since that time, had got credit with a wine-merchant, whose favourite she was, to set up a convenient house of her own. Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me with a torrent of tears, and a thousand protestations of eternal gratitude; assuring me, she would remain in this situation no longer than she should pick up money sufficient to put her other design in execution.

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old school-fellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my

destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for, as I crossed Tower-wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, "Yo, ho! Brother, you must come along with me." As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and, with one blow of my cudgel, laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice, by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and, after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bum-boat woman,* then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated

* A bum-boat woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies along-side the ship.

my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time, that unless my hurts were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me, "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood centinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand, he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling?" said he; "odds my life, and that I do; and a good seaman he is, as ever stepped upon forecastle, and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit. None of your Guinea pigs, nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair weather fowls. Many a taught gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, a-loft or a-low—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to shew himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium, that I could not refrain from telling

him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman; in consequence of which connexion, he expressed an inclination to serve me; and, when he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another cann of flip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that happened to him in Hispaniola, which I was very glad to be informed was not so great as I imagined; for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having, by accident, in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor, whose name was Jack Rattlin, for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents, which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had writ to his landlord in Deal, he cried, "Body o' me! that was old Ben Block; he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to sculk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer. Well, well, we must all die, that's certain—we must all come to port sooner or later—at sea, or on shore—we must be fast moored one day—death's like the best bower anchor, as the saying is, it will bring us all up." I could not but signify my approbation of the justness of Jack's reflections; and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle; which he explained in this manner: "Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough; besides, he's my commander; but what's that to me?—I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's end. Now the report

goes, as how he's a lord, or baron knight's brother, whereby, d'ye see me, he carries a strait arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof, may hap, they may be as good men in the main as he. Now we lying at anchor in Tuberoon bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch, and as he always kept a good look out, he made, d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the Captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him lousy Scotch son of a whore, (for I being then centinel in the steerage, heard all), and swab and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and, laying hold of a rattan, came athwart Mr Bowling's quarter; whereby he told the captain, that, if he was not his commander, he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore; whereby, in the morning watch, the captain went ashore in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore; and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour, we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapped on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough a-head before we knew any thing of the matter; so that we could never after get sight of him, for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief; for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken, would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behaviour gave me no advantageous idea of his character; and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was with the other pressed men put on board of the Thunder, lying at the Nore. When we came along side, the mate who guarded us thither ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Rattlin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me, "Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? Have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another observing my wounds, which remained exposed to the air, told me, my seams were uncaulked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice, that my bows were manned with the red ropes, instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And, in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my ship-mates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck (for our ship carried eighty guns) in my way to the cock-pit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender. He, seeing me free from chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts, "Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not

consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried, "Damn you, you saucy son of a bitch, I'll teach you to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes with a supple jack he had in his hand; and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons by the master at arms, and a centinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could, and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the Navy-office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognize me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name; which when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow in seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story; and when he had heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck, where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who com-

manded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement, to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed; for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation of the surgeon's mates. And when he had shown me their birth (as he called it,) I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulph, than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrified cheese and rancid butter, that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop, where by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand. This (I learned of Mr Thomson) was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes,

and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess; then, taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board by way of table fastened to the after powder-room; it was also inclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters, who lodged within the cable tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion, he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker, fixed above the table; and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed by the appearance of every thing about me, and could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr Thomson's fortune, since I had seen him in London. He told me, that, being disappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious secretary at the Navy-office, he found himself utterly unable to subsist any longer in town, and had actually offered his service in quality of mate to the surgeon of a merchant ship bound to Guinea on the slaving trade; when one morning, a young fellow, of whom he had some acquaintance, came to his lodgings, and informed him, that he had seen a warrant made out in his name at the Navy-office, for surgeon's second mate of a third rate. This unexpected piece of good news he could scarcely believe to be true, more especially as he had been found qualified at Surgeon's Hall for third mate only; but, that he might not be wanting to himself, he went thither to be assured, and actually found it so. Whereupon, de-

manding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths administered immediately. That very afternoon, he went to Gravesend in the tilt-boat, from whence he took a place in the tide-coach for Rochester; next morning, got on board the Thunder, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the same day was mustered by the clerk of the cheque. And well it was for him, that such expedition was used; for, in less than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomson came on board, affirming that he was the person for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impostor. My friend was grievously alarmed at this accident, the more so as his namesake had very much the advantage over him both in assurance and dress. However, to acquit himself of the suspicion of imposture, he produced several letters written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all present that he had not assumed a name which did not belong to him. His competitor, enraged that they should hesitate in doing him justice (for, to be sure, the warrant had been designed for him,) behaved with so much indecent heat, that the commanding officer (who was the same gentleman I had seen,) and the surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and, making a point of it with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station. "I have been on board," said he, "ever since, and, as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation. The surgeon is a good-natured indolent man; the first mate (who is now on shore on duty) is indeed a little proud and choleric, as all Welchmen are, but in the main a friendly honest fellow. The lieutenants I have no concern with; and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate even by sight."

CHAPTER XXV

The Behaviour of Mr Morgan—His Pride, Displeasure, and Generosity—The Economy of our Mess described—Thomson's further Friendship—The Nature of my Duty explained—The Situation of the Sick

While he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cock-pit ladder, pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect, "The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as blue as a pell, look you, or green as a leek, 'tis all one." To this declaration somebody answered, "So it seems my poor mess-mate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore top-sail is loose already; and besides the doctor ordered you to over-haul him; but I see you don't mind what your master says." Here he was interrupted with, "Splunter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover my behaviour is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and pleasures? Go your ways, you rapscallion, and tell Dr Atkins, that I desire and request, that he will give a look upon the tying man, and

order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you." At this the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by God, he would be foul of them in the other world. Here Mr Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the birth. He was a short thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fiery eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles. My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case; when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which, when he had opened, he exclaimed in a great passion, "Cot is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a Christian!" Thomson then gave him to understand, that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker; and the rather as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr Morgan more peevish than usual, or he rather thought himself too little regarded by his fellow-mate, I know not, but, after some pause, he went on this manner. "Mr Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the good manners, and complaisance, and respect, look you, that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair. I have, in my time, look you, been a man of some weight and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot, and the king's taxes; ay, and maintained a family to boot. And moreover,

also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr Thomson."—"My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my better," cried Thomson with some heat.—"Cot is my saviour, and witness too," said Morgan, with great vehemence, "that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you." Fearing this dispute might be attended with some bad consequence, I interposed, and told Mr Morgan, I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate; and that rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission into some other company. But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion, as I thought, insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me; and observed, that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr Morgan on the right key, who protested with great earnestness, that he had no objection to my being received in the mess; but only complained, that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. "As for a shentleman in distress," said he, shaking me by the hand, "I lofe him as I lofe my own powels. For, Got help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack." And as I afterwards learned, in so saying, he spoke no more than what was true; for he had been once settled in a very good situation in Glamorganshire, and was ruined by being security for an acquaintance. All differences being composed, he untied his bundle, which consisted of three bunches of onions, and a great lump of Cheshire cheese wrapt up in a handkerchief; and taking some biscuit from the cupboard, fell to with a keen appetite, inviting us to a share of the repast. When he had fed heartily

on his homely fare, he filled a large cup, made of a cocoa-nut shell, with brandy, and drinking it off, told us, "Prandy was the pest menstruum for onion and sheese." His hunger being appeased, be began to be in better humour; and being inquisitive about my birth, no sooner understood that I was descended of a good family, than he discovered a particular goodwill to me on that account, deducing his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus, King of the Britons, who was first the prisoner, and afterwards the friend of Claudius Cæsar. Perceiving how much I was reduced in point of linen, he made me a present of two good ruffled shirts, which, with two more of check, which I received from Mr Thomson, enabled me to appear with decency. Meanwhile the sailor, whom Mr Morgan had sent to the doctor, brought a prescription for his mess-mate, which, when the Welchman had read, he got up to prepare it, and asked if the man was "Tead or alive?"—"Dead!" replied Jack; "if he was dead, he would have no occasion for doctor's stuff. No, thank God, death ha'n't as yet boarded him, but they have been yard arm and yard arm these three glasses."—"Are his eyes open?" continued the mate.—"His starboard eye," said the sailor, "is open, but fast jammed in his head; and the haulyards of his under-jaw have given way."—"Passion of my heart!" cried Morgan, "the man is as pad as one would desire to be! Did you feel his pulses?" To this the other replied with, "Anan?" Upon which this Cambro-Briton, with great earnestness and humanity, ordered the tar to run to his mess-mate, and keep him alive till he should come with the medicine, "and then," said he, "you shall peradventure pehold what you shall see." The poor fellow with great simplicity ran to the place where the sick man lay, but, in less than a minute, returned with a

woful countenance, and told us his comrade had struck. Morgan hearing this, exclaimed, "Mercy upon my salvation! why did you not stop him till I came?"—"Stop him!" said the other, "I hailed him several times, but he was too far on his way, and the enemy had got possession of his close quarters; so that he did not mind me."—"Well, well," said he, "we all owe heaven a teath. Go your ways, you ragamuffin, and take an example, and a warning, look you, and repent of your misteets." So saying, he pushed the seaman out of the birth.

While he entertained us with reflections suitable to this event, we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner; and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled pease, crying, "Scaldings," all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which, by the colour, I could with difficulty discern to be metal; and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my mess-mates eat heartily, advising me to follow their example, as it was banyan-day, and we could have no meat till next noon. But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion; and therefore desired to be excused, expressing a curiosity to know the meaning of banyan-day. They told me, that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan-days,

the reason of which they did not know; but I have since learned, they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East-Indies, who never taste flesh.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, shewed me the different parts, described their uses, and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain a hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bed-clothes, procured credit for me with the purser, for a mattress and two blankets. At seven o'clock in the evening, Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions. But when I followed him with the medicines into the sick birth or hospital, and observed the situations of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board, than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each, with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day, as well as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

CHAPTER XXVI

A Disagreeable Accident happens to me in the Discharge of my Office—Morgan's Nose is Offended—A Dialogue between him and the Ship's Steward—Upon Examination, I find more Causes of Complaint than one—My Hair is cut off—Morgan's Cookery—The Manner of Sleeping on Board—I am waked in the Night by a Dreadful Noise

I could not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as they seemed barricadoed by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation. Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters, that were ordered for some in that situation; when I saw him thrust his wig in his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat in a moment, then creep on all four under the hammocks of the sick; and, forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder, until he had done his duty. Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and, he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along, the ship happened to roll; this motion alarming me, I laid hold of the first thing that came within my grasp with such violence, that I overturned it, and soon found, by the smell that issued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the most delicious perfume; it was well for me that my nose was none of

the most delicate, else I know not how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffused itself all over the ship, to the utter discomposure of every body who tarried on the same deck. Neither was the consequence of this disgrace confined to my sense of smelling only, for I felt my misfortunes more ways than one. That I might not, however, appear altogether disconcerted in this my first essay, I got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening indeed, but not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck, so that I was in danger of strangulation. While I remained in this defenceless posture, one of the sick men, rendered peevish by his distemper, was so enraged at the smell I had occasioned, and the rude shock he had received from me in my elevation, that, with many bitter reproaches, he seized me by the nose, which he tweaked so unmercifully, that I roared with anguish. Thomson, perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my assistance, who, with much difficulty, disengaged me from this situation, and hindered me from taking vengeance of the sick man, whose indisposition would not have screened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our ministry for that time, we descended to the cockpit, my friend comforting me for what had happened with a homely proverb, which I do not chuse to repeat. When we had descended half way down the ladder, Mr Morgan, before he saw us, having intelligence by his nose of the approach of something extraordinary, cried, "Cot have mercy upon my senses! I believe the enemy has

poarded us in a stink-pot!" Then directing his discourse to the steward, from whom he imagined the odour proceeded, he reprimanded him severely for the freedoms he took among gentlemen of birth, and threatened to smoke him like a padger with sulphur, if he ever should presume to offend his neighbours with such smells for the future. The steward, conscious of his own innocence, replied, with some warmth, "I know of no smells but those of your own making." This repartee introduced a smart dialogue, in which the Welchman undertook to prove, that though the stench he complained of did not flow from the steward's own body, he was nevertheless the author of it, by serving out damaged provisions to the ship's company; and in particular, putrified cheese, from the use of which only he affirmed, such unsavory steams could arise. Then he launched out into the praise of good cheese, of which he gave the analysis; he explained the different kinds of that commodity, with the methods practised to make and preserve it; and concluded with observing, that, in yielding good cheese, the county of Glamorgan might vie with Cheshire itself, and was much superior to it in the produce of goats and putter. I gathered from this conversation, that if I entered in my present pickle, I should be no welcome guest, and therefore desired Mr Thomson to go before, and represent my calamity; at which the first mate, expressing some concern, went upon deck immediately, taking his way through the cable tire, and by the main hatchway, to avoid encountering me, desiring me to clean myself as soon as possible; for he intended to regale himself with a dish of salmagundy and a pipe. Accordingly, I set about this disagreeable business, and soon found I had more causes of complaint than I at first imagined; for I perceived some guests had honoured me with their com-

pany, whose visit I did not at all think seasonable; neither did they seem inclined to leave me in a hurry, for they were in possession of my chief quarters, where they fed, without reserve, at the expense of my blood. But considering it would be much easier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their settlement, than after they should be multiplied and naturalized to the soil, I took the advice of my friend, who, to prevent such misfortunes, went always close shaved, and made the boy of our mess cut off my hair, which had been growing since I left the service of Lavement; and the second mate lent me an old bob wig to supply the loss of that covering. This affair being ended, and everything adjusted in the best manner my circumstances would permit, the descendant of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of salt beef from the brine, cut off a slice, and mixed it with an equal quantity of onions, which, seasoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and salt, he brought into a consistence with oil and vinegar. Then tasting the dish, assured us it was the best salmagundy that ever he made, and recommended it to our palate, with such heartiness, that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no sooner swallowed a mouthful, than I thought my entrails were scorched, and endeavoured, with a deluge of small beer, to allay the heat it occasioned. Supper being over, Mr Morgan having smoked a couple of pipes, and supplied the moisture he had expended with as many cans of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admonish me, that it was high time to repair by sleep the injury I had suffered from want of rest the preceding night; which being perceived by my companions, whose time of repose was now arrived, they proposed we should turn in, or, in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one

another, on the outside of the birth, were immediately unlashed, and I beheld my mess-mates spring with great agility into their respective nests, where they seemed to lie concealed, very much at their ease. But it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to trust my carcase at such a distance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which I imagined I should be apt, on the least motion in my sleep, to tumble down at the hazard of breaking my bones. I suffered myself, however, to be persuaded, and, taking a leap to get in, threw myself quite over, with such violence, that, had I not luckily got hold of Thomson's hammock, I should have pitched upon my head on the other side, and in all likelihood fractured my skull. After some fruitless efforts, I succeeded at last; but the apprehension of the jeopardy in which I believed myself, withstood all the attacks of sleep, till towards the morning watch, when, in spite of my fears, I was overpowered with slumber, though I did not long enjoy this comfortable situation; being aroused with a noise so loud and shrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burst by it; this was followed by a dreadful summons, pronounced by a hoarse voice, which I could not understand. While I was debating with myself whether or not I should wake my companions, and inquire into the occasion of this disturbance, I was informed by one of the quartermasters, who passed by me with a lantern in his hand, that the noise which alarmed me was occasioned by the boatswain's mates, who called up the larboard watch, and that I must lay my account with such interruption every morning at the same hour. Being now more assured of my safety, I addressed myself again to rest, and slept till eight o'clock; when rising, and breakfasting with my comrades on biscuit and brandy, the sick were visited and assisted as before; after which visitation,

my good friend Thomson explained and performed another piece of duty, to which I was a stranger. At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the mess went round all the decks, ringing a small hand-bell, and, in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended, with applications to dress them.

CHAPTER XXVII

I acquire the Friendship of the Surgeon, who procures a Warrant for me, and makes me a Present of Clothes—A Battle between a Midshipman and me—The Surgeon leaves the Ship—The Captain comes on Board with another Surgeon—A Dialogue between the Captain and Morgan—The Sick are ordered to be brought upon the Quarter-deck and examined—The Consequences of that Order—A Madman accuses Morgan, and is set at Liberty by Command of the Captain, whom he instantly attacks and pummels without mercy

While I was busied with my friend in this practice, the doctor chanced to pass by the place where we were, and stopping to observe me, appeared very well satisfied with my method of application; and afterwards sent for me to his cabin, where having examined me touching my skill in surgery, and the particulars of my fortune, he interested himself so far in my behalf, as to promise his assistance in procuring a warrant for me, seeing I had been already found qualified at Surgeons Hall for the station I filled on board; and in this good office he the more cordially engaged, when he understood I was nephew to Lieutenant Bowling, for whom he expressed a particular regard. In the mean time, I could learn from his discourse that he did not intend to go to sea again with Captain Oakum, having, as he thought, been indifferently used by him during the last voyage.

While I lived tolerably easy, in expectation of preferment, I was not altogether without mortifications, which

I not only suffered from the rude insults of the sailors and petty officers, among whom I was known by the name of Loblolly Boy; but also from the disposition of Morgan, who, though friendly in the main, was often very troublesome with his pride, which expected a good deal of submission from me, and delighted in recapitulating the favours I had received at his hands.

About six weeks after my arrival on board, the surgeon, bidding me follow him into his cabin, presented a warrant to me, by which I was appointed surgeon's third mate on board the Thunder. This he had procured by his interest at the Navy office; as also another for himself, by virtue of which he was removed into a second rate. I acknowledged his kindness in the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest, and professed my sorrow at the prospect of losing so valuable a friend, to whom I hoped to have recommended myself still further by my respectful and diligent behaviour. But his generosity rested not here; for, before he left the ship, he made me a present of a chest and some clothes, that enabled me to support the rank to which he had raised me. I found my spirit revive with my good fortune; and, now I was an officer, resolved to maintain the dignity of my station against all opposition or affronts. Nor was it long before I had occasion to exert my resolution. My old enemy, the midshipman, whose name was Crampley, entertaining an implacable animosity against me for the disgrace he had suffered on my account, had, since that time, taken all opportunities of reviling and ridiculing me, when I was not entitled to retort this bad usage. And even after I had been rated on the books, and mustered as surgeon's mate, did not think fit to restrain his insolence. In particular, being one day present while I dressed a wound in a sailor's leg, he began to sing a song, which I thought highly

injurious to the honour of my country, and therefore signified my resentment by observing that the Scots always laid their account with finding enemies among the ignorant, insignificant, and malicious. This unexpected piece of assurance enraged him to such a degree, that he lent me a blow on the face, which I verily thought had demolished my cheek-bone; I was not slow in returning the obligation, and the affair began to be very serious, when, by accident, Mr Morgan, and one of the master's mates, coming that way, interposed; and, inquiring into the cause, endeavoured to promote a reconciliation; but finding us both exasperated to the uttermost, and bent against accommodation, they advised us either to leave our difference undecided till we should have an opportunity of terminating it on shore, like gentlemen, or else chuse a proper place on board, and bring it to an issue by boxing. This last expedient was greedily embraced by us both; and being forthwith conducted to the ground proposed, we stripped in a moment, and began a very furious contest, in which I soon found myself inferior to my antagonist, not so much in strength and agility, as in skill, which he had acquired in the school of Hockley in the Hole and Tottenham Court. Many cross-buttocks did I sustain, and pegs on the stomach without number, till at last my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour wasted, I grew desperate, and, collecting all my strength in one effort, threw in at once, head, hands, and feet, with such violence, that I drove my antagonist three paces backward into the main hatchway, down which he fell, and, pitching upon his head and right shoulder, remained without sense and motion. Morgan looking down, and seeing him lie in that condition, cried, "Upon my conscience, as I am a christian sinner, look you, I believe his pattles are all ofer; but I take you all to witness that

there was no treachery in the case, and that he has suffered by the chance of war." So saying, he descended to the deck below, to examine into the situation of my adversary; and left me very little pleased with my victory, as I found myself not only terribly bruised, but likewise in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley. But this fear vanished when my fellow mate, having, by bleeding him in the jugular, brought him to himself, and inquired into the state of his body, called up to me to be under no concern, for the midshipman had received no other damage than as pretty a luxation of the *os humeri* as one would desire to see on a summer's day. Upon this information, I crawled down to the cockpit, and acquainted Thomson with the affair, who, providing himself with bandages, etc., necessary for the occasion, went up to assist Mr Morgan in the reduction of the dislocation. When this was successfully performed, they wished me joy of the event of the combat; and the Welchman, after observing, that, in all likelihood, the ancient Scots and Britons were the same people, bade me, "Praise Got for putting mettle in my pelly, and strength in my limbs to support it." I acquired such reputation by this rencounter, which lasted twenty minutes, that everybody became more cautious in behaviour towards me; though Crampley, with his arm in a sling, talked very high, and threatened to seize the first opportunity of retrieving, on shore, the honour he had lost by an accident, from which I could justly claim no merit.

About this time, Captain Oakum, having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Doctor Atkins; for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merci-

less tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick-list, which when this grim commander had perused, he cried with a stern countenance, "Blood and oons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Harkee, you sir, I'll have no sick in my ship, by God!" The Welchman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board; but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list.—"You and your list may be damn'd," said the captain, throwing it at him; "I say, there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her." Mr Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him, his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation, and stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in, "Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage, look you, and peradventure I am moreofer"——Here his harangue was broke off by the captain's steward, who, being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree; and this would certainly have been the case, for the indignant Welchman could hardly be hindered, by his friend's arguments and entreaties, from re-entering the presence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakum to his teeth. He was, however, appeased at length, and came down to the birth,

where finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bade us "leave off our lapour and go to play, for the captain, by his sole word and power, and command, had driven sickness a pegging to the tevil, and there was no more malady on poard." So saying, he drank off a gill of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of "Got pless my heart, liver, and lungs!" and then began to sing a Welch song with great earnestness of visage, voice, and gesture. I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phenomenon, and saw by the looks of Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader's brains were unsettled. He perceiving our amazement, told us he would explain the mystery; but, at the same time, bade us take notice, that he had lived poy, patchelor, married man, and widower, almost forty years, and, in all that time, there was no man nor mother's son in the whole world who durst use him so ill as Captain Oagum had done. Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related it; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick-list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed. This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of

bitches, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and, taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each, as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognizance, was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much, that he could hardly stand. Mr Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name), having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gangway immediately for counterfeiting himself sick; but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropt down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered laboured under a quartan ague, and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which, he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain: But, being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the forecastle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch, and spitting of blood, for which Dr Mackshane prescribed exercise at the pump, to promote expectoration: But, whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, for in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs. A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy, that invaded his chest so much, he could scarce fetch his breath; but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration, and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately: It was in vain for

this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity, the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat-o'-nine tails: The smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttoc shrouds; but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat alongside, saved his life, by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle. It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the sick was reduced to less than a dozen; and the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released; affirming, he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welchman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately: Upon which, Morgan protested with great fervency, that the person in question was as mad as a March-hare; and begged, for the love of Got, they would at least keep his arms

pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mischief. This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted upon his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that every body present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances; for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well nigh been murdered for his pains: This was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared, he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down and almost strangled. To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's, and was suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board, that Mr Morgan's wife kept a gin-shop in Rag-Fair. This anecdote produced a laugh at the expence of the Welchman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows, it is an arrant falsehood." Captain Oakum, without any further hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the same time, threatening to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite. But the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen shrouds, crying to Thomson and me to get out of his reach, for we should see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac, as soon as he was released, fly at the captain like a fury, crying, "I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel," and pummel him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the as-

sistance of his patron, shared the same fate; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Captain enraged, threatens to put the Madman to death with his own Hand—Is diverted from that Resolution by the Arguments and Persuasions of the first Lieutenant and Surgeon—We set sail for St. Helen's—Join the Fleet under the Command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, and proceed for the West Indies—Are overtaken by a terrible Tempest—My friend, Jack Rattlin, has his Leg broke by a Fall from the Main-yard—The Behaviour of Doctor Mackshane—Jack opposes the Amputation of his Limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the Cure, and perform it successfully

The captain was carried into his cabin, so enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the pleasure of pistoling him with his own hand; and would certainly have satisfied his revenge in this manner, had not the first lieutenant remonstrated against it, by observing, that in all appearance, the fellow was not mad but desperate; that he had been hired by some enemy of the captain to assassinate him, and therefore ought to be kept in irons till he could be brought to a court-martial, which, no doubt, would sift the affair to the bottom (by which means important discoveries might be made), and then sentence the criminal to a death adequate to his demerits. This suggestion, improbable as it was, had the desired effect upon the captain, being exactly calculated for the meridian of his intellects; more especially, as Doctor Mackshane espoused this

opinion, in consequence of his previous declaration that the man was not mad. Morgan finding there was no more damage done, could not help discovering, by his countenance, the pleasure he enjoyed on this occasion; and while he bathed the doctor's face with an embrocation, ventured to ask him, whether he thought there were more fools or madmen on board? But he would have been wiser in containing this sally, which his patient carefully laid up in his memory, to be taken notice of at a more fit season. Meanwhile, we weighed anchor, and on our way to the Downs, the madman, who was treated as prisoner, took an opportunity, while the centinel attended him at the head, to leap overboard, and frustrate the revenge of the captain. We staid not long at the Downs, but took the benefit of the first easterly wind to go round to Spithead, where having received on board provisions for six months, we sailed from St. Helen's in the grand fleet bound for the West Indies, on the ever-memorable expedition of Carthagena.

It was not without great mortification I saw myself on the point of being transported to such a distant and unhealthy climate, destitute of every convenience that could render such a voyage supportable; and under the dominion of an arbitrary tyrant, whose command was almost intolerable: However, as these complaints were common to a great many on board, I resolved to submit patiently to my fate, and contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow. We got out of the Channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard: But this state of inaction did not last long; for next night our main-top-sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was wakened by a most horrible din,

occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the deck above, the cracking of cabins, the howling of the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain-pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying, "Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the tamn'd!"—while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to Heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welchman, with whom, after having fortified ourselves with brandy, I went above; but, if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain-high, on the top of which, our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast-head, and threatened, by dashing together, to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled over-board with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable; a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hollowing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails that were split into a thousand pieces flapping in the wind; others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters! While

I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Rattlin was thrown down upon the deck, at the expence of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin: As this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to his cabin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared. I entered his apartment without any ceremony, and by the glimmering of a lamp, perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembled a crucifix; but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which indeed assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Dr Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome. Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned, I suppose, by his being disturbed in his devotion, and, in a trice, snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight. After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck, where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit, and in the mean time, said he, I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings. When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my piece of mind; however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of

Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck, whither Mr Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding, from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately. This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who, recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced with a woful countenance, "What! is there no remedy, doctor? must I be dock'd? can't you splice it?"—"Assuredly, Doctor Mackshane," said the first mate, "with submission, and deference, and veneration, to your superior abilities, and opportunities, and stations, look you, I do apprehend, and conjecture, and aver, that there is no occasion nor necessity to smite off this poor man's leg."—"God Almighty bless you, dear Welchman!" cried Rattlin; "may you have fair wind and weather wheresoever you're bound, and come to an anchor in the road of Heaven at last." Mackshane, very much incensed at his mate's differing in opinion from him so openly, answered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him; and, in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tournequet. At the sight of which, Jack starting up, cried, "Avast, avast! damn my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore! Mr Random, won't you lend a hand towards saving my precious limb? Odds heart, if Lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk."

This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion,

and affirm, that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, and common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too; but he, being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner, espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who, by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner, as to screen himself from censure, and at the same time revenge himself on us, for our arrogance in contradicting him. With this view, he asked, if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril; that is, be answerable for the consequence. To this question Morgan replied, that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of Got alone; and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance; but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a favourable issue, to which, at present, we saw no obstruction. I signified my concurrence; and Rattlin was so overjoyed, that shaking us both by the hands, he swore nobody else should touch him, and if he died, his blood should be upon his own head. Mr Mackshane, flattering himself with the prospect of our miscarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we should think proper; accordingly, having sawed off part of the splinter that stuck through the skin, we reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box, *secundum artem.*

Every thing succeeded according to our wish, and we had the satisfaction of not only preserving the poor fellow's leg, but likewise of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ship's company, who had all their eyes on us during the course of this cure, which was completed in six weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX

Mackshane's Malice—I am taken up and imprisoned for a Spy—Morgan meets with the same Fate—Thomson is tampered with to turn Evidence against us—Disdains the Proposal, and is maltreated for his Integrity—Morgan is released to assist the Surgeon during an Engagement with some French Ships of War—I remain fettered on the Poop, exposed to the Enemy's Shot, and grow delirious with Fear—Am comforted after the Battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the Captain; is overheard by the Centinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned — Thomson grows desperate, and, notwithstanding the Remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes overboard in the Night

In the mean time, the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welchman and me. He went among the sick, under pretence of inquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice, but finding himself frustrated in that expectation, by the good will we had procured from the patients by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation, by hiding himself behind the canvass that surrounded our birth; here too he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour; and one night, while we were picking a large bone of salt-beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our

hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing; upon which, I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying, "Whoever you are, take that for your curiosity." It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabin. I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mackshane from that time marking me out for destruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner, and carried to the poop by the master-at-arms, where I was loaded with irons, and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain's life. How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shown to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of the charge. I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I sent for Thomson, who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted, that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested, and all my papers seized. While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine. Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his

feet to be inclosed in the rings provided for that purpose; but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, he grew outrageous, and drawing a large couteau from his side-pocket, threatened to rip up the belly of the first man that should approach him, in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner. They were preparing to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter-deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me "put my trust in Got." And looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him, there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company. But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate: Him he excepted, to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us: With this view, he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harassed him so much out of spite, that, in a short time, this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chace: Hereupon everything was cleared for an engagement, and Mackshane, foreseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan's liberty; while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle. It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chace, which we hailed, and inquired who they were; they gave us to understand they were French men of war, upon which Captain Oakum commanded them to send their boat on board of him; but they refused, telling him, if he had any business with them, to come on board of their ship: He then threatened to pour in a broadside upon them,

which they promised to return. Both sides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury. The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea-fight, expecting every moment to be cut asunder, or dashed in pieces by the enemy's shot! I endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me; but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another, I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine: However, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines, who stood near me, being shot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well nigh blinded with brains. I could contain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs: When a drummer coming towards me, asked if I was wounded? and before I could answer, received a great shot in his belly, which tore out his entrails, and he fell flat on my breast. This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion: I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle; and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic: I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet and insensible of the load that oppressed me. The engagement lasted till broad day, when Captain Oakum, finding he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours; and hailing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards, and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board of the French com-

modore. Our loss amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died. My fellow-mates had no sooner dispatched their business in the cock-pit, than, full of friendly concern, they came to visit me. Morgan ascending first, and seeing my face almost covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world; and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bade him come up, and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a petter place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakums to asperse and torment him. "No," said he, taking me by the hand, "you are going to a country where there is more respect shown to unfortunate shentlemen, and where you will have the satisfaction of peholding your adversaries tossing upon pillows of purning primstone." Thomson, alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, inquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time, I had recollected myself so far, as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery: But our discourse being overheard by the centinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved, than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received: The effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master-at-arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station; and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his

tongue, if he did not chuse to accompany us in our confinement. Thomson foreseeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshane, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of such barbarians. I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by representing the subject of my own, with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which, I hoped, was not far off, considering that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welchman joined in my remonstrance, and was at great pains to demonstrate, that it was every man's duty, as well as interest, to resign himself to the Divine will, and look upon himself as a centinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved. Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply. About eleven at night, he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand, that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and in recompence had been grossly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us, in a design of taking away his life and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried, "God bless you both"; and

left us to wonder at his singular manner of parting with us, which did not fail to make a deep impression on us.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and, after strict search, supposed to have gone over-board in the night; and this was certainly the case.

CHAPTER XXX

We lament the Fate of our Companion—The Captain offers Morgan his Liberty, which he refuses to accept—We are brought before him and examined—Morgan is sent back into Custody, whither also I am remanded, after a curious Trial

The news of this event affected my fellow-prisoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had justly acquired, by his amiable disposition, the love and esteem of us both; and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occasion of it. This abandoned miscreant did not discover the least symptom of concern for Thomson's death, although he must have been conscious to himself of having driven him by ill usage to that fatal resolution; but desired the captain to set Morgan at liberty again to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was sent up to unfetter him; but he protested he would not be released until he should know for what he was confined; nor would he be a tennis-ball, nor a shuttle-cock, nor a trudge, nor a scullion to any captain under the sun. Oakum finding him obstinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exercise his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to show some appearance of justice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he sat in state, with his clerk on one side, and his counseller Mackshane

on the other. When we approached, he honoured us with this salutation:—"So, gentlemen, damn my blood! many a captain in the navy would have ordered you both to be tuck'd up to the yard's-arm, without either judge or jury, for the crimes you have been guilty of; but, damn my blood, I have too much good-nature, in allowing such dogs as you to make your defence."—"Captain Oagum," said my fellow-sufferer, "certainly it is in your power (Got help the while) to tuck us all up at your will, and desire, and pleasures. And perhaps it would be petter for some of us to be tucked up, than undergo the miseries to which we have been exposed. So may the farmer hang his kids for his diversion, and amusement, and mirth; but there is such a thing as justice, if not upon earth, surely in Heaven, that will punish with fire and primstone all those who take away the lives of innocent people out of wantonness and parparity, look you—In the mean time, I shall be glad to know the crimes laid to my charge, and see the person who accuses me."—"That you shall," said the captain. —"Here, doctor, what have you to say?" Mackshane stepping forward, hemmed a good while, in order to clear his throat, and, before he began, Morgan accosted him thus:—"Doctor Mackshane, look in my face—look in the face of an honest man, who abhors a false witness as he abhors the tevil, and Got be judge between you and me." The doctor, not minding this conjuration, made the following speech, as near as I can remember:—"I'll tell you what, Mr Morgan, to be sure, what you say is just, in regard to an honest man, and if so be it appears as how you are an honest man, then it is my opinion, that you deserve to be acquitted, in relation to that there affair; for I tell you what, Captain Oakum is resolved for to do every body justice. As for my own part, all that I have to allege is, that I have been in-

formed you have spoken disrespectful words against your captain, who, to be sure, is the most honourable and generous commander in the king's service, without asparagement or acception of man, woman, or child." Having uttered this elegant harangue, on which he seemed to plume himself, Morgan replied, "I do partly guess, and conceive, and understand your meaning, which I wish could be more explicit: But, however, I do suppose I am not to be condemned upon bare hearsay; or if I am convicted of speaking disrespectfully of Captain Oagum, I hope there is no treason in my words."—"But there's mutiny, by God, and that's death by the articles of war," cried Oakum. "In the mean time, let the witnesses be called."—Hereupon Mackshane's servant appeared, and the boy of our mess, whom they had seduced and tutored for the purpose. The first declared, that Morgan, as he descended the cockpit ladder one day, cursed the captain, and called him a savage beast, saying, he ought to be hunted down as an enemy to mankind. "This," said the clerk, "is a strong presumption of a design formed against the captain's life. For why? It presupposes malice aforethought, and a criminal intention *a priori*."—"Right," said the captain to this miserable grub, who had been an attorney's boy, "you shall have law enough; here's Cook and Littlejohn for it." This evidence was confirmed by the boy, who affirmed, he heard the first mate say, that the captain had no more bowels than a bear, and the surgeon had no more brains than an ass. Then the centinel who heard our discourse on the poop was examined, and informed the court that the Welchman assured me, Captain Oakum and Doctor Mackshane would toss upon billows of burning brimstone in hell for their barbarity. The clerk observed, that there was an evident prejudication, which confirmed the former sus-

picion of a conspiracy against the life of Captain Oakum; for, because, how could Morgan so positively pronounce that the captain and surgeon would be damned, unless he had intention to make away with them before they could have time to repent? This sage explanation had great weight with our noble commander, who exclaimed, "What have you to say to this, Taffy? You seem to be taken all a back, brother, ha!" Morgan was too much of a gentleman to disown the text, although he absolutely denied the truth of the comment: Upon which the captain, strutting up to him, with a ferocious countenance, said, "So, Mr son of a bitch, you confess you honoured me with the names of bear and beast, and pronounced my damnation? Damn my heart! I have a good mind to have you brought to a court-martial and hanged, you dog." Here Mackshane having occasion for an assistant, interposed, and begged the captain to pardon Mr Morgan, with his wonted goodness, upon condition that he the delinquent should make such submission as the nature of his misdemeanor demanded. Upon which the Cambro-Briton, who on this occasion would have made no submission to the great Mogul, surrounded with his guards, thanked the doctor for his mediation, and acknowledged himself in the wrong for calling the image of God a peast; "but," said he, "I spoke by metaphor, and parable, and comparison, and types; as we signify meekness by a lamb, lechery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox; so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tiger; therefore I made use of these similes to express my sentiments, look you, and what I said before Got, I will not unsay before man or peast neither." Oakum was so provoked at this insolence, as he termed it, that he ordered him forthwith to be carried to the place of his confinement, and his clerk to proceed on the

examination of me. The first question put to me was touching the place of my nativity, which I declared to be the North of Scotland. "The North of Ireland more like," cried the captain, "but we shall bring you up presently." He then asked what religion I professed; and when I answered, "The Protestant," swore I was as arrant a Roman as ever went to mass. "Come, come, clerk," continued he, "catechise him a little on this subject." But before I relate the particulars of the clerk's inquiries, it will not be amiss to inform the reader, that our commander himself was an Hibernian, and, if not shrewdly belied, a Roman Catholic to boot. "You say you are a Protestant," said the clerk, "make the sign of the cross with your fingers, so, and swear upon it to that affirmation." When I was about to perform this ceremony, the captain cried with some emotion, "No, no, damme! I'll have no profanation neither. But go on with your interrogations." —"Well then," proceeded my examiner, "how many Sacraments are there?" To which I replied, "Two." —"What are they?" said he.—I answered, "Baptism and the Lord's Supper."—"And so you would explode Confirmation and Marriage altogether!" said Oakum; "I thought this fellow was a rank Roman."—The clerk, though he was bred under an attorney, could not refrain from blushing at this blunder, which he endeavoured to conceal, by observing, that these decoys would not do with me, who seemed to be an old offender. He went on with asking, if I believed in transubstantiation; but I treated the notion of a real presence with such disrespect, that his patron was scandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot. Whereupon this miserable pettifogger told me, there was great reason to suspect me of being a spy on board; and that I had entered into a conspiracy with Thomson and

others not yet detected, against the life of Captain Oakum. Which accusation they pretended to support by the evidence of our boy, who declared, he had often heard the deceased Thomson and me whispering together, and could distinguish the words, "Oakum, rascal, poison, pistol." By which expressions it appeared, we did intend to use sinister means to accomplish his destruction. That the death of Thomson seemed to confirm this conjecture, who, either feeling the stings of remorse, for being engaged in such a horrid confederacy, or fearing a discovery, by which he must have infallibly suffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own existence. But what established the truth of the whole, was a book in cyphers found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his chest, after his disappearance: This, he observed, was a presumption very near proof positive, and would determine any jury in Christendom to find me guilty. In my own defence, I alleged that I had been dragged on board at first very much against my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of some people now in the ship, consequently could have no design of becoming spy at that time; and ever since had been entirely out of the reach of any correspondence that could justly entail that suspicion upon me. As for conspiring against my captain's life, it could not be supposed that any man in his right wits would harbour the least thought of such an undertaking, which he could not possibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himself, even if he had all the inclination in the world. That, allowing the boy's evidence to be true, which I affirmed was false and malicious, nothing conclusive could be gathered from a few incoherent words. Neither was the fate of Mr Thomson a circumstance more favourable for the charge, for I had in my pocket a

letter, which too well explained that mystery, in a very different manner from that which was supposed. With these words, I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomson disappeared; and told me it was committed to his care by the deceased, who made him promise not to deliver it sooner. The clerk taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents, which were these:

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I am so much oppressed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous usage of Doctor Mackshane, who is bent on your destruction, as well as mine, that I am resolved to free myself from this miserable life, and, before you receive this, shall be no more. I could have wished to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I shall forfeit by the last act of my life; but if you cannot acquit me, I know you will at least preserve some regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you. I recommend it to you to beware of Mackshane, whose revenge is implacable. I wish all prosperity to you and Mr Morgan, to whom pray offer my last respects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman,

"WILLIAM THOMSON."

This letter was no sooner read, than Mackshane, in a transport of rage, snatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces, saying, it was a villainous forgery, contrived and executed by myself. The captain and clerk declared themselves of the same opinion, although I insisted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomson, which they had in their possession; and I was ordered to answer the last article of my accusation, namely, the book of

cyphers found among my papers. "That is easily done," said I. "What you are pleased to call cyphers, are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of everything remarkable that has occurred to my observation, since the beginning of the voyage till the day on which I was put in irons; and the same method was practised by Mr Thomson, who copied mine."—"A very likely story!" cried Mackshane; "what occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote? But what d'ye talk of Greek characters? D'ye think I am so ignorant of the Greek language, as not to distinguish its letters from these, which are no more Greek than Chinese? No, no, I will not give up my knowledge of the Greek for you, nor none that ever came from your country." So saying, with an unparalleled effrontery, he repeated some gibberish, which, by the sound, seemed to be Irish, and made it pass for Greek with the captain, who, looking at me with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed, "Ah! ah! have you caught a tartar?" I could not help smiling at the consummate assurance of this Hibernian, and offered to refer the dispute to any body on board who understood the Greek alphabet: Upon which Morgan was brought back, and being made acquainted with the affair, took the book and read a whole page in English without hesitation, deciding the controversy in my favour. The doctor was so far from being out of countenance at this detection, that he affirmed Morgan was in the secret, and repeated from his own invention. Oakum said, "Ay, ay, I see they are both in a story"; and dismissed my fellow-mate to his cock-loft, although I proposed that he and I should read and translate separately, any chapter or verse in the Greek testament in his possession, by which it would appear whether we or the

surgeon spoke truth. Not being endued with eloquence enough to convince the captain that there could be no juggle nor confederacy in this expedient, I begged to be examined by some unconcerned person on board, who understood Greek: Accordingly the whole ship's company, officers and all, were called upon deck, among whom it was proclaimed, that if any of them could speak Greek, he or they so qualified should ascend the quarter-deck immediately. After some pause, two fore-mast men came up, and professed their skill in that language, which, they said, they acquired during several voyages to the Levant, among the Greeks of the Morea. The captain exulted much in this declaration, and put my journal-book into the hands of one of them, who candidly owned he could neither read nor write; the other acknowledged the same degree of ignorance, but pretended to speak the Greek lingo with any man on board; and addressing himself to me, pronounced some sentences of a barbarous corrupted language, which I did not understand. I asserted, that the modern Greek was as different from that spoke and written by the ancients, as the English used now from the old Saxon spoke in the time of Hengist; and as I had only learned the true original tongue, in which Homer, Pindar, the Evangelists, and other great men of antiquity wrote, it could not be supposed that I should know any thing of an imperfect Gothic dialect that rose on the ruins of the former, and scarce retained any traces of the old expression. But if Doctor Mackshane, who pretended to be master of the Greek language, could maintain a conversation with these seamen, I would retract what I had said, and be content to suffer any punishment he should think proper to inflict. I had no sooner uttered these words, than the surgeon, knowing one of these fellows to be his countryman, accosted him in Irish, and was answered in the same

brogue; then a dialogue ensued between them, which they affirmed to be in Greek, after having secured the secrecy of the other tar, who had his cue in the language of the Morea from his companion, before they would venture to assert such an intrepid falsehood.—"I thought," said Oakum, "we should discover the imposture at last. Let the rascal be carried back to his confinement. I find he must dangle." Having nothing further to urge in my own behalf, before a court so prejudiced with spite, and fortified with ignorance against truth, I suffered myself to be reconducted peaceably to my fellow-prisoner, who, hearing the particulars of my trial, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and uttered a dreadful groan; and not daring to disburden his thoughts to me by speech, lest he might be overheard by the centinel, burst forth into a Welch song, which he accompanied with a thousand contortions of face, and violent gestures of body.

CHAPTER XXXI

I discover a Subornation against me, by means of a Quarrel between two of the Evidences; in consequence of which I am set at Liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his Freedom on the same Terms—Mackshane's Malice—We arrive at Jamaica, from whence, in a short Time, we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West India Squadron—We take in Water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena—Reflections on our Conduct there.

Meanwhile, a quarrel happening between the two modern Greeks, the one, to be revenged of the other, came and discovered to us the mystery of Mackshane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This detection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was sensible, that (now we were in sight of Jamaica) we should have an opportunity of clearing ourselves before a court-martial, and, at the same time, of making his malice and ignorance conspicuous, he interceded for us with the captain so effectually, that, in a few hours, we were set at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty. This was a happy event for me, my whole body being blistered by the sun, and my limbs benumbed by want of motion. But I could scarce persuade the Welchman to accept of this indulgence, he persisting in his obstinacy to remain in irons until he should be discharged by a court-martial, which he believed would also do him justice on his enemies; at length I represented to him the precarious issue of a trial, the power and interest of his adversaries,

and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his resentment with his own hands upon Mackshane after our return to England. This last argument had more weight with him than all the rest, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cock-pit, which I no sooner entered than the idea of my departed friend presented itself to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears. We discharged from our mess the boy who had acted so perfidiously, notwithstanding his tears, entreaties, and professions of penitence for what he had done; but not before he had confessed that the surgeon had bribed him to give evidence against us, with a pair of stockings, and a couple of old check shirts, of which his servant had since plundered him.

The keys of our chests and lockers being sent to us by the doctor, we detained the messenger until we had examined the contents; and my fellow-mate finding all his Cheshire cheese consumed to a crust, his brandy exhausted, and his onions gone, was seized with a fit of choler, which he discharged on Mackshane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to prosecute him as a thief. The fellow swore in his turn, that he never had the keys in his possession till that time, when he received them from his master, with orders to deliver them to us. "As Got is my judge," cried Morgan, "and my salfation, and my witness, whosoever has pilfered my provisions is a lousy, peggarly, rascally knave! and by the soul of my grandsire! I will impeach, and accuse, and indict him of a roppery, if I did but know who he is."—Had this misfortune happened at sea, where we could not repair the loss, in all probability this descendent of Caractacus would have lost his wits entirely; but, when I observed how easy it would be to remedy this paltry mischance, he became more calm, and reconciled himself to the occasion. A little while after this transport, the surgeon

came into the birth, under pretence of taking something out of the medicine chest, and with a smiling aspect, wished us joy of our deliverance, which, he said, he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very justly incensed at our behaviour; but he (the doctor) had passed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we should give him no cause to repent of his kindness. He expected, no doubt, an acknowledgment from us for this pretended piece of service, as well as a general amnesty of what was past; but he had to do with people who were not quite so apt to forgive injuries as he imagined, or to forget, that, if our deliverance was owing to his mediation, our calamity was occasioned by his malice. I therefore sat silent, while my companion answered, "Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows the heart—there is a time for all things, as the wise man saith, there is a time for throwing away stones, and a time to gather them up again." He seemed to be disconcerted at this reply, and went away in a pet, muttering something about "Ingratitude" and "Fellows," of which we did not think fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined another that waited for us, lay at anchor about a month in the harbour at Port Royal in Jamaica, during which time something of consequence was certainly transacted; notwithstanding the insinuations of some who affirmed we had no business at all in that place; that, in order to take the advantage of the season proper for our enterprize, the West India squadron, which had previous notice of our coming, ought to have joined us at the west end of Hispaniola, with necessary stores and refreshments, from whence we could have sailed directly for Carthagena, before the enemy could put themselves in a good posture of defence, or, indeed, have an inkling of our design. Be this as it will, we sailed from Jamaica, and, in ten days or a fortnight,

beat up against the wind as far as the Isle of Vache, with an intention, as was said, to attack the French fleet, then supposed to be lying near that place; but, before we arrived, they had sailed for Europe, having first dispatched an advice-boat to Carthagena, with an account of our being in those seas, as also of our strength and destination. We loitered here some days longer, taking in wood, and brackish water, in the use whereof, however, our admiral seemed to consult the health of the men, by restricting each to a quart a-day. At length we set sail, and arrived in a bay to the windward of Carthagena, where we came to an anchor, and lay at our ease ten days longer. Here again certain malicious people took occasion to blame the conduct of their superiors, by saying, that in so doing, they not only unprofitably wasted time, which was very precious, considering the approach of the rainy season, but also allowed the Spaniards to recollect themselves from the terror occasioned by the approach of an English fleet, at least three times as numerous as ever appeared in that part of the world before. But, if I might be allowed to give my opinion of the matter, I would ascribe this delay to the generosity of our chiefs, who scorned to take any advantage that fortune might give them, even over an enemy. At last, however, we weighed, and anchored again somewhat nearer the harbour's mouth, where we made shift to land our marines, who encamped on the beach in despite of the enemy's shot, which knocked a good many of them on the head. This piece of conduct, in chusing a camp under the walls of an enemy's fortification, which, I believe, never happened before, was practised, I presume, with a view of accustoming the soldiers to stand fire, who were not as yet much used to discipline, most of them having been taken from the plough-tail a few months before. This expedient again

has furnished matters for censure against the ministry, for sending a few raw recruits on such an important enterprize, while so many veteran regiments lay inactive at home. But surely our governors had their reasons for so doing, which possibly may be disclosed with other secrets of the deep. Perhaps they were loth to risk their best troops on such desperate service; or the colonels and field officers of the old corps, who, generally speaking, enjoyed their commissions as sinecures or pensions, for some domestic services tendered to the court, refused to embark in such a dangerous and precarious undertaking; for which refusal, no doubt, they are to be much commended.

CHAPTER XXXII

Our Land Forces being disembarked, erect a Fascine Battery—Our Ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the Fort of Boca Chica—Mackshane's Cowardice—The Chaplain's Frenzy—Honest Rattlin loses one Hand—His Heroism, and Reflections on the Battle—Crampley's Behaviour to me during the Heat of the Fight

Our forces being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about erecting a fascine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in something more than three weeks, it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four cohorns, should ply it on the other.

Accordingly the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before to make every thing clear for that purpose; and in so doing a difference happened between Captain Oakum and his well-beloved cousin and counsellor Mackshane, which had well nigh terminated in an open rupture. The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cockpit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of the ship, by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers; and

therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded in the after-hold, where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above. The captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion; or, if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cockpit for that purpose. Fear rendering Mackshane obstinate, he persisted in his demand, and shewed his instructions, by which it was authorised. The captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea; nevertheless, he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it. But before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to trust his carcase in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and, in less than half an hour, came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica, with a spring upon our cable; and the cannonading (which, indeed, was terrible), began. The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us in quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welchman and I sat upon a chest looking at one another with great discomposure, scarce able to refrain from the like prostration. And, that the reader may know it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astonished us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, besides a mortar and small arms, in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St Joseph, twenty in two

fascine batteries, and four men of war, mounting sixty-four guns each. This was answered by our land battery, mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty-four cohorns, and five great ships of eighty or seventy guns, that fired without intermission. We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth, without speaking a word. Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried out, "As I shall answer now, the man is as tead as my great grandfather."—"Dead," said his comrade, "he may be dead now, for aught I know, but I'll be damned if he was not alive when I took him up."—So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it overboard.—"Damn the body!" said he, "I think 'tis fair enough if I take care of my own."—My fellow-mate snatching up the amputation knife, pursued him half way up the cockpit ladder, crying, "You lousy rascal, is this the churchyard, or the charnel-house, or the sepulchre, or the Golgotha of the ship?" but was stopped in his career by one calling, "Yo ho, avast there—scaldings."—"Scaldings!" answered Morgan, "Got knows, 'tis hot enough indeed; who are you?"—"Here's one," replied the voice. And I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who, coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was come to be docked at last, and discovered the remains of one hand which had been shattered to pieces with a grape-shot. I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing, that every shot had its commission. It was well it did not take him in the head; or, if it had, what then? he should have died bravely,

fighting for his king and country. Death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay; and that now was as well as another time.—I was much pleased and edified with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking; the operation being performed, at his request, by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb. While I was employed in dressing the stump, I asked Jack's opinion of the battle, who, shaking his head, frankly told me, he believed we should do no good: "For why, because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy from their shipping and Fort St Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade; that, besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place; for there was scarce any body on board who understood the pointing of a gun. "Ah! God help us," continued he, "if your kinsman Lieutenant Bowling had been here, we should have other guess work." By this time our patients had increased to such a number, that we did not know which to begin with; and the first mate plainly told the surgeon, that, if he did not get up immediately, and perform his duty, he would complain of his behaviour to the Admiral, and make application for his warrant. This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned; he therefore rose up, and, in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such

extraordinary inspiration as himself. Being thus supported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy. The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson's brain, conspired, with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious; he stript himself to the skin, and besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason; but, finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolics, he knocked him down with his right hand, and, by threats, kept him quiet in that state of humiliation. But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester, to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet. While we diverted ourselves at the expence of this poor devil, a shot happened to take us between wind and water, and (its course being through the purser's store room) made a terrible havock and noise among the jars and bottles in its way, and disconcerted Mackshane so much, that he dropt his scalpel, and, falling down on his knees, pronounced his *paternoster* aloud; the purser fell backward, and lay without sense or motion; and the chaplain grew so outrageous, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; so that we were obliged to confine him in the surgeon's cabin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thousand extravagances. Much about this time, my old antagonist Crampley came down, with express orders, as he said, to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dress a slight wound the captain had received by a splinter; his reason for honouring me in particular with this piece of service, being, that, in case I should be killed or disabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of

less consequence to the ship's company than that of the doctor or his first mate. At another time perhaps I might have disputed this order, to which I was not bound to pay the least regard; but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was resolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of exposing myself to danger. With this view I provided myself with dressings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a most infernal scene of slaughter, fire, smoke, and uproar! Captain Oakum, who leaned against the mizen-mast, no sooner saw me approach in my shirt, with the sleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands dyed with blood, than he signified his displeasure by a frown, and asked why the doctor himself did not come? I told him Crampley had singled me out, as if by express command; at which reply he seemed surprised, and threatened to punish the midshipman for his presumption after the engagement. In the mean time I was sent back to my station, and ordered to tell Mackshane, that the captain expected him immediately. I got safe back, and delivered my commission to the doctor, who flatly refused to quit the post assigned to him by his instructions; whereupon Morgan, who, I believe, was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and ascended with great intrepidity. The captain finding the surgeon obstinate, suffered himself to be dressed, and swore he would confine Mackshane as soon as the service should be over.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A Breach being made in the Walls, our Soldiers give the Assault, and take the Place without Opposition—Our Sailors at the same time become Masters of all the other Strengths near Boca Chica, and take Possession of the Harbour—The good Consequence of this Success—We move nearer the Town—Find two Forts deserted, and the Channel blocked up with sunk Vessels: which, however, we find Means to clear—Land our Soldiers at La Quinta—Repulse a Body of Militia—Attack the Castle of St Lazar, and are forced to Retreat with great Loss—The Remains of our Army are re-embarked—An Effort of the Admiral to take the Town—The economy of our Expedition described

Having cannonaded the fort during the space of four hours, we were all ordered to slip our cables, and sheer off; but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica slackened, and towards evening was quite silenced. A breach being made on the other side, by our land battery, large enough to admit a middle-size baboon, provided he could find means to climb up to it; our general proposed to give the assault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty. Providence stood our friend upon this occasion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by resolute men till the day of judgment against all the force we could exert in the attack. And while our soldiers took possession of the enemy's ramparts, without resistance, the same good luck attended

a body of sailors, who made themselves masters of Fort St Joseph, the fascine batteries, and one Spanish man of war; the other three being burnt, or sunk by the foe, that they might not fall into our hands. The taking of these forts, in the strength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us masters of the outward harbour, and occasioned great joy among us; as we laid our accounts with finding little or no opposition from the town. And, indeed, if a few great ships had sailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confusion and despair that our unexpected success had produced among them, it is not impossible that we might have finished the affair to our satisfaction, without any more bloodshed; but this step our heroes disdained, as a barbarous insult over the enemy's distress, and gave them all the respite they could desire, in order to recollect themselves. In the meantime, Mackshane, taking the advantage of this general exultation, waited on our captain, and pleaded his own cause so effectually that he was re-established in his good graces; and as for Crampley, there was no more notice taken of his behaviour towards me during the action. But of all the consequences of the victory, none was more grateful than plenty of fresh water, after we had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser's quart *per diem* for each man, in the Torrid Zone, where the sun was vertical, and the expence of bodily fluid so great, that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours; especially as our provision consisted of putrid salt-beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse; salt-pork of New England, which, though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of both; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock-work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it;

and butter served out by the gill, that tasted like train oil thickened with salt. Instead of small beer, each man was allowed three half-quarterns of brandy or rum, which were distributed every morning, diluted with a certain quantity of his water, without either sugar or fruit to render it palatable; for which reason, this composition was, by the sailors, not unaptly, styled *Necessity*. Nor was this limitation of simple element owing to a scarcity of it on board, for there was at this time water enough in the ship for a voyage of six months, at the rate of half a gallon per day to each man. But this fast must, I suppose, have been enjoined by way of penance on the ship's company for their sins; or rather with a view to mortify them into a contempt of life, that they might thereby become more resolute and regardless of danger. How simple then do these people argue, who ascribe the great mortality among us to our bad provision and want of water; and affirm, that a great many valuable lives might have been saved, if the useless transports had been employed in fetching fresh stock, turtle, fruit, and other refreshments from Jamaica, and other adjacent islands, for the use of the army and fleet! seeing, it is to be hoped, that those who died went to a better place, and those who survived were the more easily maintained. After all, a sufficient number remained to fall before the walls of St Lazar, where they behaved like their own country mastiffs, which shut their eyes, run into the jaws of a bear, and have their heads crushed for their valour.

But to return to my narration: After having put garrisons into the forts we had taken, and re-embarked our soldiers and artillery, a piece of service that detained us more than a week, we ventured up to the mouth of the inner harbour, guarded by a large fortification on one side, and a small redoubt on the other, both of which

were deserted before our approach, and the entrance of the harbour blocked up by several old galleons, and two men of war that the enemy had sunk in the channel. We made shift, however, to open a passage for some ships, that favoured a second landing of our troops, at a place called La Quinta, not far from the town, where, after a faint resistance from a body of Spaniards, who opposed their disembarkation, they encamped with a design of besieging the castle of St Lazar, which overlooked and commanded the city. Whether our renowned general had nobody in his army who knew how to approach it in form, or that he trusted entirely to the fame of his arms, I shall not determine; but, certain it is, a resolution was taken in a council of war, to attack the place with musquetry only. This was put in execution, and succeeded accordingly; the enemy giving them such a hearty reception, that the greatest part of the detachment took up their everlasting residence on the spot. Our chief not relishing this kind of complaisance in the Spaniards, was wise enough to retreat on board with the remains of his army, which, from eight thousand able men landed on the beach near Boca Chica, was now reduced to fifteen hundred fit for service. The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships, though methinks they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook; and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of their sores. This inhuman disregard was imputed to the scarcity of surgeons; though it is well known, that every great ship in the fleet could have spared one at least for

this duty; an expedient which would have been more than sufficient to remove this shocking inconvenience; but, perhaps, the general was too much of a gentleman to ask a favour of this kind from his fellow chief, who, on the other hand, would not derogate so much from his own dignity, as to offer such assistance unasked; for I may venture to affirm, that by this time the Demon of Discord, with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels; and it might be said of these great men (I hope they will pardon the comparison), as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal. So that, between the pride of one, and insolence of another, the enterprize miscarried, according to the proverb, "between two stools the backside falls to the ground." Not that I would be thought to liken any public concern to that opprobrious part of the human body, though I might with truth assert, if I durst use such a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an arse at its disappointment on this occasion; neither would I presume to compare the capacity of our heroic leaders to any such wooden convenience as a joint stool, or a close stool; but only to signify, by this simile, the mistake the people committed in trusting to the union of two instruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spanish men of war we had taken to be mounted with sixteen guns, and manned with detachments from our great ships, in order to batter the town. Accordingly she was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, against which she began to fire at day-break; and continued about six hours exposed to the opposition of at least thirty pieces of cannon, which at length obliged our men to set her on fire and get off as well as

they could in their boats. This piece of conduct afforded matter of speculation to all the wits either in the army or navy, who were at last fain to acknowledge it was a stroke of policy above their comprehension. Some entertained such an irreverent opinion of the admiral's understanding, as to think he expected the town would surrender to his floating battery of sixteen guns. Others imagined his sole intention was to try the enemy's strength, by which he should be able to compute the number of great ships that would be necessary to force the town to a capitulation. But this last conjecture soon appeared groundless, in as much as no ships of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that service. A third sort swore, that no other cause could be assigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill. A fourth class (and that the most numerous, though, without doubt, composed of the sanguine and malicious) plainly taxed this commander with want of honesty as well as sense; and alleged that he ought to have sacrificed private pique to the interest of his country; that, where the lives of so many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being solicited, or even desired, towards their preservation and advantage; that, if his arguments could not dissuade him from a desperate enterprize, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as possible, without running extreme hazard; that this could have been done with a good prospect of success, by ordering five or six large ships to batter the town while the land forces stormed the castle; by these means a considerable diversion would have been made in favour of those troops, who, in their march to the assault, and in the retreat, suffered much more from the town than from the castle; that the inhabitants, seeing themselves vigorously attacked

on all hands, would have been divided, distracted, and confused, and, in all probability, unable to resist the assailants. But all these suggestions surely proceeded from ignorance and malevolence, or else the admiral would not have found it such an easy matter, at his return to England, to justify his conduct to a ministry at once so just and so discerning. True it is, that those who undertook to vindicate him on the spot, asserted that there was not water enough for our great ships near the town; though this was a little unfortunately urged, because there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly well acquainted with the soundings of the harbour, who affirmed there was water enough for five eighty-gun ships to lie abreast, almost up at the very walls. The disappointments we suffered occasioned an universal dejection; which was not at all alleviated by the objects that daily and hourly entertained our eyes, nor by the prospect of what must have inevitably happened, had we remained much longer in this place. Such was the economy in some ships, that, rather than be at the trouble of interring the dead, the commanders ordered their men to throw the bodies overboard, many without either ballast or winding-sheet; so that numbers of human carcases floated in the harbour, until they were devoured by sharks and carrion crows; which afforded no agreeable spectacle to those who survived. At the same time the wet season began, during which a deluge of rain falls from the rising to the setting of the sun without intermission; and that no sooner ceases, than it begins to thunder and lighten with such continual flashing, that one can see to read a very small print by the illumination.

CHAPTER XXXIV

An epidemic Fever rages among us—We abandon our Conquests—I am seized with the Distemper; write a Petition to the Captain, which is rejected—I am in danger of Suffocation through the Malice of Crampley; and relieved by a Serjeant—My Fever increases—The Chaplain wants to confess me—I obtain a favourable Crisis—Morgan's Affection for me proved—The Behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—Captain Oakum is removed into another Ship with his beloved Doctor—Our new Captain described—An Adventure of Morgan

The change of the atmosphere, occasioned by this phenomenon, conspired with the stench that surrounded us, the heat of the climate, our own constitutions impoverished by bad provisions, and our despair, to introduce the bilious fever among us, which raged with such violence, that three-fourths of those whom it invaded died in a deplorable manner; the colour of their skin being, by the extreme putrefaction of the juices, changed into that of soot.

Our conductors finding things in this situation, perceived it was high time to relinquish our conquests; and this we did, after having rendered their artillery useless, and blown up their walls with gunpowder. Just as we sailed from Boca Chica, on our return to Jamaica, I found myself threatened with the symptoms of this terrible distemper; and knowing very well that I stood no chance for my life, if I should be obliged to lie in the cockpit, which by this time was grown intoler-

able even to people in health, by reason of the heat and unwholesome smell of decayed provision, I wrote a petition to the captain, representing my case, and humbly imploring his permission to lie among the soldiers in the middle deck, for the benefit of the air. But I might have spared myself the trouble; for this humane commander refused my request, and ordered me to continue in the place allotted for the surgeon's mates, or else be contented to lie in the hospital, which, by the bye, was three degrees more offensive and more suffocating than our own birth below. Another in my condition, perhaps, would have submitted to his fate, and died in a pet; but I could not brook the thoughts of perishing so pitifully, after I had weathered so many gales of hard fortune. I therefore, without minding Oakum's injunction, prevailed upon the soldiers (whose good will I had acquired) to admit my hammock among them; and actually congratulated myself upon my comfortable situation; which Crampley no sooner understood, than he signified to the captain my contempt of his orders, and was invested with the power to turn me down again to my proper habitation. This barbarous piece of revenge incensed me so much against the author, that I vowed, with bitter imprecations, to call him to a severe account, if ever it should be in my power; and the agitation of my spirits increased my fever to a violent degree. While I lay gasping for breath in this infernal abode, I was visited by a sergeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement. He being informed of my condition, offered me the use of his birth in the middle deck, which was inclosed with canvas, and well-aired by a port-hole that remained open within it. I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place,

where I was treated, while my illness lasted, with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier, who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop, during the whole passage. Here I lay and enjoyed the breeze; notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see, from my cabin window, six or seven thrown overboard every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence, I am persuaded, conduced a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely, to refuse all medicine, which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and, instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid. When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses, I put them in my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them; and, when he went away, spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel. I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus by a refusal, which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity; for he acted as my physician, Doctor Mackshane never once inquiring about me, or even knowing where I was. When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate; and after having applied a blister to the nape of my neck, squeezed my hand, bidding me, with a woful countenance, recommend myself to Got and my Reteemer; then taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me; but before he arrived, I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welchman had bestowed on my back. The parson having felt my pulse, inquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began

thus:—"Mr Random, God out of his infinite mercy hath been pleased to visit you with a dreadful distemper, the issue of which no man knows. You may be permitted to recover, and live many days on the face of the earth; and, which is more probable, you may be taken away and cut off in the flower of your youth. It is incumbent on you, therefore, to prepare for the great change, by repenting sincerely of your sins; of this there cannot be a greater sign, than an ingenuous confession, which I conjure you to make, without hesitation or mental reservation; and when I am convinced of your sincerity, I will then give you such comfort as the situation of your soul will admit of. Without doubt, you have been guilty of numberless transgressions to which youth is subject, as swearing, drunkenness, whoredom, and adultery; tell me, therefore, without reserve, the particulars of each, especially of the last, that I may be acquainted with the true state of your conscience. For no physician will prescribe for his patient until he knows the circumstances of his disease." As I was not under any apprehensions of death, I could not help smiling at the doctor's inquisitive remonstrance, which I told him savoured more of the Roman than of the Protestant church, in recommending auricular confession; a thing, in my opinion, not at all necessary to salvation, and which, for that reason, I declined. This reply disconcerted him a little; however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned distinctions between what was absolutely necessary, and what was only convenient; then proceeded to ask what religion I professed. I answered, that I had not as yet considered the difference of religions, consequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a Presbyterian. At this word the chaplain expressed great astonishment, and said he could not comprehend how a Presbyterian was

entitled to any post under the English government. Then he asked if I had ever received the sacrament, or taken the oaths; to which questions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands, assured me he could do me no service, wished I might not be in a state of reprobation, and returned to his mess-mates, who were making merry in the wardroom, round a table well stored with bumbo and wine. This insinuation, terrible as it was, had not such an effect upon me as the fever, which, soon after he had left me, grew outrageous; I began to see strange chimeras, and concluded myself on the point of becoming delirious. In the mean time, being in great danger of suffocation, I started up in a kind of frantic fit, with an intention to plunge myself into the sea; and as my friend the sergeant was not present, would certainly have cooled myself to some purpose, had I not perceived a moisture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock. The appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and resolution enough to take the advantage of this favourable symptom, by tearing the shirt from my body, and the sheets from my bed, and wrapping myself in a thick blanket, in which inclosure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell; but it was not long before I was recompensed for my suffering by a profuse sweat, that, bursting from the whole surface of my skin, in less than two hours relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakness; and left me as hungry as a kite. I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myself with the agreeable reverie of my future happiness, when I heard Morgan, on the outside of the curtain, ask the sergeant, if I was alive still?—"Alive!" cried the other, "God forbid he should be otherwise! he has lain quiet these five hours, and I do not chuse to disturb him, for sleep will do him a great

service."—"Ay," said my fellow mate, "he sleeps so sound, look you, that he will never waken till the great trump blows. Got be merciful to his soul! He has paid his debt like an honest man. Ay, and moreover he is at rest from all persecutions, and troubles, and afflictions, of which, Got knows, and I know, he had his own share. Ochree! Ochree! he was a promising youth indeed." So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner, as persuaded me he had a real friendship for me. The sergeant, alarmed at his words, came into the birth, and while he looked upon me, I smiled and tipped him the wink; he immediately guessed my meaning, and, remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead; whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with the sight of the object; and I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under jaw, that he said, "There he lies, no petter than a lump of clay, Got help me"; and observed, by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle. I should not have been able to contain myself much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and mouth; upon which I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much, that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like the picture of Horror. Although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him, I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England. It was some time before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and inquire into the particulars of my disease. But when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune, not failing to ascribe it, under Got, to the blister he had applied to my

back, at his last visit, which by the bye, said he, must now be removed and dressed. He actually was going to fetch dressings, when I, feigning astonishment, said, "Bless me! sure you never applied a blister to me; there is nothing on my back, I assure you." But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprise in finding the skin untouched, and the plaister missing. In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards in a fit of delirium. This apology satisfied my friend, who on this occasion abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio; and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provisions, and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and, in a short time, my health and vigour was perfectly re-established. When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck with a staff in my hand, I met Doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word. After him came Crampley, who, strutting up to me with a fierce countenance, pronounced, "Here's fine discipline on board, when such lazy skulking sons of bitches as you are allowed, on pretence of sickness, to lollop at your ease, while your betters are kept to hard duty!" The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel enraged me so much, that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate; but when I considered my present feebleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him, I had not forgot his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore. At this declaration he grinned, shook

his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity.

Meanwhile our ship was ordered to be heaved down, victualled, and watered, for her return to England; and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman, who, on the other hand, wished for nothing so much, as to be safe without the tropic; all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite Mackshane along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oared barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in everything the reverse of Oakum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner:—A white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a broach set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin. The knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarcely descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from shoes of blue Meroquin, studded with diamond buckles, that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a mask

on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand. In this garb Captain Whiffle (for that was his name) took possession of the ship, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, seemed to be of their patron's disposition; and the air was so impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm the clime of Arabia Fœlix was not half so sweet-scented. My fellow-mate, observing no surgeon among his train, thought he had found an occasion too favourable for himself to be neglected; and, remembering the old proverb, "Spare to speak, and spare to speed," resolved to solicit the new captain's interest immediately, before any other surgeon could be appointed for the ship. With this view, he repaired to the cabin in his ordinary dress, consisting of a check shirt and trowsers, a brown linen waistcoat, and a night-cap of the same, neither of them very clean, which, for his future misfortune, happened to smell strong of tobacco. Entering without any ceremony into this sacred place, he found Captain Whiffle reposing on a couch, with a wrapper of fine chintz about his body, and a muslin cap bordered with lace about his head; and after several low congés, began in this manner:— "Sir, I hope you will forgive, and excuse, and pardon the presumption of one who has not the honour of being known unto you, but who is, nevertheless, a shentleman porn and pred, and moreover has had misfortunes, Got help me, in the world." Here he was interrupted by the captain, who, on seeing him, had started up with great amazement at the novelty of the apparition; and having recollected himself, pronounced, with a look and tone signifying disdain, curiosity, and surprise, "Zauns! who art thou?"—"I am surgeon's first mate on board of this

ship," replied Morgan, "and I most vehemently tesire and peseech you, with all submission, to be pleased to condescend and vouchsafe to inquire into my character, and my pehaviour, and my deserts, which, under Got, I hope, will entitle me to the vacancy of surgeon." As he proceeded in his speech, he continued advancing towards the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried with great emotion, "Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated! Fellow, fellow, away with thee. Curse thee, fellow! get thee gone. I shall be stunk to death!" At the noise of his outcries, his servants ran into his apartment, and he accosted them thus:—"Villains! cut-throats! traitors! I am betrayed! I am sacrificed!—Will you not carry that monster away? or must I be stifled with the stench of him! oh! oh!" With these interjections, he sunk down upon his settee in a fit; his valet-de-chambre plied him with a smelling-bottle, one footman chafed his temples with Hungary water, another sprinkled the floor with spirits of lavender, a third pushed Morgan out of the cabin; who, coming to the place where I was, sat down with a demure countenance, and, according to his custom, when he received any indignity which he durst not revenge, began to sing a Welch ditty. I guessed he was under some agitation of spirits, and desired to know the cause; but, instead of answering me directly, he asked with great emotion, if I thought him a monster and a stinkard?—"A monster and a stinkard," said I, with some surprise, "did any body call you so?"—"Got is my judge," replied he, "Captain Fifle did call me both; ay, and all the water in the Tawy will not wash it out of my remembrance. I do affirm, and avouch, and maintain, with my soul, and my pody, and my plood, look you, that I have no smells about me, but such as a

Christian ought to have, except the effluvia of tobacco, which is a cephalic, odoriferous, aromatic herb, and he is a son of a mountain-goat who says otherwise. As for my being a monster, let that be as it is: I am as Got was pleased to create me, which, peradventure, is more than I shall aver of him who gave me that title: for I will proclaim it before the world, that he is disguised, and transfigured, and transmographied with affectation and whimsies, and that he is more like a papoon than one of the human race."

CHAPTER XXXV

Captain Whiffle sends for me—His Situation described—His Surgeon arrives, prescribes for him, and puts him to Bed—A Bed is put up for Mr Simper contiguous to the State-room, which, with other parts of the Captain's behaviour, gives the Ship's Company a very unfavourable idea of their Commander—I am detained in the West Indies by the Admiral, and go on board of the Lizard Sloop of War in quality of Surgeon's Mate, where I make myself known to the Surgeon, who treats me very kindly—I go on Shore, sell my Ticket, purchase Necessaries, and, at my return on board, am surprised at the Sight of Crampley, who is appointed Lieutenant of the Sloop—We sail on a Cruise—Take a Prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the Command of my Mess-mate, with whom I live in great Harmony

He was going on with an eulogium upon the captain, when I received a message to clean myself, and go up to the great cabin; and with this command I instantly complied, sweetening myself with rose-water from the medicine-chest. When I entered the room, I was ordered to stand by the door, until Captain Whiffle had reconnoitred me at a distance with a spy-glass. He having consulted one sense in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his nose might have intelligence, before it could be much offended: I therefore approached with great caution and success, and he was pleased to say, "Ay, this creature is tolerable." I found him lolling on his couch with a languishing air, his head supported by his valet-de-chambre, who, from time to time,

applied a smelling-bottle to his nose. "Vergette," said he, in a squeaking tone, "dost thou think this wretch (meaning me) will do me no injury? may I venture to submit my arm to him?"—"'Pon my vord," replied the valet, "I do tink dat dere be great occasion for your honour losing one small quantite of blodt; and the young man ave quelque chose of de bonne mien."—"Well, then," said his master, "I think I must venture." Then, addressing himself to me, "Hast thou ever blooded any body but brutes? But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most damnable lie."—"Brutes, sir," answered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulse. "I never meddle with brutes."—"What the devil art thou about?" cried he, "dost thou intend to twist off my hand? Gad's curse! my arm is benumbed up to the very shoulder! Heaven have mercy upon me! must I perish under the hands of savages? What an unfortunate dog was I, to come on board without my own surgeon, Mr Simper!" I craved pardon for having handled him so roughly, and, with the utmost care and tenderness, tied up his arm with a fillet of silk. While I was feeling for the vein, he desired to know how much blood I intended to take from him, and when I answered, "Not above twelve ounces," started up with a look full of horror, and bade me begone, swearing I had a design upon his life. Vergette appeased him with difficulty, and opening a bureau, took out a pair of scales, in one of which was placed a small cup; and putting them into my hand, told me, the captain never lost above an ounce and three drachms at one time. While I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabin a young man gayly dressed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid smile on his face, which seemed to have been rendered habitual by a long course of affectation. The captain no sooner perceived him, than

rising hastily, he flew into his arms, crying, "O! my dear Simper! I am excessively disordered! I have been betrayed, frightened, murdered by the negligence of my servants, who suffered a beast, a mule, a bear to surprise me, and stink me into convulsions with the fumes of tobacco." Simper, who by this time, I found, was obliged to art for the clearness of his complexion, assumed an air of softness and sympathy, and lamented, with many tender expressions of sorrow, the sad accident that had thrown him into that condition; then feeling his patient's pulse on the outside of his glove, gave it as his opinion, that his disorder was entirely nervous, and that some drops of tincture of castor, and liquid laudanum, would be of more service to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate sallies of his spirits, and composing the fermentation of his bile. I was therefore sent to prepare this prescription, which was administered in a glass of sack posset; after the captain had been put to bed, and orders sent to the officers on the quarter-deck, to let nobody walk on that side under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repose, the doctor watched over him, and indeed became so necessary, that a cabin was made for him contiguous to the state-room, where Whiffle slept, that he might be at hand in case of accidents in the night. Next day, our commander being happily recovered, gave orders, that none of the lieutenants should appear upon deck without a wig, sword, and ruffles; nor any midshipman, or other petty officer, be seen with a check shirt, or dirty linen. He also prohibited any person whatever, except Simper, and his own servants, from coming into the great cabin, without first sending in to obtain leave. These singular regulations did not prepossess the ship's company in his favour; but, on the contrary, gave scandal an opportunity to be very busy with his character, and accuse him of main-

taining a correspondence with his surgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks our ship being under sailing orders, I was in hope of revisiting my native country in a very short time, when the admiral's surgeon came on board, and, sending for Morgan and me to the quarter-deck, gave us to understand there was a great scarcity of surgeons in the West Indies; that he was commanded to detain one mate out of every great ship that was bound for England; and desired us to agree between ourselves, before the next day at that hour, which of us should stay behind. We were thunderstruck at this proposal, and stared at one another some time without speaking; at length the Welchman broke silence, and offered to remain in the West Indies, provided the admiral would give him a surgeon's warrant immediately: But he was told there was no want of chief surgeons, and that he must be contented with the station of mate, till he should be further provided for in due course: Whereupon Morgan flatly refused to quit the ship for which the Commissioners of the Navy had appointed him; and the other told him as plainly, that if we could not determine the affair by ourselves before to-morrow morning, he must cast lots, and abide by his chance. When I recalled to my remembrance the miseries I had undergone in England, where I had not one friend to promote my interest, or favour my advancement in the navy; and, at the same time, reflected on the present dearth of surgeons in the West Indies, and the unhealthiness of the climate, which every day almost reduced the number, I could not help thinking my success would be much more certain and expeditious, by my staying where I was, than by returning to Europe. I therefore resolved to comply with a good grace, and next day, when we were ordered to throw dice, told

Morgan, he needed not trouble himself, for I would voluntarily submit to the admiral's pleasure. This frank declaration was commended by the gentleman, who assured me, it should not fare the worse with me for my resignation. Indeed, he was as good as his word, and that very afternoon procured a warrant, appointing me surgeon's mate of the Lizard sloop of war, which put me on a footing with every first mate in the service.

My ticket being made out, I put my chest and bedding on board a canoe that lay alongside, and having shook hands with my trusty friend the serjeant, and honest Jack Rattlin, who was bound for Greenwich hospital, I took my leave of Morgan with many tears, after we had exchanged our sleeve-buttons as remembrancers of each other. Having presented my new warrant to the captain of the Lizard, I inquired for the doctor, whom I no sooner saw, than I recollected him to be one of those young fellows with whom I had been committed to the round-house, during our frolic with Jackson, as I have related before. He received me with a good deal of courtesy, and when I put him in mind of our former acquaintance, expressed great joy at seeing me again, and recommended me to an exceeding good mess, composed of the gunner and master's mate. As there was not one sick person in the ship, I got leave to go ashore next day with the gunner, who recommended me to a Jew, that bought my ticket at the rate of 40 per cent. discount, and having furnished myself with what necessaries I wanted, returned on board in the evening, and, to my surprise, found my old antagonist Crampley walking upon deck. Though I did not fear his enmity, I was shocked at his appearance, and communicated my sentiments on that subject to Mr Tomlins the surgeon, who told me that Crampley, by dint of some friends about

the admiral, had procured a commission, constituting him lieutenant on board the Lizard; and advised me, now he was my superior officer, to behave with some respect towards him, or else he would find a thousand opportunities of using me ill. This advice was a bitter potion to me, whom pride and resentment had rendered utterly incapable of the least submission to, or even of a reconciliation with, the wretch who had on many occasions treated me so inhumanly: However, I resolved to have as little connection as possible with him, and to ingratiate myself as much as I could with the rest of the officers, whose friendship might be a bulwark to defend me from the attempts of his malice.

In less than a week we sailed on a cruize, and, having weathered the east end of the island, had the good fortune to take a Spanish barcolongo, with her prize, which was an English ship bound for Bristol, that sailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. All the prisoners who were well we put on shore on the north side of the island; the prizes were manned with Englishmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the master's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant, and there to remain until the Lizard's cruize should be ended, at which time she would touch at the same place in her way to Port Royal. With him I was sent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Englishmen, who amounted to sixteen, and to take care of them on shore, in a house that was to be hired as an hospital. This destination gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I should for some time be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whose inveteracy against me had already broke out on two or three occasions since he was become a lieutenant. My mess-mate, who very much resembled my uncle, both in figure and disposition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmost civility

and confidence; and, among other favours, made me a present of a silver-hilted hanger, and a pair of pistols mounted with the same metal, which fell to his share in plundering the enemy. We arrived safely at Morant, and going on shore, pitched upon an empty storehouse, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with beds and other necessaries; and four of the ship's company appointed to attend them and obey me.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A strange Adventure, in consequence of which I am extremely happy—Crampley does me ill Offices with the Captain: But his Malice is defeated by the good Nature and Friendship of the Surgeon—We return to Port Royal—Our Captain gets the Command of a larger Ship, and is succeeded by an old Man—Brayl is provided for—We receive orders to sail for England

When my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whose name was Brayl, carried me up the country to the house of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted; where we were sumptuously entertained, and, in the evening, set out on our return to the ship. When we had walked about a mile by moonlight, we perceived a horseman behind us, who, coming up, wished us *good even*, and asked which way we went. His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no sooner struck my ear, than, in spite of all my resolution and reflection, my hair bristled up, and I was seized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl misinterpreting, bade me be under no concern. I told him he was mistaken in the cause of my disorder; and, addressing myself to the person on horseback, said, "I could have sworn by your voice, that you was a dear friend of mine, if I had not been certain of his death." To this address, after some pause, he replied, "There are many voices as well as faces, that resemble one another; but pray, what was your friend's name?" I satisfied him

in that particular, and gave a short detail of the melancholy fate of Thomson, not without many sighs and some tears. A silence ensued, which lasted some minutes, and then the conversation turned on different subjects, till we arrived at a house on the road, where the horseman alighted, and begged with so much earnestness, that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not resist. But if I was alarmed at his voice, what must my amazement be, when I discovered by the light the very person of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confusion, which was extreme, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears. It was some time ere I recovered the use of my reason, overpowered with this event, and longer still before I could speak. So that all I was capable of was to return his embraces, and to mingle the overflowings of my joy with his; whilst honest Brayl, affected with the scene, wept as fast as either of us, and signified his participation of our happiness, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman. At length I retrieved the use of my tongue, and cried, "Is it possible? can you be my friend Thomson? No, certainly; alas! he was drowned! and I am now under the deception of a dream!" He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual person whom I regretted, and, bidding me sit down and compose myself, promised to explain his sudden disappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at present in the land of the living. This task he acquitted himself of, after I had drank a glass of punch, and recollected my spirits, by informing us, that, with a determination to rid himself of a miserable existence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ship was on her way, from whence he slipped down as softly as he could by the bows into the sea, where, after he

was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation, and as he could swim very well, kept himself above water, in hopes of being taken up by some of the ships astern; that, in this situation, he hailed a large vessel, and begged to be taken in, but was answered that she was a heavy sailer, and therefore they did not chuse to lose time by bringing to; however, they threw an old chest overboard for his convenience, and told him, that some of the ships astern would certainly save him; that no other vessel came within sight or cry of him for the space of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himself in the middle of the ocean alone, without other support or resting-place but what a few crazy boards afforded; till at last he discerned a small sloop steering towards him, upon which he set up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and rescued from the dreary waste by their boat, which was hoisted out on purpose. "I was no sooner brought on board," continued he, "than I fainted, and when I recovered my senses, found myself in bed regaled with a most noisome smell of onions and cheese, which made me think, at first, that I was in my own hammock, alongside of honest Morgan, and that all which had passed was no more than a dream. Upon inquiry, I understood that I was on board of a schooner belonging to Rhode Island, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of geese, pigs, onions, and cheese; and that the master's name was Robertson, by birth a North Briton, whom I knew at first sight to be an old school-fellow of mine. When I discovered myself to him, he was transported with surprise and joy, and begged to know the occasion of my misfortune, which I did not think fit to disclose, because I knew his notions with regard to religion were very severe and confined; therefore contented myself with telling him, I fell overboard by accident; but made no scruple of ex-

plaining the nature of my disagreeable situation, and of acquainting him with my determined purpose never to return to the Thunder man of war. Although he was not of my opinion in that particular, knowing that I must lose my clothes, and what pay was due to me, unless I went back to my duty; yet, when I described the circumstances of the hellish life I led, under the tyrannic sway of Oakum and Mackshane; and, among other grievances, hinted a dissatisfaction at the irreligious deportment of my shipmates, and the want of the true Presbyterian gospel doctrine; he changed his sentiments, and conjured me with great vehemence and zeal to lay aside all thought of rising in the navy; and, that he might show how much he had my interest at heart, undertook to provide for me, in some shape or other, before he should leave Jamaica. This promise he performed to my heart's desire, by recommending me to a gentleman of fortune, with whom I have lived ever since, in quality of surgeon and overseer to his plantations. He and his lady are now at Kingston, so that I am, for the present, master of this house, to which from my soul I bid you welcome, and hope you will favour me with your company during the remaining part of the night." I needed not a second invitation; but Mr Brayl, who was a diligent and excellent officer, could not be persuaded to sleep out of the ship; however, he supped with us, and, after having drank a cheerful glass, set out for the vessel, which was not above three miles from the place, escorted by a couple of stout negroes, whom Mr Thomson ordered to conduct him. Never were two friends more happy in the conversation of each other than we, for the time it lasted: I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthagena, of which he had heard but an imperfect account; and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of

his life since we parted. He assured me, it was with the utmost difficulty he could resist his inclination of coming down to Port Royal to see Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings since the day of our separation; but that he was restrained by the fear of being detained as a deserter. He told me, that, when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almost as much surprised as I was at seeing him afterwards; and, in the confidence of friendship, disclosed a passion he entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who, by his description, was a very amiable young lady, and did not disdain his addresses; that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not despair obtaining their consent to the match, which would at once render him independent of the world. I congratulated him on his good fortune, which he protested should never make him forget his friends; and, towards morning, we betook ourselves to rest.

Next day he accompanied me to the ship, where Mr Brayl entertained him at dinner, and we having spent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten pistoles, as a small token of his affection. In short, while we staid here, we saw one another every day, and generally ate at the same table, which was plentifully supplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butcher's meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine apples, Madeira wine, and excellent rum; so that this small interval of ten days was by far the most agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizard arrived; and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her, where I understood from Mr Tomlins, that there was a dryness between the lieutenant and him on my account; that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my absence to fill the captain's ears with a

thousand scandalous stories to my prejudice; among other things affirming, that I had been once transported for theft, and that, when I was in the Thunder man of war, I had been whipt for the same crime. The surgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole story from my own mouth, defended me strenuously, and, in the course of that good-natured office, recounted all the instances of Crampley's malice against me while I remained on board of that ship. Which declaration, while it satisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley, with regard to me, added such fuel to my former resentment, that at certain times, I was quite beside myself with the desire of revenge, and was even tempted to pistol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death must inevitably have been my reward. But the surgeon, who was my confidant, argued against such a desperate action so effectually, that I stifled the flame which consumed me for the present, and resolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, that Mr Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I suffered by this fellow's slander, I begged he would go and visit Mr Thomson, whose wonderful escape I had made him acquainted with, and inquire of him into the particulars of my conduct, while he was my fellow-mate. This request the surgeon complied with, more through curiosity to see a person whose fate had been so extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which, he assured me, was already firmly established. He therefore set out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with a letter of introduction from me; and, being received with all the civility and kindness I expected, returned to the ship, not only satisfied with my character beyond the power of doubt or insinuation,

but also charmed with the affability and conversation of Thomson, who loaded him and me with presents of fresh stocks, liquors, and fruit. As he would not venture to come and see us on board, lest Crampley should know and detain him, when the time of our departure approached, I obtained leave to go and bid him farewell. After we had vowed an everlasting friendship, he pressed upon me a purse with four doubloons, which I refused as long as I could, without giving umbrage; and, having cordially embraced each other, I returned on board, where I found a small box, with a letter directed for me, to the care of Mr Tomlins. Knowing the superscription to be of Thomson's handwriting, I opened it with some surprise, and learned that this generous friend, not contented with loading me with the presents already mentioned, had sent, for my use and acceptance, half a dozen fine shirts, and as many linen waistcoats and caps, with twelve pair of new thread stockings.—Being thus provided with money, and all necessaries for the comfort of life, I began to look upon myself as a gentleman of some consequence, and felt my pride dilate apace.

Next day we sailed for Port Royal, where we arrived safely with our prizes; and as there was nothing to do on board, I went ashore, and, having purchased a laced waistcoat, with some other clothes, at a sale, made a swaggering figure for some days among the taverns, where I ventured to play a little at hazard, and came off with fifty pistoles in my pocket. Meanwhile our captain was promoted to a ship of twenty guns, and the command of the Lizard given to a man turned of fourscore, who had been lieutenant since the reign of King William, and, notwithstanding his long service, would have probably died in that station, had he not applied some prize-money he had lately received to make interest

with his superiors. My friend Brayl was also made an officer about the same time, after he had served in quality of midshipman and mate five and twenty years. Soon after these alterations, the admiral pitched upon our ship to carry home dispatches for the ministry; and we set sail for England, having first scrubbed her bottom, and taken in provision and water for the occasion.

CHAPTER XXXVII

We depart for Europe—A Misunderstanding arises between the Captain and Surgeon, through the scandalous Aspersions of Crampley—The Captain dies—Crampley tyrannizes over the Surgeon, who falls a Victim to his Cruelty—I am also ill used—The Ship strikes—The Behaviour of Crampley and the Seamen on the Occasion—I get on Shore, challenge the Captain to single Combat, am treacherously knocked down, wounded, and robbed

Now that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt excessive pleasure in finding myself out of sight of that fatal island, which has been the grave of so many Europeans; and as I was accommodated with everything to render the passage agreeable, I resolved to enjoy myself as much as the insolence of Crampley would permit. This insidious slanderer had found means already to cause a misunderstanding between the surgeon and captain, who, by his age and infirmities, was rendered intolerably peevish, his indisposition having also been soured by a long course of disappointments. He had a particular aversion to all young men, especially to surgeons, whom he considered as unnecessary animals on board of a ship; and, in consequence of these sentiments, never consulted the doctor, notwithstanding his being seized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel; but applied to a cask of Holland gin, which was his sovereign prescription against all distempers. Whether he was at this time too sparing, or took an overdose of his cordial, certain

it is, he departed in the night, without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always despised, and was found stiff next morning, to the no small satisfaction of Crampley, who succeeded to the command of the vessel. For that very reason, Mr Tomlins and I had no cause to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as his power. The first day of his command justified our apprehension. For on pretence that the decks were too much crowded, he ordered the surgeon's hencoops, with all his fowls, to be thrown overboard; and at the same time prohibited him and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr Tomlins could not help complaining of these injuries, and, in the course of his expostulation, dropped some hasty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabin, where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which soon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his estate, personal and real, to his sister, and left to me his watch and instruments as memorials of his friendship. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholy occasion; the more because there was nobody on board to whom I could communicate my sorrows, or of whom I could receive the least consolation or advice. Crampley was so far from discovering the least remorse for his barbarity, at the news of the surgeon's death, that he insulted his memory in the most abusive manner, and affirmed he had poisoned himself out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court-martial for mutiny; for which reason he would not suffer the service of the dead to be read over his body before it was thrown overboard.

Nothing but a speedy deliverance could have supported me under the brutal sway of this bashaw, who, to render my life the more irksome, signified to my

mess-mates a desire that I should be expelled from their society. This was no sooner hinted, than they granted his request; and I was fain to eat in a solitary manner by myself during the rest of the passage, which however soon drew to a period.

We had been seven weeks at sea, when the gunner told the captain, that, by his reckoning, we must be in soundings, and desired he would order the lead to be heaved. Crampley swore he did not know how to keep the ship's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of soundings, and therefore he would not give himself the trouble to cast the lead. Accordingly we continued our course all that afternoon and night, without shortening sail, although the gunner pretended to discover Scilly light, and next morning protested in form against the captain's conduct, for which he was put in confinement. We discovered no land all that day, and Crampley was still so infatuated as to neglect sounding; but at three o'clock in the morning the ship struck, and remained fast on a sand-bank. This accident alarmed the whole crew; the boat was immediately hoisted out; but, as we could not discern which way the shore lay, we were obliged to wait for daylight. In the mean time, the wind increased, and the waves beat against the sloop with such violence, that we expected she would have gone to pieces. The gunner was released, and consulted: He advised the captain to cut away the mast, in order to lighten her. This expedient was performed without success. The sailors seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom, broke up the chests belonging to the officers, dressed themselves in their clothes, drank their liquors without ceremony; and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued. In the midst of this uproar, I went below to secure my own effects, and found the carpenter's mate

hewing down the purser's cabin with his hatchet, whistling all the while with great composure. When I asked his intention in so doing, he replied very calmly, "I only want to taste the purser's rum, that's all, master." At that instant the purser coming down, and seeing his effects going to wreck, complained bitterly of the injustice done to him, and asked the fellow what occasion he had for liquor, when, in all likelihood, he should be in eternity in a few minutes. "All's one for that," said the plunderer, "let us live while we can."—"Miserable wretch that thou art," cried the purser, "what must be thy lot in the other world, if thou diest in the commission of robbery?"—"Why, hell, I suppose," replied the other, with great deliberation, while the purser fell on his knees, and begged of Heaven, that we might not all perish for the sake of one Jonas. During this dialogue, I clothed myself in my best apparel, girded on my hanger, stuck my pistols loaded in my belt, disposed of all my valuable moveables about my person, and came upon deck with a resolution of taking the first opportunity to get on shore, which, when the day broke, appeared at the distance of three miles ahead. Crampley finding his efforts to get the ship off ineffectual, determined to consult his own safety, by going into the boat; which he had no sooner done, than the ship's company followed so fast, that she would have sunk along-side, had not some one wiser than the rest cut the rope, and put off. But before this happened, I had made several attempts to get in, and was always baulked by the captain, who was so eager in excluding me, that he did not mind the endeavours of any other body. Enraged at this inhuman partiality, and seeing the rope cut, I pulled one of my pistols from my belt, and, cocking it, swore I would shoot any man who would presume to obstruct my entrance. So saying, I

leaped with my full exertion, and got on board of the boat with the loss of the skin of my shins. I chanced in my descent to overturn Crampley, who no sooner got up than he struck at me several times with a cutlass, and ordered the men to throw me overboard; but they were too anxious about their own safety to mind what he said. Though the boat was very deeply loaded, and the sea terribly high, we made shift to get upon dry land in less than an hour after we parted from the sloop. As soon as I set foot on *terra firma*, my indignation, which had boiled so long within me, broke out against Crampley, whom I immediately challenged to single combat, presenting my pistols, that he might take his choice. He took one without hesitation, and, before I could cock the other, fired in my face, throwing the pistol after the shot. I felt myself stunned, and, imagining the bullet had entered my brain, discharged mine as quick as possible, that I might not die unrevenged; then, flying upon my antagonist, knocked out several of his fore-teeth with the butt-end of the piece, and would certainly have made an end of him with that instrument, had he not disengaged himself, and seized his cutlass, which he had given to his servant when he received the pistol. Seeing him armed in this manner, I drew my hanger, and, having flung my pistol at his head, closed with him in a transport of fury, and thrust my weapon into his mouth, which it enlarged on one side to his ear. Whether the smart of this wound disconcerted him, or the unevenness of the ground made him reel, I know not; but he staggered some paces back. I followed close, and with one stroke cut the tendons of the back of his hand, upon which his cutlass dropt, and he remained defenceless. I know not with what cruelty my rage might have inspired me, if I had not at that instant been felled to the ground by a blow on the back part of my

head, which deprived me of all sensation. In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time; and whether any disputes arose among them during the state of my annihilation, I cannot pretend to determine; but in one particular they seem to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and dispatch; for, when I recovered the use of understanding, I found myself alone in a desolate place, stripped of my clothes, money, watch, buckles, and everything but my shoes, stockings, breeches, and shirt. What a discovery must this have been to me, who, but an hour before, was worth sixty guineas in cash! I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poniard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villainy of those who had left me in that miserable condition; and, in the ecstacy of despair, resolved to lie still where I was, and perish.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

I get up, and crawl into a Barn, where I am in Danger of perishing through the Fear of the Country People—Their Inhumanity—I am succoured by a reputed Witch—Her Story—Her Advice—She recommends me as a Valet to a Single Lady, whose Character she explains

But as I lay ruminating, my passion insensibly abated; I considered my situation in quite another light from that in which it appeared to me at first, and the result of my deliberation was to rise if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for assistance. With some difficulty I got upon my legs, and, having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contused wounds, one on the fore, and another on the hinder part of my head; which seemed to be occasioned by the same weapon, namely, the butt-end of a pistol. I looked towards the sea, but could discern no remains of the ship; so that I concluded she was gone to pieces, and that those who remained in her had perished. But, as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more sagacity than Crampley, observing that it was flood when he left her, and that she would probably float at high water, made no noise about getting on shore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her safe into some harbour, after the commander should have deserted her; for which piece of service he expected, no doubt, to be handsomely rewarded. This scheme he accordingly executed, and was promised great things by

the admiralty for saving his Majesty's ship; but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation. As for my own part, I directed my course towards a small cottage I perceived, and, in the road, picked up a seaman's old jacket, which, I suppose, the thief who dressed himself in my clothes had thrown away. This was a very comfortable acquisition to me, who was almost stiff with cold: I therefore put it on, and, as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burst out afresh; so that, finding myself excessively exhausted, I was about to lie down in the fields, when I discovered a barn on my left hand, within a few yards of me. Thither I made shift to stagger, and, finding the door open, went in, but saw nobody; however, I threw myself upon a truss of straw, hoping to be soon relieved by some person or other.

I had not lain here many minutes, when I saw a countryman come in with a pitch-fork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thrusting into the straw that concealed me, and, in all probability, would have done my business, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having essayed in vain to speak. This melancholy note alarmed the clown, who started back, and, discovering a body all besmeared with blood, stood trembling, with the pitch-fork extended before him, his hair bristling up, his eyes staring, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth wide open. At another time I should have been much diverted by this figure, which preserved the same attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unsuccessful efforts to implore his compassion and assistance; but my tongue failed me, and my language was only a repetition of groans. At length an old man arrived, who, seeing the other in such a posture, cried, "Mercy upon en! the leaad's bewitched;—why, Dick, beest thou besayd thyself!" Dick, without moving his

eyes from the object that terrified him, replied, "O vather! vather! here be either the devil or a dead mon: I doant know which o'en, but a groans woundily." The father, whose eyesight was none of the best, pulled out his spectacles, and, having applied them to his nose, reconnoitred me over his son's shoulder; but no sooner did he behold me, than he was seized with a fit of shaking, even more violent than Dick's, and, with a broken accent, addressed me thus: "In the name of the Vather, Zun, and Holy Ghost, I charge you, an you been Satan, to be gone to the Red Zea; but an you be a murdered man, speak, that you may have a christom burial." As I was not in a condition to satisfy him in this particular, he repeated his conjuration to no purpose; and they continued a good while in the agonies of fear. At length the father proposed that the son should draw nearer, and take a more distinct view of the apparition; but Dick was of opinion, that his father should advance first, as being an old man past his labour, and if he received any mischief, the loss would be the smaller; whereas he himself might escape, and be useful in his generation. This prudential reason had no effect upon the senior, who still kept Dick between me and him. In the meantime, I endeavoured to raise one hand as a signal of distress, but had only strength sufficient to produce a rustling among the straw, which discomposed the young peasant so much, that he sprung out at the door, and overthrew his father in his flight. The old gentleman would not spend time in getting up, but crawled backwards like a crab, with great speed, till he had got over the threshold, mumbling exorcisms all the way.

I was exceedingly mortified to find myself in danger of perishing through the ignorance and cowardice of these clowns; and felt my spirits decay apace, when an

old woman entered the barn, followed by the two fugitives, and with great intrepidity advanced to the place where I lay, saying, "If it be the devil, I fear en not, and, for a dead mon, a can do us no harm." When she saw my condition, she cried, "Here be no devil, but in youren fool's head. Here be a poor miserable wretch, bleeding to death, and if a dies, we must be at the charge of burying him; therefore, Dick, go vetch the old wheelbarrow, and put en in, and carry him to Goodman Hodge's back-door; he is more able than we to lay out money upon poor vagrants." Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution: I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a heap of dung; and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation. But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan, and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well as to preach charity; observing, that it was sufficient for him to pay his *quota* towards the maintenance of the poor belonging to his own parish. When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate him who sent, as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place. About this time, I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was bandied from door to door through a whole village, nobody having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and, having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing. I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron, who, after I had recovered

some strength, desired to know the particulars of my last disaster. This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life; therefore related all my adventures without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprised at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings, then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense, that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story. She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and, smiling, told me, there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune; but, however, she would communicate it to me, in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her. "It is of little consequence," said she, "to tell the names of my parents, who are dead many years ago: Let it suffice to assure you, they were wealthy, and had no other child than me; so that I was looked upon as heiress to a considerable estate, and teized with addresses on that account. Among the number of my admirers, there was a young gentleman of no fortune, whose sole dependence was upon his promotion in the army, in which, at that time, he bore a lieutenant's commission. I conceived an affection for this amiable officer, which, in a short time, increased to a violent passion, and, without entering into minute circumstances, married him privately. We had not enjoyed one another long, in stolen interviews, when he was ordered with his regiment to Flanders; but, before he set out, it was agreed between us, that he should declare our marriage to my father by letter, and implore his pardon for the step we had taken without his approbation. This discovery was made while I was abroad visiting; and just as I was about to return home, I received a letter from my father, import-

ing, that since I had acted so undutifully and meanly, as to marry a beggar, without his privity or consent, to the disgrace of his family, as well as the disappointment of his hopes, he renounced me to the miserable fate I had entailed upon myself, and charged me never to set foot within his doors again. This rigid sentence was confirmed by my mother, who, in a postscript, gave me to understand, that her sentiments were exactly conformable to those of my father, and that I might save myself the trouble of making any applications, for her resolutions were unalterable. Thunder-struck with my evil fortune, I called a coach, and drove to my husband's lodgings, where I found him waiting the event of his letter. Though he could easily divine by my looks the issue of his declaration, he read with great steadiness the epistle I had received; and, with a smile full of tenderness, which I shall never forget, embraced me, saying, 'I believe the good lady your mother might have spared herself the trouble of the last part of her postscript. Well, my dear Betty, you must lay aside all thoughts of a coach, till I can procure the command of a regiment.' This unconcerned behaviour, while it enabled me to support my reverse of fortune, at the same time endeared him to me the more, by convincing me of his disinterested views in espousing me. I was next day boarded in company with the wife of another officer, who had long been the friend and confidant of my husband, at a village not far from London, where they parted with us in the most melting manner, went to Flanders, and were killed in sight of one another at the battle of the Wood. Why should I tire you with a description of our unutterable sorrow at the fatal news of this event, the remembrance of which now fills my aged eyes with tears? When our grief subsided a little, and reflection came to our aid, we found ourselves deserted

by the whole world, and in danger of perishing by want: Whereupon we made application for the pension, and were put upon the list. Then vowing eternal friendship, sold our jewels and superfluous clothes, retired to this place (which is in the county of Sussex), bought this little house, where we lived many years in a solitary manner, indulging our mutual sorrow, till it pleased Heaven to call away my companion two years ago, since which time I have lingered out an unhappy being, in hopes of a speedy dissolution, when I promise myself the eternal reward of all my cares. In the meantime," continued she, "I must inform you of the character I bear among the neighbours:—My conversation being different from that of the inhabitants of the village, my recluse way of life, my skill in curing distempers, which I acquired from books since I settled here, and lastly, my age, have made the common people look upon me as something preternatural, and I am actually at this hour believed to be a witch. The parson of the parish, whose acquaintance I have not been at much pains to cultivate, taking umbrage at my supposed disrespect, has contributed not a little towards the confirmation of this opinion, by dropping certain hints to my prejudice among the vulgar, who are also very much scandalized at my entertaining this poor tabby cat with the collar about her neck, which was a favourite of my deceased companion."

The whole behaviour of this venerable person was so primitive, innocent, sensible, and humane, that I contracted a filial respect for her, and begged her advice with regard to my future conduct, as soon as I was in a condition to act for myself. She dissuaded me from a design I had formed of travelling to London, in hopes of retrieving my clothes and pay, by returning to my ship, which by this time, I read in the newspaper, was safely

arrived in the river Thames: "Because," said she, "you run the hazard of being treated not only as a deserter in quitting the sloop, but also as a mutineer in assaulting your commanding officer, to the malice of whose revenge you will moreover be exposed." She then promised to recommend me as servant to a single lady of her acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood with her nephew, who was a young fox-hunter of great fortune, where I might be very happy, provided I could bear the disposition and manners of my mistress, which were somewhat whimsical and particular. But, above all things, she counselled me to conceal my story, the knowledge of which would effectually poison my entertainment; for it was a maxim among most people of condition, that no gentleman in distress ought to be admitted into a family as a domestic, lest he become proud, lazy, and insolent. I was fain to embrace this humble proposal, because my affairs were desperate; and in a few days was hired by this lady, to serve in quality of her footman; having been represented by my hostess as a young man who was bred up to the sea by his relations against his will, and had suffered shipwreck, which had increased his disgust to that way of life so much, that he rather chose to go to service on shore than enter himself on board of any other ship. Before I took possession of my new place, she gave me a sketch of my mistress's character, that I might know better how to regulate my conduct. "Your lady," said she, "is a maiden of forty years, not so remarkable for her beauty as her learning and taste, which is famous all over the country. Indeed, she is a perfect female virtuoso, and so eager after the pursuit of knowledge, that she neglects her person even to a degree of sluttishness; this negligence, together with her contempt of the male part of the creation, gives her nephew no

great concern, as by these means he will probably keep her fortune, which is considerable, in the family. He therefore permits her to live in her own way, which is something extraordinary, and gratifies her in all her whimsical desires. Her apartment is at some distance from the other inhabited parts of the house, and consists of a dining-room, bed-chamber, and study: She keeps a cook-maid, waiting-woman, and footman of her own, and seldom eats or converses with any of the family but her niece, who is a very lovely creature, and humours her aunt often to the prejudice of her own health, by sitting up with her whole nights together; for your mistress is too much of a philosopher to be swayed by the customs of the world, and never sleeps or eats like other people. Among other odd notions, she professes the principles of Rosicrucius, and believes the earth, air, and sea, are inhabited by invisible beings, with whom it is possible for the human species to entertain correspondence and intimacy, on the easy condition of living chaste. As she hopes one day to be admitted into an acquaintance of this kind, she no sooner heard of me and my cat, than she paid me a visit, with a view, as she has since owned, to be introduced to my familiar, and was greatly mortified to find herself disappointed in her expectation. Being, by this visionary turn of mind, abstracted as it were from the world, she cannot advert to the common occurrences of life; and therefore is frequently so absent as to commit very strange mistakes and extravagancies, which you will do well to rectify and repair as your prudence shall suggest."

END OF VOL. I

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.

4356

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

315

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

3 1158 00249 3376

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 366 045 3